

OFFICIAL COAST-TO-COAST PROGRAM GUIDE!

Radio Stars

BROADCASTING COMPANY, INC.
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LARGEST CIRCULATION OF ANY RADIO MAGAZINE

SEPTEMBER



CENTS



EDGAR
BERGEN
AND
CHARLIE
MCARTHY

THE GIRL WHO MIGHT HAVE OWNED HOLLYWOOD

THE MOST PHOTOGRAPHED GIRLS IN THE WORLD



You'll see them in "Walter Wanger's Vogues of 1938" — lovely Ida Vollmar, Dorothy Day and Ruth Martin. These gorgeous models were born with beauty — but they learned for themselves the priceless trick of using an exciting perfume to dramatize their charm. That's why, in both professional and private life, they always wear — IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME.

Their fragrant secret can be yours, too. And once you've known the thrill of this luxurious perfume, no other can quite take its place. A floral bouquet — intensely modern, restless, gay, adventurous — everything that its name implies! Add the vivid sparkle of screen celebrities to your own personality with — Irresistible Perfume.

Only 10c at all 5 and 10c stores

BE SMART—USE IRRESISTIBLE PERFUME

Pampers her skin with costly lotions but she ignores her tender, ailing gums

—ANOTHER “DENTAL CRIPPLE” IN THE MAKING



How often such neglect leads to real dental tragedies . . . give your gums the benefit of Ipana and Massage.

PAT, PAT, go her deft fingers—attending to the important business of beauty. Creams and lotions to aid her skin—a hundred brush strokes nightly for her hair—those are details she never overlooks. *And rightly so!* Yet how little they count, when her lips part in a dull and dingy smile—a smile that ruins her loveliness, destroys her charm.

Yet hers might be a smile, radiant and

captivating—but not until she learns the importance of *healthy* gums to *sound* teeth—not until she knows the meaning of—and does something about—that warning tinge of “pink” on her tooth brush!

Never Ignore “Pink Tooth Brush”

“Pink tooth brush” is only a warning. But if ever you notice it, *see your dentist*. You may not be in for serious trouble. Probably, he’ll tell you that modern soft foods are to blame—foods that deprive your gums of necessary stimulation. “More work and exercise for those tender, ailing gums” is the likely verdict

—and, very often, “the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage.”

For Ipana, with massage, is designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth bright and sparkling. Massage a little extra Ipana into your gums every time you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—gums become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Don’t wait for the warning tinge of “pink” on your tooth brush. Start today with Ipana and massage—one sensible way to a lovely smile.

LISTEN TO “Town Hall Tonight”—every Wednesday, N.B.C. Red Network, 9 P.M., E.D.S.T.

Remember

a good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury.



I P A N A
Tooth Paste

YOUR FIRST STEP TO *Glamour*



STEP from your bath into a glorious shower of DJER-KISS TALC. All through the day this soft, downy film with its tantalizing Parisian fragrance will cling tenderly to your satin-smooth skin... safeguarding personal daintiness... lending you glamorous allure and captivating charm.

Utmost quality and value in the green Djer-Kiss container. Three sizes — economical jumbo and medium sizes at drug or department stores; new, large 10c size at all ten-cent stores.

DJER-KISS
(Pronounced "Dear Kiss")
TALC
By KERKOFF · PARIS



RADIO STARS

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Watch THE MOVIE SKY!

Of course, the brightest lights announce great M-G-M attractions coming soon to your local theatre. Here are just a few, starting the greatest New Season Hit Festival in amusement history!



JEANETTE
MacDONALD · JONES
in
THE FIREFLY

Plus WARREN WILLIAM and Big Cast! Another grand musical romance from the producers of "Maytime"!



GRETA
GARBO · BOYER
in
MARIE WALEWSKA

A grand romantic team in a spectacular drama. Garbo as the woman who won—and lost—the heart of the great Napoleon!



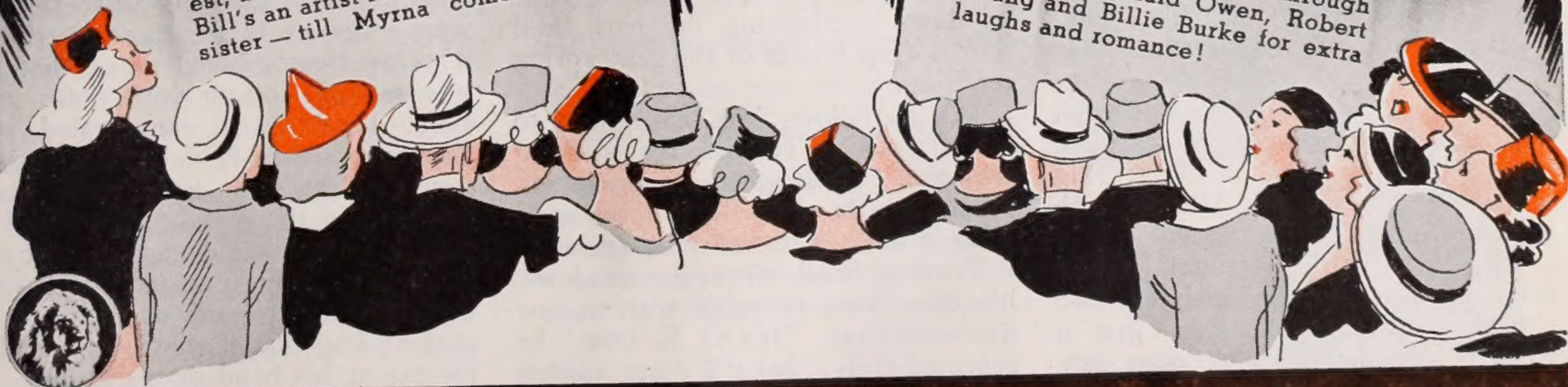
WILLIAM
POWELL · LOY
in
DOUBLE WEDDING

That "Thin Man" couple in their gayest, brightest romping romance... Bill's an artist in love with Myrna's sister—till Myrna comes along!



JOAN
CRAWFORD · TONE
in
THE BRIDE WORE RED

A big star-jammed fun-fest for Joan and Franchot to gallivant through... with Reginald Owen, Robert Young and Billie Burke for extra laughs and romance!



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S GREATEST YEAR 1937-38

HOW DICK HIMBER STEERS CLEAR OF LOVE



"I don't believe in love!" laughs Dick Himber, to Anne Graham. "It's a combination of moonlight and nonsense!"

Handsome Richard Himber commands his life as efficiently as he commands one of radio's top-notch orchestras.

FIVE years ago an ashen-faced, hollow-eyed young man shut himself into a New York hotel room, disconnected the telephone, and sat for long hours, his head in his hands, staring dazedly at the walls and carpet and windows. Five days he closeted himself in that room, scarcely speaking, refusing to see anyone. He wouldn't eat and he couldn't sleep. His two best friends, afraid of what he might do if he were not guarded, never left him day nor night. He was dangerously beside himself with grief and despair.

The lovely girl to whom he had been engaged to be married had eloped with someone else, just a week before the April wedding date they had set. That was his illness. And it had gashed and eaten far deeper into his flesh than any surgeon's knives or bacilli could ever

invade. Because everything in the world had existed for him in that girl, it seemed as if everything for him was suddenly, unexpectedly, destroyed.

On the sixth day Richard Himber squared his shoulders, walked to the windows overlooking the park, and took a deep breath of the gray spring morning.

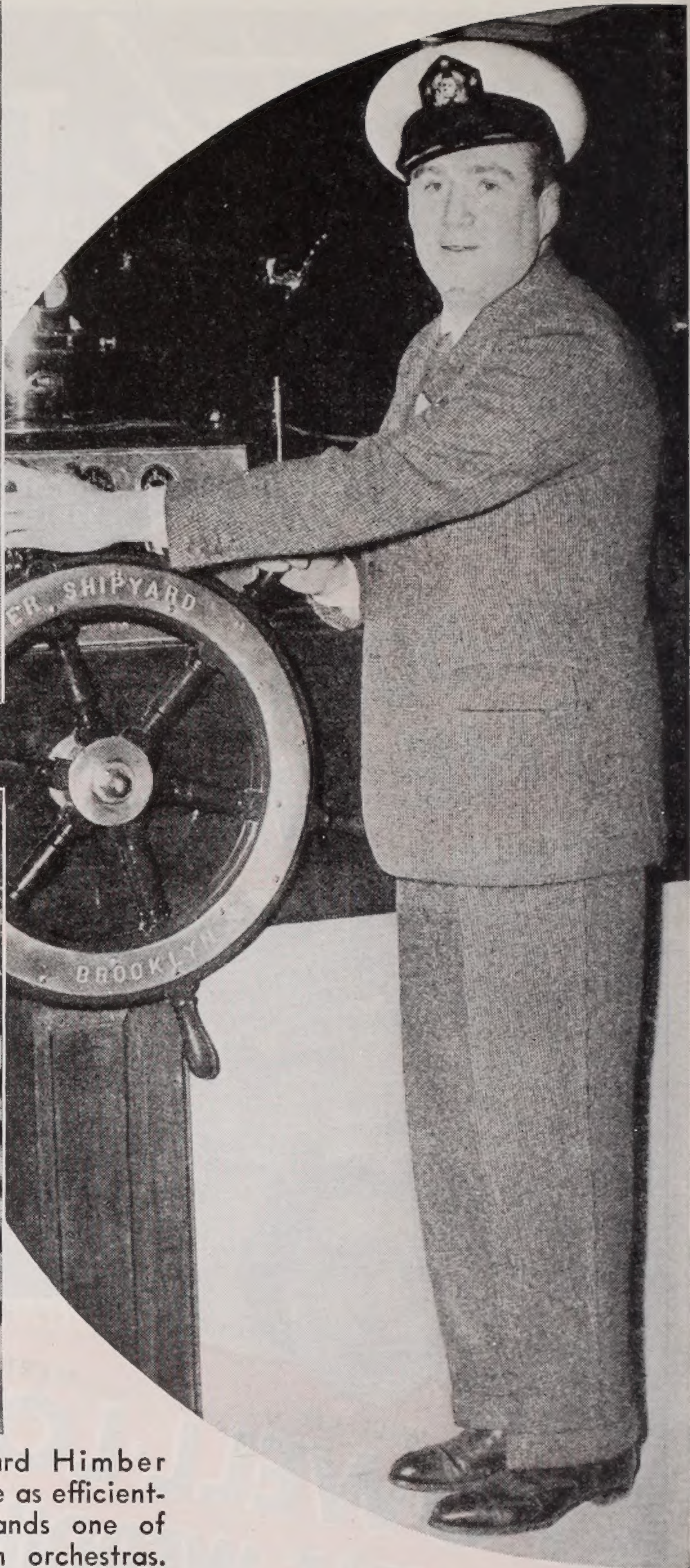
"O. K. fellows," he said quietly to his friends. "Thanks for sticking with me." He laughed a bitter laugh, attempting banter. "Boy loses girl! Take a look at the all-time sucker!"

Turning finally from the windows, his eyes were feverish with a new determination. "It's O. K. now," he repeated dully, "*but it'll never happen again.*"

The other afternoon I sat in a skyscraper suite of offices, talking with a red-headed and very personable

young man who banged a pencil on a glass-topped desk and answered phones. The most outstanding thing about this man was not that he commands one of the top radio orchestras, nor that his eyes were gray and laughing, nor that his shirt sleeves were rolled up in an attack on mountains of freshly-inked music that he was rapidly dotting with notes and clefs, finishing a complicated orchestration while he did a dozen other things at the same time. The most outstanding thing about him was his utter and complete cynicism. A cynicism so appallingly casual, so marked in everything he said, so definitely a part of him that it might as well be his ear or his hand or his smile.

"If you write," Richard Himber said to me, "that I almost committed suicide over that girl, a lot of people might take me for a sap. But it's the



CINDERELLA FROCKS inspired by

Deanna Durbin

New Universal Pictures' Star

BY
MARY
WATKINS
REEVES

"It will never
happen again!"
says Himber
stoutly

guys who *do* commit suicide over girls that are saps!"

With so many of radio's long-time bachelors marrying within the past year or so, the question has often been raised as to why, or how, Dick Himber has remained single until thirty. It would be foolish to say that a man of Dick's intelligence is still pining, five years later, over a beautiful society heiress who cruelly jilted him. He's not pining. He's quite the man-about-town.

But he's taking great pains to see that he stays the man-about-town—unattached and fancy-free. Ever since that joker turned up in the deck, Dick's been playing his cards close to his vest.

"Look," he said to me, "one of the first things a student learns in psychology is that if you ring a bell every time (Continued on page 68)

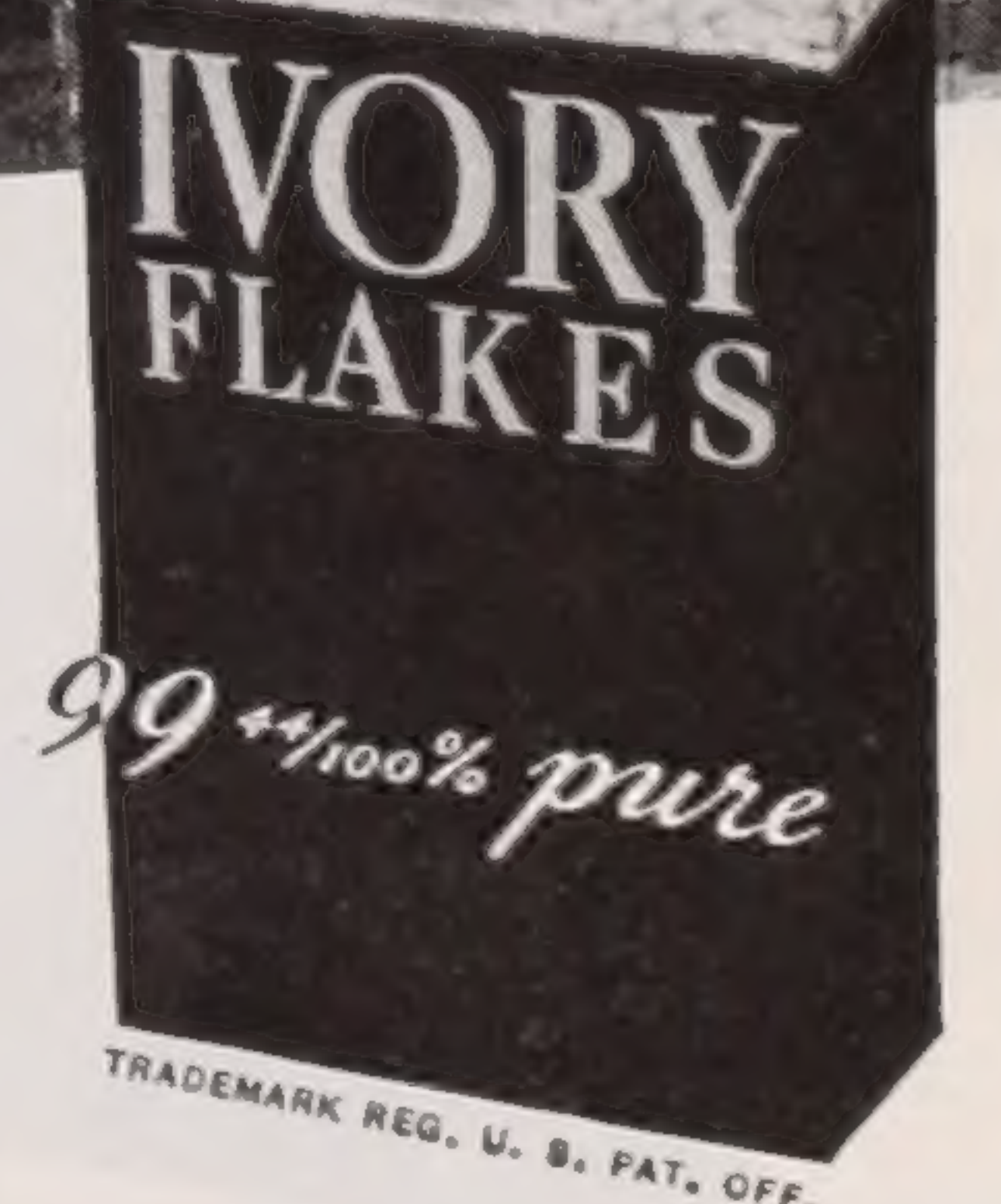


THEY'RE IVORY-WASHABLE

Back to school, looking pretty as a picture in Deanna Durbin Fashions! And they're sensible, too! Every print, every gay trimming has been Ivory-Flakes tested for washability. Follow the washing instructions tagged to every Cinderella Frock to be sure colors stay bright as new through a whole school year.

Psychologists say: "Teen-age girls should look their best. It creates a sense of well-being . . . makes studies easier." Give your daughter lots of these delightful Cinderella Frocks. Keep them sparkling with frequent Ivory Flakes tubbings.

**Ivory Flakes keep fabrics new . . .
colors bright . . . because they're pure**



Charles Winninger, Gypsy Rose Lee, Don Ameche and Alice Faye.



At a Chase and Sanborn rehearsal — Dorothy Lamour, and Ventriloquist Bergen.



"Darling!" So chant Elaine Barrie, John Barrymore in unison. "Let's try it again!"



RADIO RAMBLINGS

LILY PONS recently was awarded a garment designer's prize as opera's best-dressed woman. If there were a similar award for radio studio wardrobes, in general, the fair Lily would find spirited competition from Jessica Dragonette. These two are the most gorgeously and tastefully gowned stars of the air when they arrive for a broadcast.

Miss Dragonette does not stay too closely to any one style of dress, but usually she wears fluffy, girlishly feminine creations, admirably suited to set off her delicate beauty and tiny size. Miss Pons leans toward styles in keeping with her Gallic vivacity—brilliant and gay colors and frequently an abundance of spectacularly glittering jewelry. Occasionally she wears a heavy diamond bracelet, its value running well into the thousands. That always is the cynosure of all feminine eyes in the studio audience.

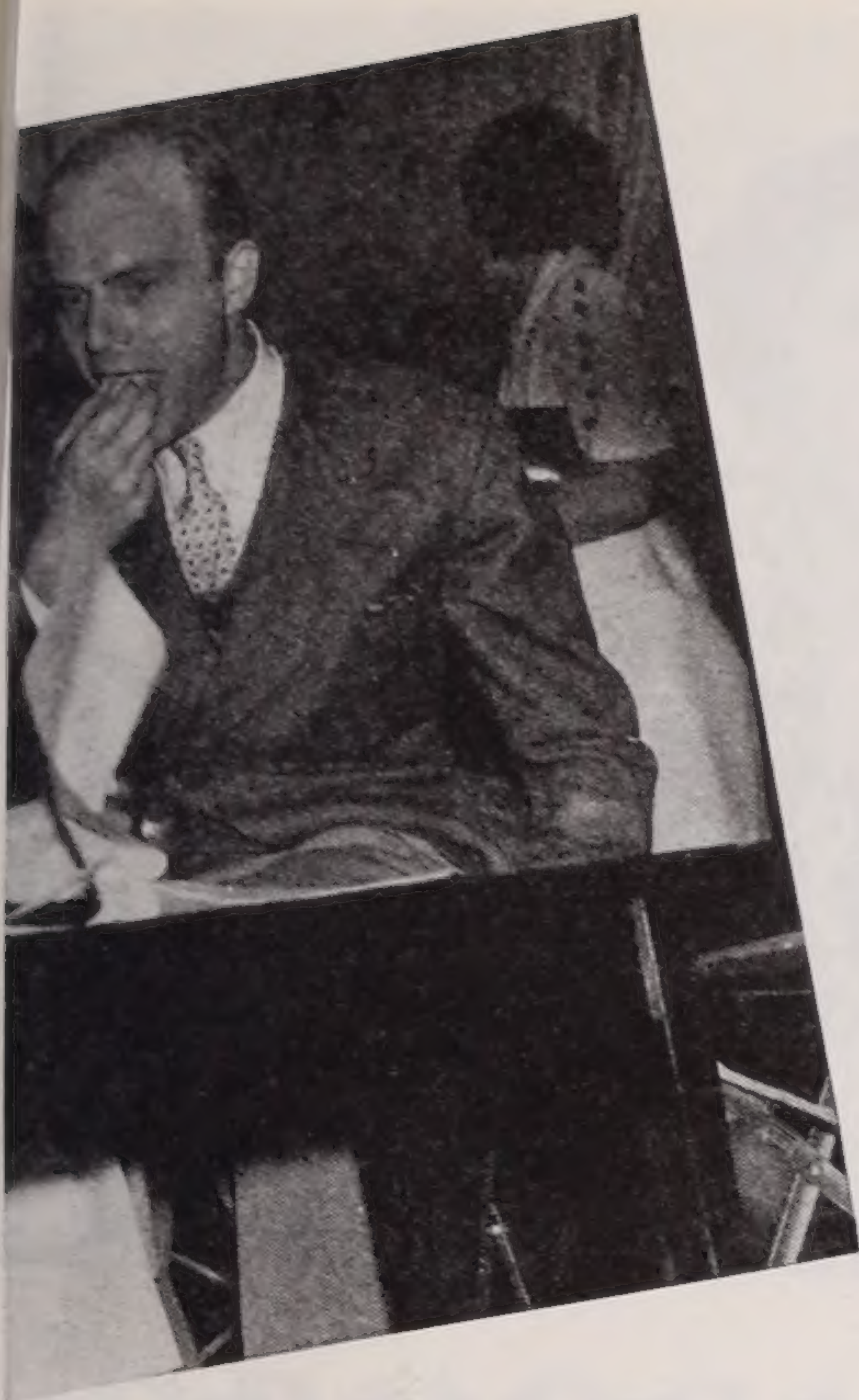
Mischa Auer, Deanna Durbin and Adolphe Menjou, in the Universal movie, *100 Men and a Girl*.

Incidentally, nearly all laurels for well-dressed women of radio would go to the



Now So Easy—

with these **GERM-FREE Beauty Creams**
to have Smooth, Supple Skin



Along the airlines
from coast to coast
gathering gossip and
last-minute news

stars in New York studios. Hollywood studio dress is much more casual and informal. Many a Hollywood studio audience watches songstresses and actresses work in slacks. Some sort of sport clothes is the rule out there.

Kate Smith's manager and announcer, Ted Collins, sat in a control-room listening to his charge, as she sang as guest star on Richard Himber's program. For the last chorus of one song, Kate swung into a livelier tempo which she beat for the orchestra herself, adding a husky note to her voice—and there you had a good example of the style of singing which used to be called "coon shoutin'." Collins looked surprised and then burst into laughter.

"Kate loves to sing that way," he explained, "but we very seldom let her do it on her own program. Her real appeal is in her ballad singing and we steer away from that shouting style. (Continued on page 86)"

"LOOK! A blemish! Tonight, of all times, when I'm going out with Tom!"

"EDITH, why not try Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream? It keeps my skin wonderfully smooth."



A FEW WEEKS AFTER:
"EDITH, you're one girl I can always count on to look lovely. Your skin's so soft, I'm tempted to kiss you here and now!"

This Germ-free Cold Cream Helps Guard from Blemish, Dryness ... now contains Vitamin D to Aid Skin Breathing

YOU'LL know that Woodbury's Germ-free Cold Cream is best for your complexion by the flattering results. You'll see your skin become smoother, freer from blemishes ... more radiantly alive.

The special ingredient that keeps this cream germ-free, destroys germs on your skin ... the cause of many blemishes.

And now Woodbury's Cold Cream contains Sunshine Vitamin D to stimulate the skin to breathe. Quick-breathing skin is young skin. While the cells take up oxygen at a rapid rate, the day when aging lines show up in your face is being postponed.

Use this lovely cold cream at night to soften your skin. During the day use Woodbury's Germ-free Facial Cream to hold make-up smoothly. Each cream \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes.



MAIL for 10-PIECE COMPLEXION KIT!

It contains trial tubes of Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams; guest-size Woodbury's Facial Soap; 7 shades Woodbury's Facial Powder. Send 10¢ to cover mailing costs. Address John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6781 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio. (In Canada) John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

"RIPPLING RHYTHM REVUE" with Radio's brightest stars, Sunday nights, NBC Blue Network



RADIO STARS COOKING

GEORGE and Gracie and Sandra and Ronnie! There's a "foursome" for you, to warm the cockles of your heart—a happy, loving family group, which would serve to reestablish the faith of even the most confirmed skeptic in the value of the home as an institution.

If you could step with me across the threshold of the Burns and Allen white Colonial house, you'd understand immediately what I mean. You'd feel at once that the very atmosphere is charged with a joyous, friendly spirit. One a trifle hectic, too, I found, for everybody talked at once and everybody laughed a lot. There was a gay rushing hither and yon, which finally provided this food-conscious interviewer with the swell picture you see here, and with lots of data on the vastly important part children play in creating a happy home. It all seemed, however, to portend a rather meagre crop of recipe material—the real purpose of my visit. But, nevertheless, I did collect for my files, and for yours, too, of course, a marvelous mousse recipe, a grand milk shake suggestion (or frosted drink, if you prefer), and a tapioca treat—which I have augmented with a quick dessert suggestion of my own. A wonderful crop of hot weather sweets, all of these—prepared in a jiffy, with a mini-

mum of effort, which is sure to make them popular. For, after all, it's not only pardonable but sensible to do things "the easy way," when the thermometer starts climbing to record and enervating heights.

I'm giving you all of these recipes farther along—on page 58, to be exact—and I'll also tell you more about them before I "sign off." But just now I want to get back to our little family gathering, out in Beverly Hills.

Long known as one of the most devoted couples in the entire radio profession, George Burns and Grace Allen also are considered the most loving of parents. So great is their affection, so sincere the joy they find

in the companionship of the darling boy and girl they have adopted (now aged two and three respectively) that they don't go in extensively for entertaining, though certainly they are equipped for the most elaborate parties, with their beautifully furnished house, its lovely gardens and delightful swimming-pool. But they really get most of their fun and relaxation out of their life with Ronnie and Sandra—eating with them out-of-doors in the patio, where you see them pictured; joining with them in noisy games in the garden playhouse, or romping with them in the nursery, with its special sleeping-porch and playroom combined. Young sovereigns of all they survey are these fortunate



A delicious, summery dessert, long a favorite with George and Gracie, this *Grape-Nuts Mousse*, for which our hostess supplies the recipe.

George and Gracie delight to eat with their children, Ronnie and Sandra, out of doors in the patio of their charming Hollywood home.

BY NANCY WOOD

By popular demand, Burns and Allen play a return engagement SCHOOL

youngsters, with the two famous *Grape-Nuts of the Air* happily assuming the rôles of their court jesters, amusing them, catering to their childish wishes and finding their pleasure and reward in watching their children develop along natural, healthy lines.

Other parents will, I'm sure, think of this as an added bond between themselves and this justly popular pair of radio favorites. And though few of us can provide the special advantages that screen and radio stars can give to their children, those are really only the extra trimmings. The fundamental requirements are what really count, and these are the same the country over, regardless of climate or income.

This is especially true with children who, like Sandra and Ronnie, are still under school age. The rules that govern their lives in these early but important and formative years, fortunately, are extremely simple. So, if there is a young child in your family, give your careful consideration to these rules the year around, and pay particular attention to them in the hot weather.

FIRST: Observe a regular routine. That means meals at specified hours. A daily bath in the morning in winter, with a sponge-off at night; supplemented, in summer, by three or four sponge baths for small babies. A special time for play and exercise and for sun baths is important. Also plenty of unbroken sleep at night, with a daily nap period besides.

SECOND: Give your children plenty
(Continued on page 59)

OUTSIDE -- Everybody stopped to admire. Here was a lovely dream cottage. White stone and shingle, gleaming in the sunshine. Lacy evergreens before deep-set windows. Two tall elms standing guard on the lawn. But...



INSIDE -- Those who entered, criticized in whispers. Why? The rooms were charmingly decorated. Colonial furniture in perfect taste. Ruffly curtains framing a garden window. Quaint hooked rugs on polished oak. What was wrong?



ANSWER -- The loveliest home can be spoiled by tattle-tale gray in your curtains and linens -- that dingy color that shows they aren't really clean. So why use lazy soaps? Change to Fels-Naptha! It brings you richer golden soap and lots of naptha to loosen dirt thoroughly and wash it all away. It makes linens, curtains and all your clothes so beautifully fresh and snowy they add charm to your home instead of spoiling it. Get a few golden bars today and see how easy it is to...

**Banish "tattle-tale gray"
with Fels-Naptha Soap!**

AROUND THE CLOCK WITH

Streamlined hours with M. C. Von Zell

KATHERINE
de Mille
TESTS 2 TALCUMS



See vivacious KATHERINE DE MILLE in
"The Californian"—20th Century-Fox

Finds "X" More Flattering

Katherine de Mille tries both powders in plain white boxes. She likes both, but prefers "X"—the original MAVIS, *fully scented*. Other lovely stars choose "Y"—the new MAVIS, *mildly scented*.

MAVIS flatters your skin like a glamorous face powder. Spreads evenly—clings for hours—leaves a bewitching fragrance that *lasts*! MAVIS safeguards summer daintiness and makes clothes slip on much more easily.

NEW! MILDLY SCENTED MAVIS

Created for the woman who prefers a subtly perfumed talcum. 33-hole needle-spray top showers body with light film of powder more effectively than old-fashioned powder puffs.

FREE Generous size trial package. Ask for either regular or mildly scented MAVIS. Write to Vivaudou, Dept. 72. Long Island City, N.Y. Offer not good after Sept. 25. Get your FREE MAVIS now!

Finer Than Most Face Powders



Ho-Hum! Another day! Harry Von Zell risks one eye at the clock as he sleepily turns off the alarm. Time to be up and doing, if he would shoot that eighteen holes of golf before rehearsal.



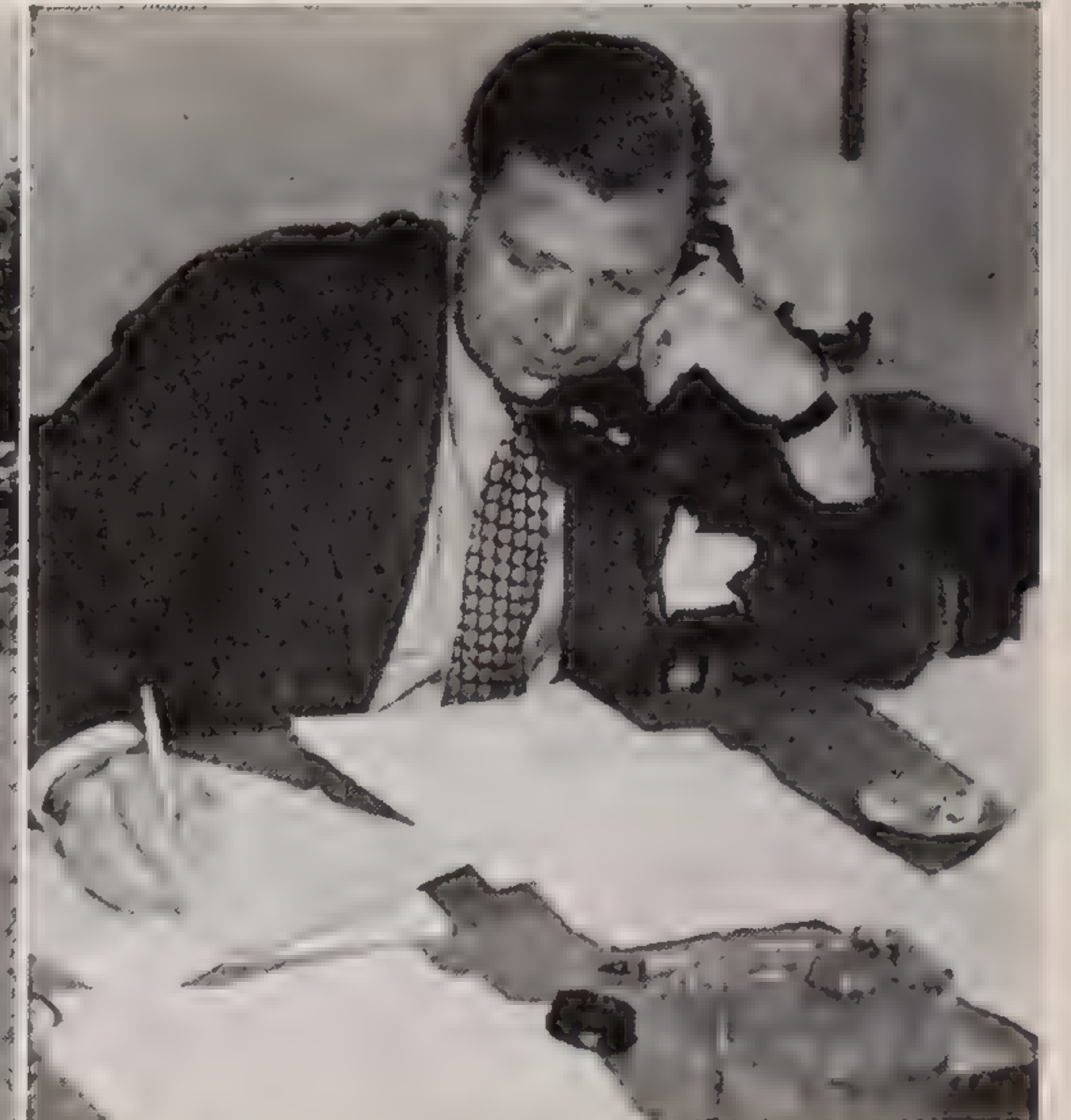
With a nifty gadget to hold the morning paper, Harry gulps the news with his breakfast.



And now, a change of clothes in his bag, he kisses Mickey, (Mrs. Harry Von Zell) a fond goodbye.



His partner in the match is one Harry MacNaughton, known to radio as Phil Baker's man, *Bottle*.



Then to his desk, in the CBS studio, where he studies script and score for the broadcast.

HARRY . . .

of the Gulf Program



Scrape! Scrape! goes the razor. For a man must look his best, even if he is already married!



Off to the links in his streamlined car for a session at golf at his favorite country club.



"Cut!" warns orchestra leader Oscar Bradley, and Harry looks at his watch and mops his brow.

How could he tell her why their Marriage had failed?



How could he say—"You've been careless about feminine hygiene"? Husbands can't be expected to know about "Lysol".

IT WOULD be so much easier, she thought, if he'd burst into a *rage*, instead of this indifferent kindness that hurt her so.

Family doctors—and too many husbands—know that one of the causes of discord between husband and wife is neglect of the feminine hygiene that is so necessary for intimate cleanliness.

If you are in any doubt regarding a wholesome, cleanly method of feminine hygiene, ask your doctor about "Lysol" disinfectant. It is recommended by many physicians and is used in many hospitals,

for many antiseptic needs. Here are good reasons why:

THE 6 SPECIAL FEATURES OF "LYSOL"

1. NON-CAUSTIC . . . "Lysol", in the proper dilution, does not hurt or harm normal tissue. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS . . . "Lysol" is an effective *germicide*, active under practical conditions . . . in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.) when other types of disinfectants may not work.
3. PENETRATION . . . "Lysol" solutions spread because of low surface tension, and thus virtually *search out* germs.
4. ECONOMY . . . "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR . . . Cleanly, disappears after use.
6. STABILITY . . . "Lysol" keeps its *full* strength no matter how long kept, or how often uncorked.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW

LEHN & FINK Products Corp., Dept. 9-R.S.
Bloomfield, N. J., U.S.A.

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol"

Name _____

Street _____

City _____

State _____

Copyright 1937 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Lysol
Disinfectant



A CLEAN FACE

*is the Secret of
Radiant Beauty*



DAGGETT & RAMSDELL

*Golden
Cleansing Cream*
(CONTAINING COLLOIDAL GOLD)

**Daggett & Ramsdell's
Golden Cleansing Cream
is the secret of a clean face**

Beauty authorities agree that the most important step in the care of your complexion is *thorough cleansing*. It's a simple step, too, since Daggett & Ramsdell created Golden Cleansing Cream.

For this new cream contains colloidal gold . . . a substance with a remarkable power for toning and invigorating the skin. You can't see or feel this colloidal gold, any more than you can see or feel the iron in spinach. Yet its penetrating action not only makes Golden Cleansing Cream a more efficient cleanser . . . but aids in keeping the complexion clear and youthful.

Try Golden Cleansing Cream tonight. See how fresh and vitally alive it leaves your skin. At leading drug and department stores—\$1.00.

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL
Golden Cleansing Cream

Daggett & Ramsdell MM-9C
Room 1980, 2 Park Ave., New York City

Enclosed find 10c in stamps for trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in U. S. only.)

Name

Address

City..... State.....

Copy, 1937, Daggett & Ramsdell

BEAUTY ADVICE

Suggestions for solving the fag-end of summer beauty problems

SOME say that blessings come singly—but I'd say they come in thirties! Witness the *Phil Spitalny All-Girl Orchestra*! These beautiful and talented girls stepped right down from their dais just in time to save one poor, weary beauty editor from a nervous breakdown!

You know only too well that the seasons divide themselves into their own problems—and that there is no season as vexatious as the "tag-end of summer." You tell me you are bored and disgusted and feel that you are looking completely frazzled. But until the thirty girls of the Phil Spitalny Orchestra came to my rescue it seemed impossible to cover all the questions perplexing you.

But, here I have a group of girls with problems such as yours or mine, concerning the round face or the long, the olive complexion or the magnolia, the skinny or fat figure, curlilocks or straight hair! Here is a group of girls with every kind of everyday problem already solved! (Booking agents and sponsors rate the attractiveness of the members



The Hour of Charm
girls live up to
their name. Lovely
Gertrude Bogard is
a typical example.



Gertrude Bogard,
flower of Texas,
attributes her
petal-bloom skin
to cream, inside
as well as out.

BY
MARY BIDDLE



of *The Hour of Charm* as one of its biggest assets!)

About the most striking asset of this group is its complexion! Collectively and individually these girls have lovely skins. I asked that flower of Texas, Gertrude Bogard, who plays the electric guitar, piano, xylophone and banjo, how such petal-blossom skins are acquired. She speaks for the group and, although her words are drawled, the effect of: "We believe in cream inside and cream outside," is startling enough—until she explains further that this means cold cream outside and unskimmed milk to drink. Milk with cream, taken internally, works miracles with the skin.

Maxine Marlowe, the band's vocalist, and considered one of outstanding beauties of the group,
(Continued on page 66)



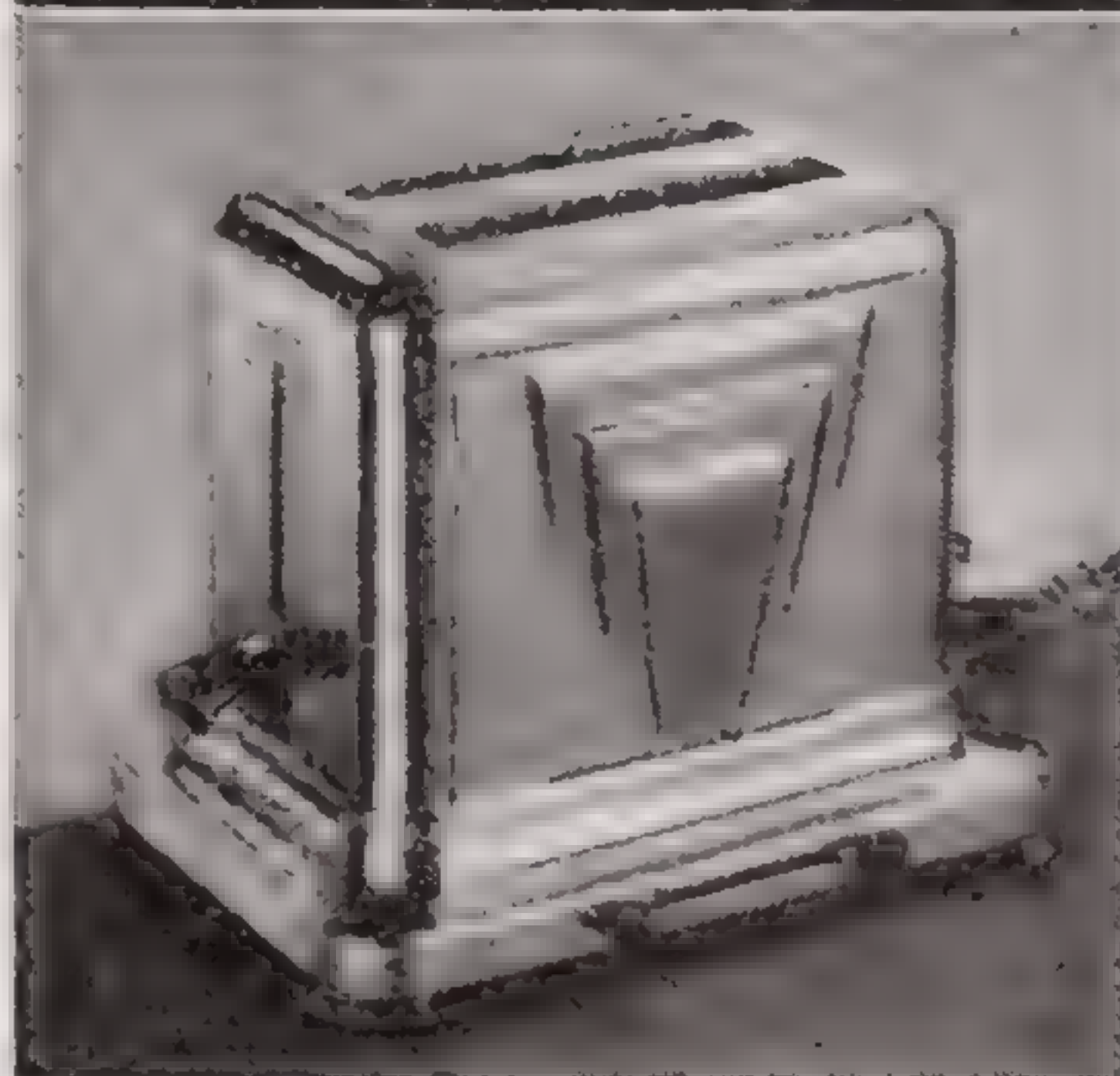
TOSS ME A KOOL

IT'S soothing to my throat. The mild menthol adds a refreshing flavor, yet none of the full tobacco goodness is lost. Toss me a **KOOL**... it's a skillful blend of excellent Turkish and Domestic tobaccos. And a coupon comes too—valuable coupons, good in the U. S. A. for handsome, useful premiums. *Extra* coupons come in every carton. Toss me a **KOOL**... it's quite a catch! Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., P. O. Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

TUNE IN Tommy Dorsey's Orch. & Morton Lowe,
NBC Blue Network, Fridays 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.



SAVE COUPONS... MANY HANDSOME NEW PREMIUMS



Automatic Toastswell. Makes 2 slices. Adjustable. 110 V. AC....700 coupons



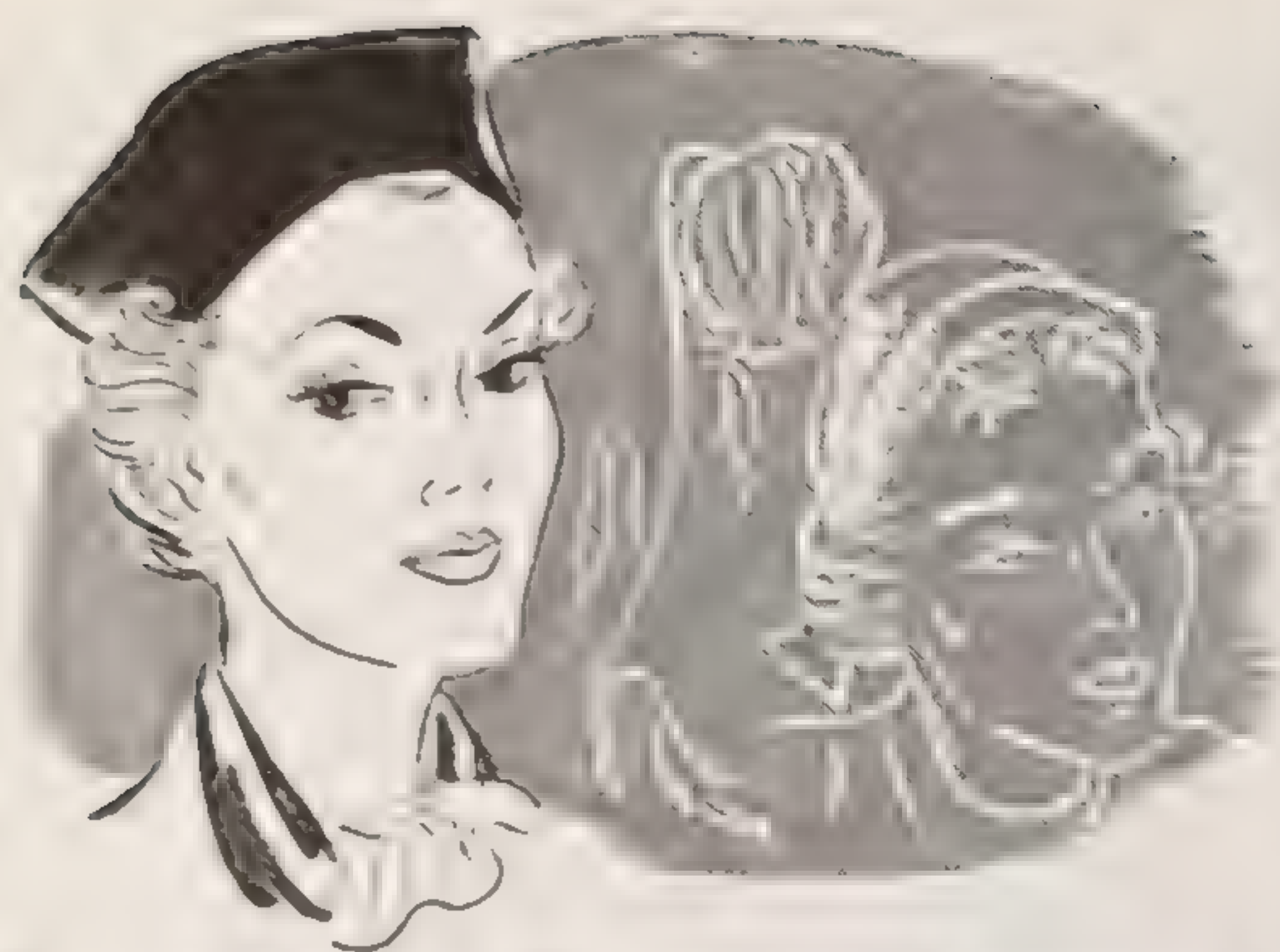
FREE. Write for illustrated 28-page B & W premium booklet, No. 14



Westinghouse Electric Iron, 4 pounds. Temperature control... 700 coupons

RALEIGH CIGARETTES...NOW AT POPULAR PRICES...ALSO CARRY B & W COUPONS

IT'S MY HUMBLE



Don't be a Chrysanthemum!

SAYS

Jane Heath

No girl can look truly super-smooth and glamorous with brows running rampant or a fringe of short hairs sprouting from her hair line. TWEEZETTE is the little beauty implement for removing face hairs automatically and painlessly, and a cap covers the pluckers so you can carry it in your purse wherever you go! \$1.



don't forget

It isn't enough just to de-fringe yourself . . . the glamour girls all have that well-groomed look too! . . . Sleek, shining brows like wings . . . long, silky lashes. . . . KURLENE is a scientific formula for grooming—so always stroke your brows and lashes with it before retiring. Use KURLENE for daytime, too, and notice the lovely rainbow lights a touch of it puts in your lashes! 50c and \$1.



remember

Spell eye beauty, "K-U-R-L-A-S-H," for only a frame of curling lashes can bring out the greatest charm of your eyes. So slip your lashes into KURLASH every day. In only 30 seconds they'll be perfectly and naturally curled without heat, cosmetics or practice. \$1.

OTHER KURLASH PRODUCTS ARE:

- TWISSORS**—the tweezers with scissor-handles.
- SHADETTE**—eye shadow, in twelve subtle shades and gold and silver for evening.
- LASHTINT MASCARA**—in either compact or liquid-waterproof form; and
- LASHPAC**—a purse-size mascara in lipstick case with a built-in brush for instant use.

Kurlash

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To: JANE HEATH, Dept. D-9

The Kurlash Co., Rochester, N. Y.
The Kurlash Co. of Canada, at Toronto, 3

Please send me, free, your booklet on eye beauty, and a personal eye-beauty plan. Here is my coloring:

Eyes _____ Hair _____ Complexion _____

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

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BY
RUDY
VALLEE

Rudy pictured at the beach with former New York City Magistrate, Hyman Bushel. Besides being Rudy's lawyer, Hymie comes in for a lot of kidding about his "old age."

WINCHELL goes to Hollywood. *Flash!* Comes his column from Hollywood! Louis Sobol goes to Hollywood or Palm Springs. *Boom!* Comes his column from the West Coast. Ed Sullivan goes to Washington or Florida or Ireland and his column is date-lined from one of those places.

When this—ahem—columnist set sail for London, he was well aware that everyone expected him to date his column from London, or at least to talk about it. At first he was going to be different, but on second thought decided to follow the sanctified procedure of his fellow conspirators and to render a few observations and opinions on the British Isles.

The trip, to me, was more than just a casual trip to Europe. Filled as it was with the prospect of producing two major broadcasts from London to America, during one of the greatest coronations in English history, it was also by way of being a personal triumph.

Some of you may have read that I played in London several years ago at the Savoy Hotel. The Savoy is a favorite rendezvous for Americans and many Continentals. There is no hotel in the world quite like it. In



Neighbor Gladys Swarthout

fact, it is more than an hotel—it is an institution.

You may have read that I went there with a college band, during a summer vacation. For the sake of the record, let me relate the facts concerning my engagement at the Savoy Hotel back in 1924—some thirteen years ago. The musical director of the six bands under the management of the directors of the Savoy Hotel heard of me through some Boston musicians then playing in London, and, on the strength of these recommendations, made me a handsome offer of \$150 a week. As

OPINION

Gay reminiscences
of days in London,
the Coronation, and
other experiences

soon as they discovered that my heart was set on transferring from the University of Maine to Yale, they countered with the suggestion that I could study at London University.

I could not help but feel mighty pleased with this offer—in view of the fact that I had played the saxophone for only one year. However, I remained steadfast in my desire to

enter Yale and did so in the fall of 1922. After two years of hard study, complicated by many musical engagements at Yale, and upon again being pressed to accept the Savoy engagement, I decided to do so. My plans were to take a year out of Yale to visit the places I had only read about in English literature; to save what I could of my salary to return to Yale; to take fewer dance engagements upon my return to New Haven than I had felt obliged to accept before, in order to meet expenses; to be able to attend extra lectures and, once in a while, to chum around with some of my classmates.

(Continued on page 90)

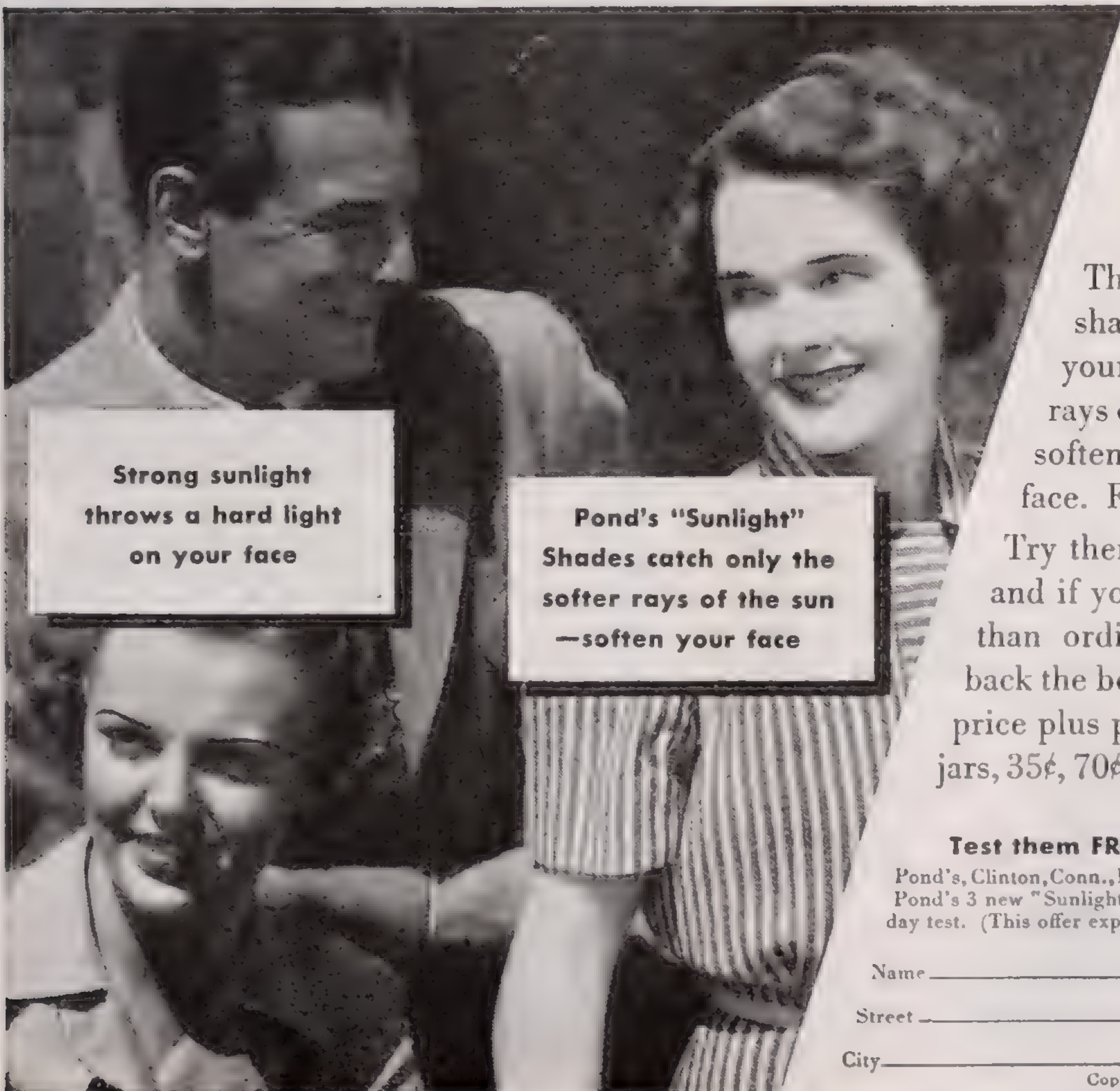


Neighbor Bea Lillie



Looking not at all as they sound on their *Lum and Abner* programs, Chester Lauck and Norris Goff adopt a pair of stogies, instead of the corncob pipes you expect to see them smoking. They are heard at 7:30 P.M. EDST on NBC—Blue.

Glare-Proof! —to flatter you in hard sunlight



Pond's 3 "Sunlight" shades

- Summer Brunette
- Sunlight (LIGHT)
- Sunlight (DARK)

This year Pond's has *three* "Sunlight" shades! Choose your shade according to your tan. Blended to catch only the softer rays of the sun. Pond's "Sunlight" Shades soften the hard glare of the sun on your face. Flatter you outdoors and in!

Try them at our expense. Or buy a box, and if you do not find it more flattering than ordinary sun-tan shades, send us back the box, and we will refund purchase price plus postage. Decorated screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Test them FREE! in glaring Sunlight

Pond's, Clinton, Conn., Dept. 9RS-PJ. Please rush me, free, Pond's 3 new "Sunlight" Shades, enough of each for a 5-day test. (This offer expires Nov. 1, 1937)

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A DATE WITH JERRY COOPER

Jerry Cooper, Hollywood Hotel
baritone, gives a girl a whirl



At last she comes!
Joy Hodges, singing
star of Joe Penner's
Sunday CBS programs,
greet's Jerry at the
famous Brown Derby.

Inside, two hungry
singers order their
luncheon, as the
waiter offers tempt-
ing suggestions for
a succulent repast.



Afterward, Joy re-
linquishes the wheel
to Jerry, to back
the car out of the
parking lot, and the
two start off again.

They decide to take
in a matinée at
Grauman's famous
Chinese Theatre. The
ticket-taker recog-
nizes the two stars.



It was a grand show!
In high spirits Joy
and Jerry come out,
arm in arm. "A grand
guy to have a date
with!" thinks Joy.

But all good dates
must come to an end!
Jerry grins goodbye
at Joy, as she drops
him at the door of
CBS Radio Playhouse.



SO YOU WANT A LOVELY
COMPLEXION, TOO? WELL, YOU
CALLED THE RIGHT NUMBER!



THE DIONNE QUINS give you their "Beauty Secret"

YOU SEE, WE
HAVE VERY
SENSITIVE
SKIN



"If you think *your* complexion is a problem, you ought to hear about ours! For we've always had such sensitive skin. And if it hadn't been for Dr. Dafoe, goodness knows what troubles we might have had!"

WE MUST USE
THE MOST
SOOTHING
SOAP



"When we were tiny babies, Dr. Dafoe bathed us only with Olive Oil. So when we were ready for soap and water baths you can imagine how carefully he chose the soap made from the most soothing ingredients."

DR. DAFOE
SAID ONLY
PALMOLIVE



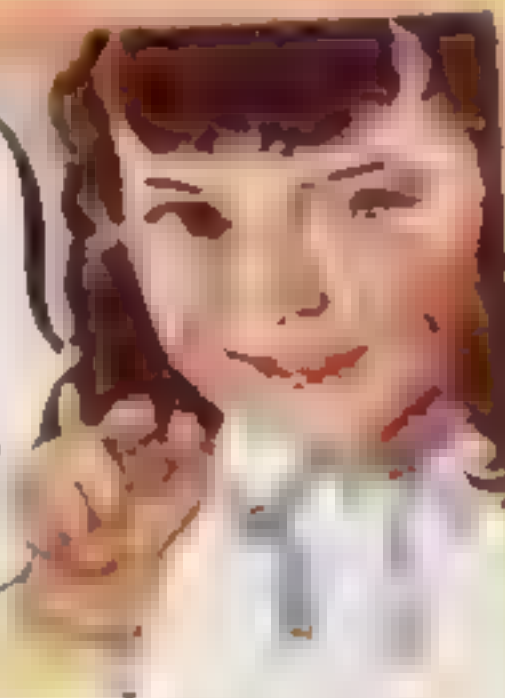
"Dr. Dafoe chose Palmolive, the soap made with gentle Olive Oil. We're mighty glad he did, for we've never had any complexion trouble. In fact, everyone says we have unusually lovely soft, smooth skin!"

WHY DR. DAFOE CHOSE
PALMOLIVE

Because the Quins were born prematurely their skin has always required very special care. Here is Dr. Dafoe's own statement:
"For some time after their birth the Dionne Quintuplets were bathed with Olive Oil. When the time arrived for soap and water baths, we chose Palmolive Soap exclusively for bathing these famous babies."

Allen Roy Dafoe

SO DON'T YOU
THINK PALMOLIVE
IS BEST FOR YOUR
COMPLEXION, TOO?



"Isn't our experience a beauty lesson for *you*? Doesn't it stand to reason, that if Palmolive is safest for *our* tender skin, it must be best for *yours*, too? We'll anyway, our advice is, only *Palmolive*, the soap made with gentle Olive Oil."

Why Palmolive, made with
Olive Oil, makes complexions
soft, smooth, young again

Beauty experts advise the daily use of Palmolive Soap because Palmolive is made with Olive and Palm oils. That's why its lather is different—rich, soothing and penetrating. Palmolive softens, freshens and stimulates the skin, helping to restore attractive, natural color.

Why not use Palmolive regularly? Let its gentle, different lather help make your complexion lovelier, younger-looking!

© 1937, N. E. A. Service, Inc.

TO KEEP YOUR OWN COMPLEXION ALWAYS LOVELY,
USE THIS BEAUTY SOAP CHOSEN FOR THE QUINS



All DRESSED UP AND READY TO GO

... BE SURE YOU'RE WEARING—

GLAZO'S *"Misty" Tints*

FOR that Memorable Moment... that Occasion demanding your most glamorous gown, your carefulest grooming, let one of Glazo's "Misty" nail polish colors climax your charm.

Choose one of these debonair new shades... Thistle, Old Rose, Russet and Suntan, Rust, Dahlia. Imperial Red, or

Shell, Flame, Natural. Among them there are bound to be the perfect colors for you... to flatter your own skin-tone, to blend with your chosen fabrics.

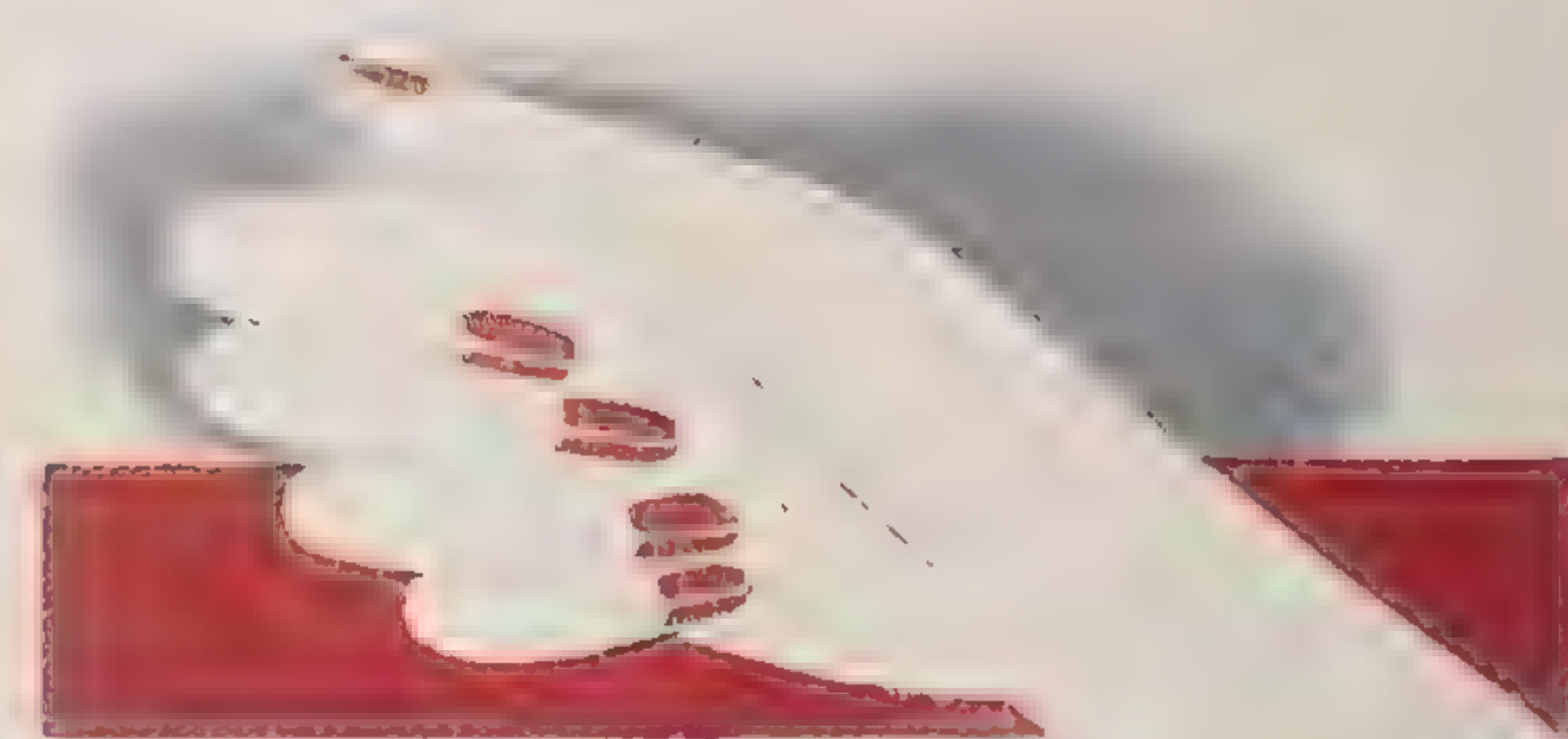
Watch your hands bloom into new, exciting beauty! Discover how poised, how sure of yourself you feel... conscious that you are looking your love-

liest. Wearing Glazo's misty, smoky tints, you're *Right to your Fingertips!*

Smooth as a debutante's chatter is Glazo on the nail. Its satin lustre doesn't fade, doesn't peel. And how Glazo does solve that "thickening" nuisance! The last drop in that thrifty 25-cent bottle goes on as easily, as perfectly, as the first.



*Subtle, exciting colors...
and long-wearing Glazo
doesn't fade or thicken!*



OLD ROSE *A subtle, smoky rose. Utterly feminine and flattering. Lovely with fashion's new "off-colors," with pastels... No chipping... No peeling.*



THISTLE *A new misty beige-rose. Equally perfect with pale or dark skin. Excellent for wear with gray, beige, green, brown... No chipping... No peeling.*



RUSSET *A misty red with subtle brown undertone. Becoming to almost every type of skin. Enchanting with light or dark colors... No chipping... No peeling.*

GLAZO



The Smart Manicure



Mention Broadway or Hollywood, and you immediately conjure up a picture of the celebrated columnist, Walter Winchell, who airs his *Flashes* over the NBC-Blue network each Sunday at 9:30 p.m., EDT, under sponsorship of Jergens Lotion.

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO

As a newspaper columnist, Walter Winchell created a distinct style for being both informative and entertaining. He did the same thing when he became a radio commentator. And, as before, he had many imitators.

In person or in print, he never is ordinary, never bores, always has a new slant, never fails to get the inside track and never is without his sense of humor and fair play. That "imitation is the sincerest form of flattery" should be consolation to him. Columnists may thank him for the prestige their position now enjoys.

His broadcast always abounds in fact and enthusiasm. *Flash* is certainly its keynote. It's the quickest fifteen-minute program you can listen to.

Walter Winchell is much more than a good reporter and commentator. He is a genuine, topnotch crusader. He has started more sensible movements than the average reader or listener realizes. And, what's more, he's seen his efforts rewarded. His pointed humor and sarcasm have been belittled, but they have accomplished big things. Every ounce of him a Broadwayite, he definitely is a sentimental small-towner at heart. He has worked tirelessly for his success. And he still has the drive, pep and vitality that put him on top. It's especially evident in his dynamic broadcasts.

News always is interesting on the air. Walter Winchell has the gift of high-lighting it in dramatic fashion. He's been misunderstood, misquoted, ridiculed, maligned and even assaulted, but he courageously refuses to be anybody but Walter Winchell.

To Walter Winchell, an outstanding credit to radio and journalism, Radio Stars Magazine awards its Medal for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Lester C. Grady

EDITOR.

SHE looks like a smaller, darker edition of Myrna Loy, in La Loy's more exotic moments. Everywhere she goes she is taken for Myrna, and no one will believe different. She was dining at the Brown Derby, on one occasion, with Burns and Allen. John Barrymore and his Ariel sat in an adjoining booth. Virginia beheld a determined-looking woman, autograph book in hand, barging in her direction. Modest, she supposed that the autographophile was Barrymore-bound. But no. The woman stopped at the Verrill table, said briskly: "Miss Loy, may I have your autograph, please?" Virginia explained, with suitable and sincere regrets, that she was not Miss Loy. "Oh, yes, you are," said the woman, very crossly. Virginia protested. Burns and Allen rallied to the defense. The woman expostulated. And the probable result was the loss of one Loy fan. For the lady flounced away, indignant and unconvinced.

She is twenty, is Virginia. She lives, with her mother, here in Hollywood. And she never has been in love. Nor even thought she was in love. She's never had so much as a crush. Her heart has never gone pit-a-pat. She

doesn't, she says, think that love is "very pretty." She has read the poets but she has, also, gazed upon a few facts and finds them rather horrid.

She is a compound of a child of twenty and a woman twice twenty. And somehow, and quite without meaning to, she quickens pity in the heart.

She is a child who loves to go to the movies (Myrna, Joel McCrea, Miriam Hopkins and Bette Davis are her "favorites") and get an ice-cream soda afterwards. And have her chum, Flo, the only chum she has ever had, to spend the night with her. She gets a big kick out of having a new car "of my own" and she is thrilled when she can buy a "little import." She thinks Jack Benny is "simply wonderful," and her other favorite radio program is the *March of Time*. She never takes a drink. And smokes infrequently and rather amateurishly.

And she is a woman who has looked on the face of Life without its pretty chiffon veil and has found it sadly disillusioning. She is completely without vanity, finding it hard to believe that people are attracted to her for herself alone.

THE GIRL WHO MIGHT



Virginia Verrill looks like a smaller, darker edition of Myrna Loy. She lives with her mother in Hollywood. She has sung for night clubs and "dubbed in" for movie stars, as well as on radio programs. Now she is on the *Show Boat*. She was, she thinks, born knowing music. She is twenty, and never has been in love! "I won't fall in love," she says. "I won't marry for at least five years! I may not have inherited Hollywood, but I have inherited my own heart!"

And she might have owned Hollywood! Whereby
telling a story as strange as any teller of fiction tales ever
is told.

For, many years ago, her maternal grandfather, B. C.
Edwards, came into Hollywood, then a desert, in a covered
wagon. He came from Mississippi, having been driven
out by the floods. With him were his wife, his children,
his household goods and fifteen Negro slaves. He settled
on the very site now famous as the Hollywood Bowl. And
he staked out his undisputed claims to what is now most
of Hollywood. C. E. Toberman, later, and still, I believe,
one of Hollywood's most multi-multi-millionaires, was his
office boy. He built his ranch house on the very site of
the Bowl. And there Virginia's mother was born. Time
passed. The town began to develop. And came the
rumors, disastrous for Grandfather Edwards, that the
movies were coming to Hollywood. For Grandfather
Edwards was a hard-shelled Baptist. *Vocals by Verrill*
would have been veritable voodoo to him! He wanted no
truck with "theatre folk." And when C. E. Toberman,
in whom he had great and (Continued on page 80)

She is Virginia Verrill—
and the tale is as strange
as any that ever was told
by a fiction story writer!

HAVE OWNED HOLLYWOOD

BY FAITH SERVICE





"It's always fair weather when good fellows get together!" sing W. C. Fields, Charlie McCarthy, and Ventriloquist Edgar Bergen.

TALES

BY LEO TOWNSEND

"YOU can quote me," said the great Claude William Dukinfield, "as saying that Charlie McCarthy is the finest piece of timber I've ever known. In fact, nothing would give me greater pleasure than an evening here by my fireside with a good book, a couple of lemonades, and Charlie."

"Just the two of you, eh?"

"Yeah. Me here in my easy chair, and Charlie in the fireplace."

Many long years ago, the great C. W. D., then an itinerant juggler, gazed fondly at a theatre marquee and realized that it could never support the lugubrious name of Dukinfield. So, with remarkable consideration for the theatre-going public, he immediately became W. C. Fields. And it's just as well for his present association. Charlie McCarthy would probably get splinters trying to say Claude William Dukinfield. As who wouldn't?

But we digress. Which means we are deviating. Leave us, as they say at Old Harvard, get back to our fireside chat. We're in the spacious living-room of the Fields mansion atop a hill in Bel Air, and a far cry from the pian

The Fields explains his roseate



Come down off your high horse, Bill! You're only going in circles on that fiery steed! But you're going places in radio, with your well-known wit!



W. C. Fields, himself, ace funster of the *Chase and Sanborn Hour*, heard Sundays at 8:00 p.m., *EDST*, over the *NBC-Red* network, with Don Ameche as the M. C.

FROM THE REDWOOD

box which young Claude William once called home. Just three of us are present—W. C., a Scotch highball, and your correspondent. The Scotch is ours, for Bill Fields has renounced the demon rum. He's switched to lemonade, all on account of Charlie McCarthy.

"He alludes to my proboscis as being fashioned of redwood," said W. C. "He was referring, of course, to the slight tinge of carmine which graces my nose. Purely a result of my allegiance to the outdoor life, and having nothing whatever to do with the stigma of alcoholic beverages."

"You mean," I asked, "that you didn't acquire it from years of worship at the altar of Bacchus?"

"Never! Its ruddy glow, I'm proud to say, is a gift from Dame Nature. What a woman! Why, with nothing but my nose to guide me, I once lighted the way for Stanley through darkest Africa. It was through me he was able to stumble upon that great explorer and pronounce those now historic words: 'Doctor Livingstone, I presume?' You wouldn't believe that, would you?"

"No," I replied.

"Neither would McCarthy," said W.C., ruefully. "But he's a nice little chap, in spite of his sly innuendos. And he's a great improvement over my last partner, in that he's

all bark and no bite. My last colleague, as I have intimated, used to bite me."

"Your last colleague?"

"Yes. An arch-fiend disguised in infant's wear. A villainous monster working under the cognomen of Baby LeRoy. He bit me."

"You said that."

"Yes, and I'll say it again. I was associated with the little tyke in the moving picture industry. The industry had progressed from its infancy, and I regret that I can't say the same for my little friend. Every time I spoke a line of dialogue in his presence, he bit me. Could he have been a critic, at his age, or just vicious?"

"Well," I said, "you could have bit him back."

"I did exactly that," replied W.C. "And spent a year in the seclusion of a sanitarium."

Behind all Bill Field's kidding there's a story as dramatic as you'll find in fiction. His year in the sanitarium was a valiant fight for life against heavy odds. It was a struggle which his friends frankly thought he'd never win. But he won out, because he'd dealt with tough problems before. Life has handed Bill Fields many a left to the chin, but he always has kept that chin up, and that's where it's going to stay.

(Continued on page 76)

proboscis, and how an arch-fiend bit him, and other matters

...GIRL OF THE



A girl of Scotch-Irish ancestry, with green eyes and a flower-like face framed in auburn hair, Nadine Conner, girl of the Golden West! "You're the girl I want for *Vick's Open House!*" cried Nelson Eddy when he heard her sing. And when Lanny Ross heard her, he knew he wanted her for *Show Boat*.



GOLDEN WEST

What is the secret of Nadine Conner's striking success in everything she attempts? Is it, as she insists, just luck?

BY NANCY BARROWS

"SHE'S lovely to look at, lovely to listen to—this little girl of the Golden West," said Lanny Ross, introducing to his *Show Boat* audience the young California singer, Nadine Conner. And we recall that, last season, Nelson Eddy, too, presented her to his *Vick's Open House* listeners in a similar fashion.

She is lovely to look at—small and slim, with startling sea-green eyes and auburn hair. And that she is lovely to listen to seems proved by the ease with which she has won coveted places on important programs—*Shell Château*, *Vick's Open House*, *The Show Boat*.

It's luck, Nadine insists, curling up on a couch and gazing at you with soft, wide eyes that seem still to wonder and marvel at success. Whenever she auditions for anything, she gets the job! "I'm just lucky, I guess," she laughs softly.

"When Nelson Eddy was giving auditions for a soprano for the *Vick's* program," she mused, "a friend, who just happened to hear of it, said: 'Why don't you try out for that program?' I'd never met Nelson Eddy—hadn't even known about the auditions, but I went over to the studio. They had just finished a broadcast. Nelson Eddy and Josef Pasternack were on the platform. I asked if I could audition for them. They said they had practically decided on someone, but to go ahead and sing. Before I'd got half way through my song, Nelson Eddy came running down to the piano. 'You're the girl!' he said."

Nadine still feels surprised about it.

"I loved working on that program!" She smiled reminiscently. "Nelson Eddy is so encouraging, so generous. Whenever there was anything especially good, in a song, or in the script, he'd say: 'You take that. Everyone knows me now—I don't need it.' And after the broadcast, he'd give me a hug and tell me I'd sung beautifully!"

Nadine enjoyed, too, the cross-country trip—her first journeying outside her native state—during Nelson Eddy's spring concert tour. "We weren't traveling with Nelson," she explained. "We just planned to stop in places most convenient to his concerts, for rehearsals and for our Sunday night broadcasts. Then we'd all get together and have such good times—dinners and dancing, sometimes, in the hotel dining-room. Often, though, we'd have dinner upstairs—sometimes in the hotel manager's room—for Nelson likes to be where he can relax and enjoy himself, and in a public dining-room the attention always embarrasses him.

"Once we were dining downstairs, and Nelson and I were dancing together. There was a woman who kept demanding, every time we passed her table, that he sing a certain song. It was one of Grace Moore's songs. Each time Nelson would say, quietly and courteously: 'That's not one of my songs—I'm sorry.'

"Finally the woman—she had been drinking too much, I guess—called out: 'You big sissy!' And, as we passed her table, she swung up her arm and hit Nelson in the face! The onlookers gasped—but Nelson only smiled, and ignored it. We left the dining-room at once, and didn't go into it again."

Nelson, naturally, is hurt by such experiences, Nadine says. He'd like to be able to go about casually, like anyone else, and enjoy himself. "Off-stage," says Nadine, "he is a natural comedian. He has a great sense of humor. I think he gets it from his mother. She's extraordinarily like him. She has the same hair and coloring, too—though she's very small."

But—to get back to Nadine . . . Her first appearance in radio was about five years ago. She began to study voice at the age of nine. At eighteen she won the Euterpe three-years' scholarship to study singing at the Southern California School of Music. During those years she was soloist with the Russian Club choir, and appeared in light operas throughout the state. She was singing in the Hollywood Bowl, when a network manager heard her and immediately gave her a commercial assignment on the air.

Following that she was, for three years, on the *California Melodies* program, with Raymond Paige. That program was the first to interview movie stars on the air, and was the forerunner of *Hollywood Hotel*. When Raymond Paige left *California Melodies*, the *Hollywood Hotel* hour show came to the air. Nadine sang several times as guest star on that program.

For a time Nadine was an NBC staff singer, and sang on two or three commercials for them. Then she became the first *Peggy Gardiner* of *Shell Château*. She remained on this program over a year and a half, with Al Jolson, Smith Ballew, Wallace Beery and Edward Everett Horton as successive masters of ceremonies. Then, briefly, with the Sigmund Romberg *Swift* program, followed by guest appearances on the Bing Crosby hour—after which came *Vick's Open House*, and then *Show Boat*.

Nadine enjoys the *Show Boat* program, too. In auditioning for this, the Conner luck held true to form again. And after her first (Continued on page 60)



At the extreme left is diminutive Janet Logan, black-haired, blue-eyed and extremely charming. Janet plays the rôle of a modern Circe in *The Romance of Helen Trent*. Maestro Johnny Green, popular young composer-pianist - conductor of *The Packard Hour*, exercises his two spaniels. Above, *Show Boat*'s new baritone, Thomas Thomas, greets his friends from Scranton, Pennsylvania, after his Metropolitan Opera début in *Pagliacci*.

IN THE RADIO



Mugger extraordinary, Martha Raye, tries out her rubber face in a Figure 8. Martha is a big favorite on the air and on the silver screen.

Three fair faces! (Left) Harriet Hilliard, of radio and movie fame, with Lowell Thompson and Lorraine Kreuger in *New Faces of 1937*.





Having completed his work in a 20th Century-Fox film (*You Can't Have Everything*), Rubinoff plays a farewell to four of the show's chorines, before starting East to resume his Sunday night broadcasts from New York. Fair Jessica Dragonette, lovely lyric soprano of *The Beauty Box Theatre* (Heard Wednesdays over CBS, at 9:30 p.m., *EDST*) gathers a basketful of blooms from the flowering shrubs and vines in her penthouse garden.



SPOTLIGHT



It's no gamble! Radio favorite Bing Crosby is starring in the new Paramount picture, *Double or Nothing*. Mary Carlisle is his leading lady.

Milton Berle, of the *Gillette Summer Hotel* makes his debut in RKO-Radio's *New Faces of 1937*. Between scenes he takes a hasty snack.



He's an independent
fellow — this Irish wit, this
Walter O'Keefe, who is also

THE PHILOSOPHER ON THE FLYING TRAPEZE



Now taking over Fred Allen's
job on Town Hall Tonight, during
Allen's vacation, Walter O'Keefe
brings his salty humor to the
air on Wednesdays at 9:00 p.m.,
EDST, over the NBC-Red network.



There's shootin' in them thar
hills when Broadway's famous
hillbilly, Pappy Walter O'Keefe,
complete with moustache and mus-
ket, smart plaid shirt and boots,
goes a-gunning for his enemies!



Ray
Lee
Jackson
Photos

Walter's father had him taught singing, so that he wouldn't go in for jokes and thus trespass on O'Keefe Senior's special field—but it didn't work! You can't keep a good man down!

BY WILLIAM L. VALLEE

"NOW take my little boy, Michael," began Walter O'Keefe for the fifth time, "he is the—"

"Please, Mr. O'Keefe," I broke in, "I'm dying to hear more about Michael, but first let's talk about *you*. I've heard that you're a pretty independent fellow; that, if the thing you're doing strikes you as being wrong, you just don't do it any longer—whether it's playing tennis or holding down a \$15,000-a-week air show. Is that true?"

"Well, I'll tell you," he cast a speculative eye at the menu, "this *pompano* looks nice. What? Oh, oh, yes—let's see now—I didn't exactly walk out on *Lucky Strike*, but I didn't renew my contract with them because I didn't like their idea of what O'Keefe should do."

To get away from the Plaza Hotel's most replete and absorbing menu and to be more specific, *Lucky Strike* wanted this radio wit to be a second Walter Winchell, whom he was following. They insisted on staccato chatter, such as Winchell goes in for, but O'Keefe just doesn't

work that way—so he thanked them politely, shook hands and was off. There aren't many like that in what *Variety* calls "show biz," you know—or did you?

"Another little walk-out of mine took place up at Yale University. I'd been on the stage for years, but I wanted a little disciplinary reading on histrionic subjects, so I signed up with Professor Baker's class, which has turned out some astoundingly good playwrights. But the good professor insisted that I go in for all the persiflage that rank amateurs need, and mentioned, in passing, that I must be in class by eight in the morning. Now that meant taking a train out of New York at about *five* in the morning—I never did dare to figure out exactly what time I'd have to get up to make it—and I felt that I didn't need to be taught a simple thing like making an entrance—so—I showed him how I made an exit!"

He ordered, after much deliberation, *pompano amandine* (*pompano* cooked with lots of (Continued on page 83)



TOP FLOOR
PLEASE-AND
STARDOM!

Hers is the type of beauty that lends itself to glamorous, exotic rôles. She is small and slender and quite unspoiled.

IF you had been piloted up or down in her elevator, you probably would not have noticed her particularly. There are so many pretty girls, neat and attractive in their neutral uniforms, and the casual observer, package-laden, would probably not have noticed anything that set her apart from the rest, would even have been surprised to learn that she had won a beauty prize, was *Miss New Orleans of 1931*.

For Dorothy Lamour's beauty is not the flamboyant type. She is quiet and inconspicuous, the sort of shy little girl who would sit on her stool and manipulate her levers and pay little more attention to her passengers than they paid to her. And they could not be blamed for not remarking the sheer petal-loveliness of her skin, the soft and velvety eyes, the perfect figure, for it isn't our habit to see the people who wear uniforms as individuals, and those who came in contact with Dorothy accepted her services as a matter of course.

Dorothy herself accepted her position as a matter of course, gratefully rather than otherwise. Her father had been tragically killed in a plane accident a few years previous and Dorothy was anxious to earn her own living. She had taken a secretarial course, but jobs were hard to come by these days and this work was pleasant enough, and infinitely better than nothing.

She could not guess that there was anything symbolic in the swift rise of her car, that some day Fate was to tap her on the shoulder and say:

By MIRIAM ROGERS

The story of lovely
Dorothy Lamour,
who rose from
elevator operator to
radio and movie fame

"Your floor, miss—you'll find stardom one aisle to the right."

For, though Dorothy little dreamed it, fame and fortune were already rushing toward her. And not only fame and fortune, but also love. Everything that a girl could want or dream of were to be hers, almost without the asking. The horn of plenty, to mix my metaphors some more, was tipped in her direction, its precious gifts ready to be poured into her lap. Dorothy would have laughed at the very suggestion. Why should Fate single her out? She had no theatrical ambitions; no desire to trade on her brief reign as beauty queen. Least of all did she have any idea that she could sing, that within her slender throat lay the key to undreamed of success and popularity on both radio and screen.

And so she ran her elevator up and down in Chicago's Marshall Field's department store and only reluctantly agreed when beautiful Dorothy Dell, so soon to be tragically killed at the beginning of her own movie career, insisted that she take part in the theatrical night performance of a Chicago hotel. The two Dorothys had been friends since school days in New Orleans and it had been entirely due to Dorothy Dell's influence that the other Dorothy entered herself in a beauty contest and later left New Orleans for the wider opportunities up north.

So now she yielded to Dorothy Dell's persuasions and, at her insistence, learned a song to sing at the entertainment. (Continued on page 74)

Reunited, after a separation due to contracts, Dorothy and her husband, bandleader Herbie Kay, greet each other rapturously.



She sings on the *Chase and Sanborn Hour* (Sundays, 8:00 p.m. EDST, NBC-Red network). Don Ameche is master of ceremonies.



BY ELIZABETH BENNECHE PETERSEN

IT WAS nine years ago that James Melton first met Marjorie McClure, at a party in Akron given by his sponsor. He was soloist on the *Sieberling Program* then, and everybody was making a great to-do about the tall young Southerner, and it was pleasant to have all the pretty young girls clustering around him and asking him if he wouldn't sing.

Only Marjorie didn't ask him to sing. In that moment of meeting him, she couldn't have said anything if her life depended on it. Of course she had beaux and there even had been times when her heart had skipped a beat or two, dancing at the country club with some handsome lad. But never like this! For a moment she wondered if something were not wrong with her. Really, it was ridiculous the way she was feeling—with her hands and feet like stray icicles that somehow had attached themselves to her, and her face as hot as it was that awful time when she was a kid and had got so terribly sunburned! She even hoped she might be having a fever. At least that would be something she could understand.

That tall, young James Melton, smiling down on her, was feeling sort of queer, too. This lovely blonde girl's father was one of the most important automobile executives in Akron and her mother was a well-known novelist. But Jim Melton didn't know that. He only knew that she was the loveliest girl he ever had seen in his life. He never had been at a loss for words before!

You don't think of Southerners as go-getters, but Melton always had been one, ever since he was a kid. When he had discovered that the only way he could get to college was by working his way through, he had organized a band and made enough money to send ten boys to college! But this was different. It wasn't only that she was wearing a dress of his favorite red. He'd seen pretty girls wearing red dresses before, and his heart hadn't started turning cartwheels.

That's how they had met, these two, sitting now across from each other at the breakfast table, with their words



coming eagerly, as if there would never be time enough for them to tell each other all the things they had to say. That kind of excitement is rare in a marriage that's gone on for eight years.

She dropped the cover from the pottery jug as she started to pour the coffee.

Her husband laughed. "What's the matter, honey chile, nervous?"

"Oh, Jimmy, you know you always affect me like that!" And her answering laugh came as teasingly as his.



"I'm going to marry that girl!" said Jimmy Melton, the night he met Marjorie.

PATTERN FOR LIVING

The young James Meltons now have eight happy years of married life behind them

But that night, nine years ago, they hadn't been able to say much to each other, even when they found that deserted upstairs study and he sang *I'm Falling In Love With Someone* to her and she tried so hard to look unconcerned, with his dark eyes looking at her that way.

"Listen in on my next program." He tried to say it casually, but his eyes weren't casual, nor was his smile. "Then I'll sing it again. *For you!*"

That night Jim Melton bounded into his brother's room and woke him up.

"I'm going to marry that girl!" he shouted.

And almost at that very moment Marjorie McClure's mother was looking at her quizzically and saying: "What are you going to say to that young man when he asks you to marry him?"

"You're just going fictional on me again! Looking for a plot for your new novel!" Marjorie gibed. And tried to tell herself that mothers who wrote books were just too, too romantic and their reactions shouldn't really be counted on. But, just the same, it helped that her mother thought there had been something special, too, about the way that young man had looked at her, when they made that date for his next visit to Akron, three whole weeks away.

The next week she listened in to the *Sieberling Program* and it was as he had said. He was singing that song. But not to *her*, Marjorie told herself, over and over again. These tall, handsome Southerners, with their soft, slurring words and their special way of looking at a girl, they couldn't fool *her*! No, indeed, they couldn't!

"He's singing that song to a million people," she told herself, but again there was that feeling in her heart, like wild wings beating, and her mother smiled as she looked at her.

"I was never one of these impetuous men," James Melton smiled as he buttered a popover. "The cautious Meltons, that's what they call us down South, where I hail from, so I waited until the second time I saw Marjorie to propose to her!"

"And I didn't wait two seconds to accept!" His wife laughed. "But I was only eighteen and my mother had set her heart on having me go to Bryn Mawr, so I went for a year. But I'm afraid six months of that year was taken up in shopping for my trousseau."

"And then we went to Paris for our honeymoon and Marjorie floors me by saying she hasn't a thing to wear and starts shopping all over again!" James Melton gave her that special fond look happy husbands seem to have a monopoly on. "And I'll tell you I got more than a speaking acquaintance with Paris shops."

"Oh, now you're being unfair," Mrs. Melton reproached him. "You see, it was in 1929," she explained, "just the time when skirts scooped the stock market by a few months and decided to go down. There I was, with all those new dresses I never had worn, except for fittings, all ending somewhere just below my knees—and Paris appearing in ankle-length dresses! Wearing those trousseau dresses was like having one of those terrible nightmares people have, in which you suddenly find

yourself in public wearing a smile and nothing much besides!" She stopped suddenly. "Jimmy, that isn't another popover, is it?"

It was another popover, a huge, brown flaky one, and there was no quibbling about the butter that was going on it, either!

"This is the reason I go in for dieting in a big way," James Melton said. "Popovers and all such things. I'm a fall guy for good food! So, in order to have them a quarter of the time, I go in for a (Continued on page 72)

BETWEEN BROADCASTS

Artists of the airways in various
new guises and disguises



Dressed for his rôle of *Valentine* in *Faust*, Donald Dickson speeds to the Met when the *Sealtest Sunday Night Party* rehearsal ends.



Here's Jack Benny, as ever was, in a most romantic moment. The charming lady is Jessie Jenard, and the scene is from the Paramount picture, *Artists and Models*, in which radio's peer of persiflage once more takes a whirl at acting for the movies.



And here's that Canova gal, Judy, of the hillbilly Canovas, practicing her hawg calling, along with the hillbilly hop. Judy's last stance in her athletic dance is as esthetic and exquisite as is her melodious whooping!

Ann Stone, of *Young Hickory*, *Lights Out*, *Piccadilly Music Hall* and other NBC shows, is all set for a swim.



That comely and comic pair, Victor Moore and Helen Broderick, stage and radio favorites, in a characteristic pose.



And who will capture this mountain Romeo, Bob Burns? Terry Walker (left) and Martha Raye will fight to a finish—even if it proves to be Bob's finish!



HE doesn't smoke. He doesn't drink. He is respectful to women. He takes off his hat at the name of Mother and when the flag goes by. He will not permit the members of his band to be smokers or drinkers. He prefers that the girl members of his band have their mothers travel with them. He always stays at the same hotel with his band. He always travels in the same Pullman with them. His band never has played a night club engagement. May be just happenstance. May be idealism. I dunno.

He once played an engagement in Washington, D. C., for the Press men of the city, I believe. Just before the band started to play, he requested the audience to stop smoking. It interfered, he said, with the best work of his

band. And—he was being sponsored by the famous *Not A Cough In a Carload* makers of cigarettes! Two employees of the cigarette company were in the audience and were their faces red! The wires burned with indignant sponsor messages.

The next day Fred's press agent gave forth the tastily and hastily concocted tale that Mr. Waring had made the request because of the fact that the floor was covered with priceless rugs and he had feared that damage would be done.

Nothing of the sort, of course, but it checked the rapid rise of the sponsor's blood pressure.

And that is Fred Waring. He would, one is convinced, protect his standards, his ideals, in the very teeth of any sponsor, any audience, any mass opinion, at any cost to himself, or any loss. In show business, as he is, he nevertheless keeps his 'scutcheon clean and brightly polished, his lamp trimmed and burning.

He has been twice married. Is married now, and very happily, to Evalyn Muir, formerly a dancer. He met her when she joined his own novelty number, *Dancing Dominoes*. He has two children, Dixie, aged two and a half, and Fred Junior, aged six months. He lives, while in Hollywood, in an isolated home in the hills. He refuses to talk for publication about his family. "It's bad taste," he says briefly. But his pride in them, his love of them, speak articulately in his eyes.

Cars are his hobby. He is said to own five. He drives for relaxation, after work. Drives with satanic speed but also with complete caution. He believes in clean living and in physical fitness as a concomitant thereof. He carries a trainer, Albert Greenway, with the troupe at all times. Under Greenway's direction Fred and the male members of his band work out daily, at weight machines, with medicine balls and so on. Two softball teams are maintained among the members.

He collects miniature orchestras—orchestras made of wood, of gold, ivory, jade, porcelain, metals. Teentsy-weentsy orchestras, middle-sized orchestras, larger ones. Even as Roland Young collects penguins of wood, ivory, jade, and so forth.

He never will sleep in a lower berth. It's his one phobia. His favorite songs to sing are *Sleep, Finlandia* and *The Night Is Young And You're So Beautiful*. He is a sound business man. He is heavily insured, for the band as well as for his family. And each member of the band is insured for him. Probably some \$1,000,000 in insurance is represented in the band. He is an executive as well as a maestro. He has a business manager who has been with him for over seven years. But it is Fred who does all the interviewing, hiring, training, creating of ideas, planning. In New York City an immense organization is maintained to take care of the details of the business. An entire floor of a Broadway office building is given over to the offices, rehearsal rooms and music library of the troupe. Two Pullmans and a baggage car are needed to transport the troupe on the road.

He is, if anything, a little too serious. He is also, admittedly, moody. His brother tells me that, up to very recently, Fred didn't know how to relax. This is because, Tom says, he had to work too hard and too early. He is, his brother also told me, a stickler extraordinary for exactness, for precision, for fine detail. Like Fred Astaire, nothing an inch short of perfection will satisfy him. Also like Fred Astaire, he believes in doing one thing at a time and doing that one thing supremely well. To do two one-half hour radio programs weekly, Fred and his band rehearse some nine hours daily for six days.

He is probably the only entertainer known to man and the masses who ever voluntarily left a sponsor while said sponsor was in the very act of waving a new contract in his face. But he did. He voluntarily left two sponsors. *Old Gold Cigarettes* and the (Continued on page 77)

SIR GALAHAD WARING

By GLADYS HALL

"I believe that only the
pure in heart should be
allowed to sing great
religious music or the old
songs we love," says Fred

Fred Waring, Poley McClintock, the Lane Sisters and Johnny Davis. Fred is counsellor, confessor and brother to all the band members.



Werner Janssen, brilliant young symphonic conductor,
recently returned from a European tour to wield the
baton for the new Fleischmann show, is, so they say

A TEMPERAMENTAL



Acme Photo



Left, Ann Harding, Mrs. Werner Janssen, with daughter, Jane Bannister. Center, Werner Janssen. Right, Ann with John Boles.

BY LESLIE EATON

WHEN news of Ann Harding's marriage to Werner Janssen broke in Hollywood, the general feeling was one of rejoicing. Ann deserved happiness, if anyone did. It was good to know she had found a man who might, in some measure, make up to her for all she had undergone in the past. A man whom she might admire and respect and love. For Ann's previous experience of marriage had been so bitter, you knew instinctively she would not have married again in haste, not without feeling sure that this was a man she could trust, with whom she could find peace and security, for herself and for her little daughter, Jane.

Interest in Ann spread out and enveloped Janssen. Who was he? What sort of a man? The name was new to the

movie-going, dial-twisting public. Where had Ann met him? How long had they known each other?

Nobody's business, perhaps. But the feeling behind those questions was real and warm and friendly. Ann's fans quite simply wanted to know Ann's husband.

A natural enough desire, and one our Hollywood stars are used to and, for the most part, ready to answer. A certain amount of privacy is unquestionably their right, but if people choose to live in the limelight, they must realize that their fans have their rights, too. No star can last without their interest and affection, however great her art. And no musician can get far without his public, however much he may disdain it.

And the public was stirred to new interest when Werner

GENIUS



Mr. and Mrs. Werner Janssen take a stroll together on their return to California after their marriage in Europe. *Upper right*, a glimpse of Ann on the set in an English studio, where she made a movie, *Love from a Stranger*, with Basil Rathbone. *Right*, that musical genius, Werner Janssen, who has conducted many of the world's finest orchestras.



Janssen was signed to conduct on the new *Chase and Sanborn Hour* and Ann herself appeared in a dramatic rôle on the opening program. On this occasion the press was well represented in the studio audience. The members of the despised Fourth Estate liked the whole set-up, were impressed with Janssen's ability, agog for information about the man himself, ready to forget the snubs that had been dealt them on his arrival.

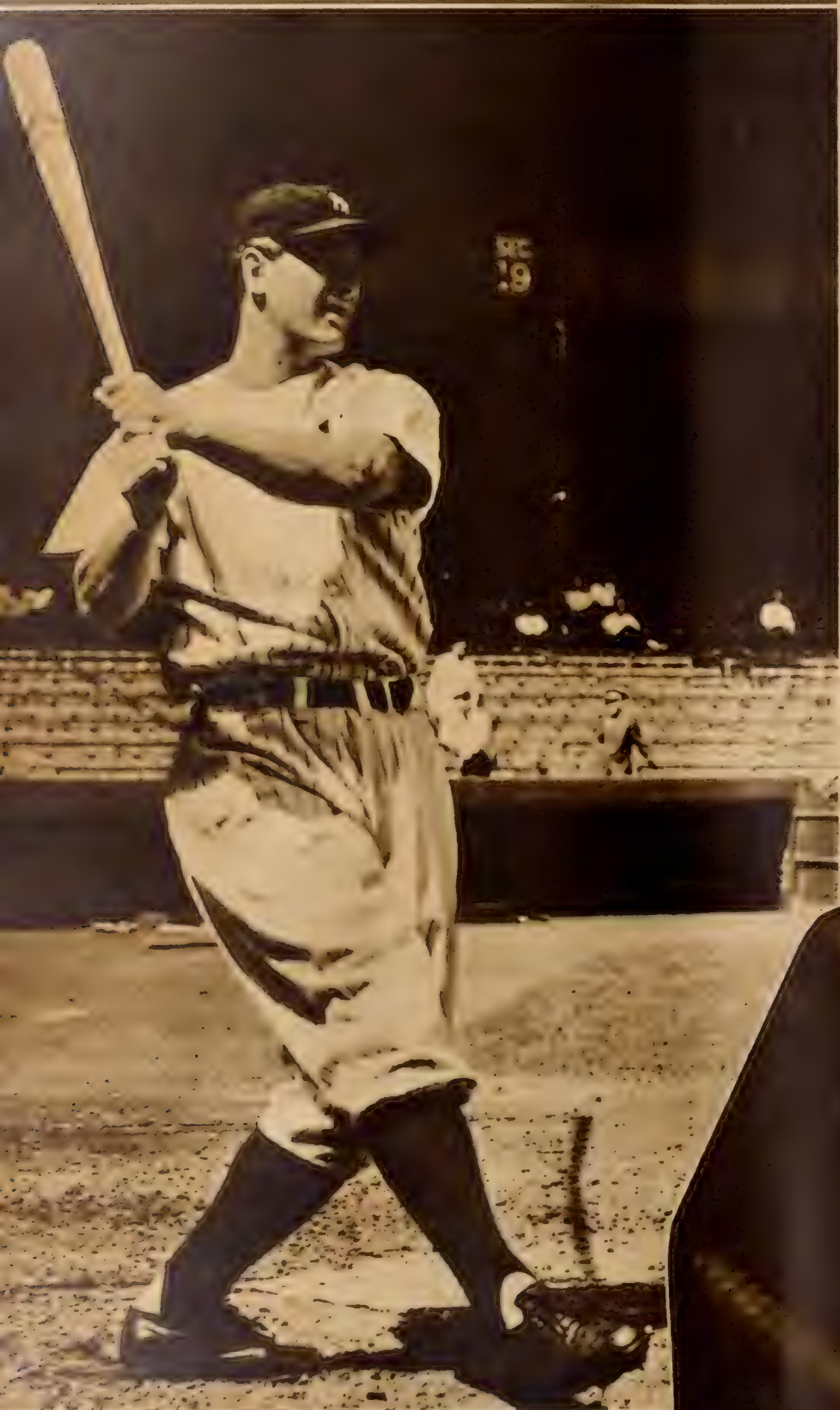
But Janssen, a dynamic, a forceful person, fiercely resents the publicity that has dogged his steps since he arrived in this country with his wife. He resents all prying into his personal history, all curiosity about his marriage. He resents being Mr. Ann Harding—and he resents the public personality, the silver screen presentment of his

beautiful wife, whom he infinitely prefers to regard as Mrs. Werner Janssen.

As far as his own past is concerned, he says quite simply: "It is completely unimportant. All that matters is what I am trying to do through the medium of radio. What I have done before is about as important as a prize-winning essay in high school. The boy who wins a medal finds it no asset when he goes into business, and he forgets it as quickly as possible. Why does anyone care what I have done? It is what I am trying to do *now* that counts . . ."

Granted that he is right, nevertheless what Werner Janssen is trying to do derives from the kind of man he is and from his varied but always (Continued on page 62)

IRON men



Wide World Photo

Lou Gehrig, first baseman of the *New York Yankees*, is known as baseball's *Iron Man*, because he has been at his post, day in and day out, since June first, 1925. Lou says his goal is 2,500 consecutive games.

CONSISTENCY, apparently, is one of those virtues which brings its own reward! For instance, look at the career of Frank Munn in radio and that of Lou Gehrig in baseball.

Lou Gehrig, brawny first baseman of the world champion *New York Yankees*, is known as baseball's *Iron Man*, because he has been at his post, day in and day out, since June first, 1925. He has played 1,808 consecutive games, which doesn't take into computation his World Series or spring or fall exhibition performances. It is a remarkable achievement, one whose very consistency blurs its glory—for it no longer is considered news that Gehrig is at first base for the *Yankees*; the real story would be if he were *not* there!

Similarly it is no news that Frank Munn is singing on the radio. Munn started his endurance streak a year before Gehrig began his—going on the *E. A. White Hour*, with Virginia Rea, in 1924. Since that time stars have blazed high in radio's firmament, faded and fallen. But, with the exception of a cold, in January, 1925, which caused him to miss four performances, Munn never has been off the air in twelve and a half years.

It is only when you hark back to June, 1925, and recall all that has happened since, that you come to a complete realization of the endurance of Lou Gehrig and of Frank Munn and the remarkable feat which each has performed in his respective field.

In June, 1925, Calvin Coolidge had started his first full term as President

of these United States; Alfred E. Smith had yet to be dubbed *The Happy Warrior*; Jack Dempsey was heavyweight champion of the world; talking pictures were the hazy dream of an impractical visionary; Wall Street was known vaguely to the public at large as a section of downtown New York where men called brokers dealt in things called stocks and bonds; Notre Dame's fabled football heroes, *The Four Horsemen*, were receiving their diplomas at Notre Dame, and Frank Munn was establishing himself as a radio singer.

Swing now into the present: Calvin Coolidge is dead, Al Smith is politically finished and Franklin Delano Roosevelt, the man who first called Al *The Happy Warrior*, is in his second term as President of the United States; Jack Dempsey is a restaurateur and there have been five heavyweight champions since he lost to Gene Tunney; talking pictures are so firmly established that the old silents are only a faded memory; the whole nation has learned, to its everlasting sorrow, all about Wall Street, all about brokers and nothing at all about stocks and bonds; Notre Dame's *Four Horsemen* have grown portly or distinguished, three are coaches with national reputations, one succeeding the master, Knute Rockne, at Notre Dame, and the fourth is a Mid-Western lawyer of no small repute—and Frank Munn's tenor voice still comes over the ether!

For Munn has become the *Iron Man of Radio*, even as Gehrig is the *Iron Man of Baseball*. In his time, Frank has faced as (Continued on page 92)

Two whose careers in their respective fields are endurance feats—Lou Gehrig of baseball, and Frank Munn of radio

BY TOM MEANY

Frank Munn may well be called radio's *Iron Man*. He began in 1924 and has been off the air but four times in twelve and a half years.

Photo by
William
Haussler





Sweethearts of the films—
(left) Don Ameche, with Ann
Sothorn in *Fifty Roads to
Town*. (Right) Don with Janet
Gaynor in *Ladies in Love*.

A MOST IMPORTANT WOMAN IN HIS LIFE-

The story of Bernardine Flynn's long
friendship with handsome Don Ameche

"IF IT hadn't been for Bernardine Flynn—

Such is the thought that recurs to Don Ameche, screen and radio star, when he reviews the success which is his. And, being an honest and just young man, Don gives credit where credit is due.

Seven years ago, Don Ameche was an actor out of a job. There was nothing unusual about this, for, after the financial crash of 1929, very few actors were in any other position. Don was twenty-one, good looking, a college graduate and had a year's experience in small parts on the Broadway stage. These were his apparent assets. But—and it is a mighty big *but*—he also had the friendship of a girl who had been his leading lady in dramatic productions at the University of Wisconsin. Her name was Bernardine Flynn. You know her better, perhaps, as "Sade Gook," of radio's *Fic and Sade*.

What had such a friendship to do with Don Ameche's professional success? That friendship opened up the road for him. It was that friendship which broke (Continued on page 70)

Bernardine Flynn, who chose Don Ameche for her leading man on the air and thus started his radio career. Later Don helped Bernardine.

By MIRIAM GIBSON

After 14 Day Evaporation Test

8 popular brands of polish became thick and gummy, evaporated 35% to 60%, while the NEW Cutex Polish stayed smooth flowing, as easy to apply as ever!



Do You Lose $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ of Your Nail Polish By Evaporation?



New Cutex Polish is Usable to the Last Drop!

"WE'RE getting tired of having to pay for TWO bottles of nail polish in order to really get ONE!" women complained. We thought that was a legitimate grievance, so we perfected our wonderful New Cutex, and now we are proud to say, "Buy the New Cutex and you'll get *all* the polish you pay for!" We've made sure that the last drop will be just as much of a joy to apply as the first one!

To prove it, we deliberately uncorked 10 bottles of nail polish . . . two of our New Cutex and eight popular rival brands—and let their contents stay exposed to the air for 14 days.

Only the New Cutex stood the test! All the rest became thick and gummy. But the New Cutex evaporated less than half as

New "Smoky" Shades

MAUVE—A misty lavender pink. Perfect with blue, gray or delicate evening pastels.

RUST—A smoky shade for tanned hands. Good with brown, beige, gray, green.

ROBIN RED—New, soft red. Goes with everything, sophisticated with black and white.

OLD ROSE—A soft, feminine dusky rose. Flattering—especially with the new wine shades!

THE NEWEST SHADE—BURGUNDY—Brand-new deep, purple-wine shade. Enchanting with pastels, black, white or wine, and electrically smart with blue.

much as the competitive brands. After 14 days, it still went on the nails as smooth as glass, free flowing . . . just right!

Think what a saving this means! A saving not only of money, but of annoyance. Add to this Cutex's longer wear, its freedom from chipping and peeling, its fine lacquer, its 11 smart shades . . . and you can't wonder that women everywhere are refusing to put up with ordinary wasteful polishes any longer.

And besides giving you twice as much for *your* money, Cutex costs so little to begin with! The New Cutex is still the old economical price of 35¢ a bottle, Crème or Clear.

NORTHAM WARREN, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

MAIL COUPON TODAY for complete Cutex Manicure Kit, containing your 2 favorite shades of Cutex Liquid Polish, Remover and sample of Cutex Lipstick for only 16¢.

Northam Warren Corporation, Dept. 7-M-9
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.
(In Canada, P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 16¢ to cover cost of postage and packing for the Cutex Introductory Set, including 2 shades of Cutex Liquid Polish as checked. Mauve ☐ Rust ☐
Burgundy ☐ Robin Red ☐ Old Rose ☐

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Modern Streamlined Train "The Flying Yankee".

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BOSTON AND MAINE
RAILROAD

MAINE CENTRAL
RAILROAD

Coast-to-Coast PROGRAM GUIDE

THE regular programs on the four coast-to-coast networks are here listed in a day-by-day time schedule. The National Broadcasting Company Red Network is indicated by *NBC-Red*; the National Broadcasting Company Blue Network is indicated by *NBC-Blue*; the Columbia Broadcasting System by *CBS* and Mutual Broadcasting System by *MBS*.

All stations included in the above networks are listed below. Find your local station on the list and tune in on the network specified.

ALL TIME RECORDED IS EASTERN DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME. This means that for Eastern Standard and Central Daylight Time, you must subtract one hour. For Mountain Daylight and Central Standard Time, subtract two hours. For Pacific Daylight and Mountain Standard Time, subtract three hours. And for Pacific Standard Time, subtract four hours. For example: 11:00 A. M. EDT becomes 10:00 A. M. EST and CDST; 9:00 A. M. MDST and CST; 8:00 A. M. PDST and MST; 7:00 A. M. PST.

If, at a particular time, no network program is listed, that is because there is no regular program for that time, or because the preceding program continues into that period.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY— RED NETWORK

WFBR Baltimore, Md.
WNAC Boston, Mass.
WBEN Buffalo, N. Y.
WMAQ Chicago, Ill.
WSAI Cincinnati, Ohio
WTAM Cleveland, Ohio
KOA Denver, Colo.
WHO Des Moines, Iowa
WWJ Detroit, Mich.
WTIC Hartford, Conn.
WIRE Indianapolis, Ind.
WDAF Kansas City, Mo.
KFI Los Angeles, Cal.
KSTP Minneapolis-St. Paul, Minn.
WEAF New York, N. Y.
WOW Omaha, Neb.
KYW Philadelphia, Pa.
WCAE Pittsburgh, Pa.
WCSH Portland, Me.
KGW Portland, Ore.
WJAR Providence, R. I.
WMBG Richmond, Va.
KSD St. Louis, Mo.
KDYL Salt Lake City, Utah

KPO San Francisco, Cal.
WGY Schenectady, N. Y.
KOMO Seattle, Wash.
KHQ Spokane, Wash.
WRC Washington, D. C.
WDEL Wilmington, Del.
WTAG Worcester, Mass.

NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY— BLUE NETWORK

WABY Albany, N. Y.
WBAL Baltimore, Md.
WBZ Boston, Mass.
WICC Bridgeport, Conn.
WEBR Buffalo, N. Y.
WMT Cedar Rapids, Iowa
WENR Chicago, Ill.
WLS Chicago, Ill.
WCKY Cincinnati, Ohio
WGAR Cleveland, Ohio
KVOD Denver, Colo.
KSO Des Moines, Iowa
WXYZ Detroit, Mich.
WLEU Erie, Pa.
WOWO Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WJTN Jamestown, N. Y.
WREN Kansas City, Kan.
KECA Los Angeles, Cal.
WTCN Minneapolis, Minn.
WICC New Haven, Conn.
WJZ New York, N. Y.
KLO Ogden, Utah
KOIL Omaha, Neb.-Council Bluffs, Ia.
WFIL Philadelphia, Pa.
KDKA Pittsburgh, Pa.
KEX Portland, Ore.
WEAN Providence, R. I.
WRD Richmond, Va.
WHAM Rochester, N. Y.
KWK St. Louis, Mo.
KFSD San Diego, Cal.
KGO San Francisco, Cal.
KJR Seattle, Wash.
KGA Spokane, Wash.
WBZA Springfield, Mass.
WSYR Syracuse, N. Y.
WSPD Toledo, Ohio
WMAL Washington, D. C.

NBC-SUPPLEMENTARY STATIONS (May be on either RED or BLUE networks)

KOB Albuquerque, N. M.
WSAN Allentown, Pa.
KGNC Amarillo, Tex.
WWNC Asheville, N. C.
WSB Atlanta, Ga.
KERN Bakersfield, Cal.
KGHL Billings, Mont.
WAPI Birmingham, Ala.
KFYR Bismarck, N. D.
KGIR Butte, Mont.
WCSC Charleston, S. C.
WSOC Charlotte, N. C.
WCFL Chicago, Ill.
WLW Cincinnati, Ohio
WFLA Clearwater, Fla.
WIS Columbia, S. C.
WCOL Columbus, Ohio
WFAA Dallas, Tex.
WEBC Duluth, Minn.
WGBF Evansville, Ind.
WDAY Fargo, N. D.
WGL Ft. Wayne, Ind.
WBAP Ft. Worth, Tex.
KMJ Fresno, Cal.
WOOD Grand Rapids, Mich.
WFBC Greenville, S. C.
KGU Honolulu, Hawaii
KTHS Hot Springs, Ark.
KPRC Houston, Tex.
WJDX Jackson, Miss.
WJAX Jacksonville, Fla.
KARK Little Rock, Ark.
WAVE Louisville, Ky.
WIBA Madison, Wis.
WFEA Manchester, N. H.
WMC Memphis, Tenn.
WIOD Miami Beach, Fla.
WTMJ Milwaukee, Wis.
CFCF Montreal, Canada

WSM Nashville, Tenn.
WSMB New Orleans, La.
WTAR Norfolk, Va.
WKY Oklahoma City, Okla.
KTAR Phoenix, Ariz.
KGHF Pueblo, Colo.
WPTF Raleigh, N. C.
KFBK Sacramento, Cal.
WSUN St. Petersburg, Fla.
WOAI San Antonio, Tex.
KTBS Shreveport, La.
KSOO Sioux Falls, S. D.
KGBX Springfield, Mo.
KWG Stockton, Cal.
WEBC Superior, Wis.
WFLA Tampa, Fla.
WBOW Terre Haute, Ind.
CRCT Toronto, Canada
KVOO Tulsa, Okla.
KANS Wichita, Kans.
WORK York, Pa.

COLUMBIA BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

WADC Akron, Ohio
WOKO Albany, N. Y.
WAIM Anderson, S. C.
WGST Atlanta, Ga.
WPG Atlantic City, N. J.
KNOW Austin, Tex.
WCAO Baltimore, Md.
WLBZ Bangor, Me.
WBRC Birmingham, Ala.
WNEF Binghamton, N. Y.
WEEI Boston, Mass.
WGR Buffalo, N. Y.
WKBW Buffalo, N. Y.
WCHS Charleston, W. Va.
WBT Charlotte, N. C.
WDOD Chattanooga, Tenn.
WBBM Chicago, Ill.
WKRC Cincinnati, Ohio
WHK Cleveland, Ohio
KVOR Colorado Springs, Col.
WBNS Columbus, Ohio
KRLD Dallas, Tex.
WOC Davenport, Iowa
WHIO Dayton, Ohio
KLZ Denver, Colo.
KRNT Des Moines, Iowa
WJR Detroit, Mich.
WKBB Dubuque, Iowa
WDNC Durham, N. C.
WESG Elma-Ithaca, N. Y.
WMMN Fairmont, W. Va.
WTAQ Green Bay, Wis.
WBIG Greensboro, N. C.
KFBB Great Falls, Mont.
WHP Harrisburg, Pa.
WDRG Hartford, Conn.
KGMB Honolulu, Hawaii
KTRH Houston, Tex.
WFBM Indianapolis, Ind.
WMBR Jacksonville, Fla.
KMBC Kansas City, Mo.
WNOX Knoxville, Tenn.
WKBH La Crosse, Wis.
KFAB Lincoln, Neb.
KLRA Little Rock, Ark.
KNX Los Angeles, Cal.
WHAS Louisville, Ky.
WMAZ Macon, Ga.
KGLO Mason City, Iowa
WREC Memphis, Tenn.
WCOC Meridian, Miss.
WQAM Miami, Fla.
WALA Mobile, Ala.
WISN Milwaukee, Wis.
WCCO Minneapolis, Minn.
KGVO Missoula, Mont.
WSFA Montgomery, Ala.
CKAC Montreal, Canada
WLAC Nashville, Tenn.
WWL New Orleans, La.
WABC New York, N. Y.
KOMA Oklahoma City, Okla.
WDBO Orlando, Fla.
WPAR Parkersburg, W. Va.
WCOA Pensacola, Fla.
WMBD Peoria, Ill.
WCAU Philadelphia, Pa.
KOY Phoenix, Ariz.
WJAS Pittsburgh, Pa.
KOIN Portland, Ore.
WPRO Providence, R. I.

KOH Reno, Nev.
WRVA Richmond, Va.
WDBJ Roanoke, Va.
WHEC Rochester, N. Y.
KMOX St. Louis, Mo.
WCCO St. Paul, Minn.
KSL Salt Lake City, Utah
KTSA San Antonio, Tex.
KSFO San Francisco, Cal.
WTOC Savannah, Ga.
WGBI Scranton, Pa.
KOL Seattle, Wash.
KWKH Shreveport, La.
KSCJ Sioux City, Iowa
WSBT South Bend, Ind.
KFPY Spokane, Wash.
WMAS Springfield, Mass.
WFBL Syracuse, N. Y.
KVI Tacoma, Wash.
WDAE Tampa, Fla.
WIBW Topeka, Kans.
CFRB Toronto, Canada
KTUL Tulsa, Okla.
WIBX Utica, N. Y.
WACO Waco, Tex.
WJSV Washington, D. C.
WJNO W. Palm Beach, Fla.
WWVA Wheeling, W. Va.
KFH Wichita, Kans.
WSJS Winston-Salem, N. C.
KGKO Wichita Falls, Tex.
WORC Worcester, Mass.
WNAX Yankton, S. D.
WKBN Youngstown, Ohio

MUTUAL BROADCASTING SYSTEM STATIONS

KADA Ada, Okla.
KVSO Ardmore, Okla.
WRDO Augusta, Me.
KPMC Bakersfield, Cal.
WBAL Baltimore, Md.
WLBZ Bangor, Me.
WAAB Boston, Mass.
WICC Bridgeport, Conn.
WMT Cedar Rapids, Iowa
WGN Chicago, Ill.
WLW Cincinnati, Ohio
WSAI Cincinnati, Ohio
WGAR Cleveland, Ohio
WHKC Columbus, Ohio
WRR Dallas, Tex.
KFEL Denver, Colo.
KSO Des Moines, Iowa
KXO El Centro, Cal.
KASA Elk City, Okla.
KCRC Enid, Okla.
WSAR Fall River, Mass.
KTAT Ft. Worth, Tex.
KFKA Greeley, Colo.
WTHT Hartford, Conn.
KGMB Honolulu, Hawaii
WHB Kansas City, Mo.
WLNH Laconia, N. H.
KFOR Lincoln, Neb.
KHJ Los Angeles, Cal.
WLLH Lowell, Mass.
WFEA Manchester, N. H.
KDON Monterey, Cal.
KBIX Muskogee, Okla.
WSM Nashville, Tenn.
WOR Newark, N. J.
WNBH New Bedford, Mass.
WNLC New London, Conn.
KTOK Oklahoma City, Okla.
KOIL Omaha, Neb.
WFIL Philadelphia, Pa.
WCAE Pittsburgh, Pa.
WBBZ Ponca City, Okla.
WEAN Providence, R. I.
WRVA Richmond, Va.
KWK St. Louis, Mo.
KFXM San Bernardino, Cal.
KGB San Diego, Cal.
KFRC San Francisco, Cal.
KVOE Santa Ana, Cal.
KDB Santa Barbara, Cal.
KGFF Shawnee, Okla.
WSPR Springfield, Mass.
WNBX Springfield, Vt.
KGDM Stockton, Cal.
WOL Washington, D. C.
WBRY Waterbury, Conn.
CKLW Windsor-Detroit, Mich.

RADIO STARS

MORNING

8:00

NBC-Red: GOLDTHWAITE ENSEMBLE—organ and songs.
NBC-Blue: MELODY HOUR—Josef Honti's orchestra

8:30

NBC-Red: CHILDREN'S CONCERT—Josef Stopak's orchestra, Paul Wing, narrator
NBC-Blue: TONE PICTURES—Ruth Pepple, pianist; mixed quartet

9:00

NBC-Red: HAROLD NAGEL'S RHUMBA ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: WHITE RABBIT LINE—Milton J. Cross
CBS: SUNDAY MORNING AT AUNT SUSAN'S—children's program, Artells Dickson

9:30

NBC-Red: CONCERT ENSEMBLE—Harry Gilbert, organist

9:55

CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00

NBC-Red: HIGHLIGHTS OF THE BIBLE
NBC-Blue: RUSSIAN MELODIES
CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR

10:30

NBC-Blue: WALBERG BROWN STRING ENSEMBLE
CBS: ROMANY TRAIL—Emery Deutsch's orchestra
MBS: RAINBOW HOUSE—children's program with Bob Emery

11:00

NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: ORGAN MOODS
MBS: REVIEWING STAND—world problems

11:05

NBC-Red: WARD AND MUZZY—piano duo
NBC-Blue: ALICE REMSEN—contralto

11:15

NBC-Red: BRAVEST OF THE BRAVE—dramatization

11:30

CBS: MAJOR BOWES' CAPITOL FAMILY

11:45

NBC-Red: HENRY BUSSE'S ORCHESTRA

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon

NBC-Red: THE HOUR GLASS—Jerry Brannon, Paul Gersman
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES—Negro male quartet
MBS: CADLE TABERNACLE CHOIR—music, talk

12:30

NBC-Red: UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO ROUND TABLE DISCUSSION—guest speakers
NBC-Blue: RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL ORCHESTRA—soloists
CBS: SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN



AUGUST 1—8—15—22—29



Jane Pickens



James Melton

1:00

NBC-Red: DOROTHY DRESLIN, soprano; FRED HUF-SMITH, tenor

CBS: CHURCH OF THE AIR

1:30

NBC-Red: DREAMS OF LONG AGO—Ethel Parks Richardson
NBC-Blue: OUR NEIGHBORS—Jerry Belcher, interviewer
CBS: POETIC STRINGS
MBS: MUSIC IN MANY MOODS

2:00

NBC-Red: SUNDAY DRIVERS—Fields and Hall, Frances Adair
NBC-Blue: MAGIC KEY OF RCA—Frank Black's symphony orchestra, Milton J. Cross
CBS: ST. LOUIS SERENADE
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

2:30

NBC-Red: THATCHER COLT MYSTERIES
CBS: LIVING DRAMAS OF THE BIBLE—dramatizations
MBS: ORCHESTRA

3:00

NBC-Red: CHAUTAUQUA LITTLE SYMPHONY—Albert Stoessel
NBC-Blue: NOBLE CAIN A CAPPELLA CHOIR
CBS: EVERYBODY'S MUSIC—Howard Barlow, symphony orchestra
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL—songs and patter

3:15

MBS: JUST BETWEEN US

3:30

NBC-Blue: INTERNATIONAL BROADCAST FROM LONDON
MBS: ORCHESTRA

3:45

NBC-Blue: CHUCHU MARTINEZ—tenor

4:00

NBC-Red: ROMANCE MELODIES—Ruth Lyon, Edward Davies, Shield's orchestra
NBC-Blue: SUNDAY VESPERS
CBS: SPELLING BEE—Dr. Harry Hagen
MBS: ORCHESTRA

4:30

NBC-Red: THE WORLD IS YOURS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: SENATOR FISH-FACE AND PROFESSOR FIGGSBOTTLE—Jerry Sears' orchestra
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

5:00

NBC-Red: PAUL MARTIN'S ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: THERE WAS A WOMAN—dramatizations
CBS: OUR AMERICAN NEIGHBORS—Vincent Sorey's orchestra

5:30

NBC-Blue: ROY SHIELD'S ENCORE MUSIC
CBS: GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ORCHESTRA
MBS: ORCHESTRA

EVENING

6:00

NBC-Red: CATHOLIC HOUR
NBC-Blue: CANADIAN GRENADIER GUARDS BAND
CBS: CHICAGOANS
MBS: DANCING MOODS—Elinor Sherry, Walter Ahrens, Stanley's orchestra

6:30

NBC-Red: A TALE OF TODAY—sketch
NBC-Blue: GOLDEN GATE PARK BAND CONCERT
MBS: FUN IN SWINGTIME—Tim and Irene, Dell Sharbutt, Berigan's orchestra

7:00

NBC-Red: JELL-O PROGRAM—Jane Froman, Donald Ross, D'Artega's orchestra
NBC-Blue: HELEN TRAUBEL—soprano
CBS: COLUMBIA WORKSHOP—dramatizations
MBS: STAN LOMAX—sports commentator

7:30

NBC-Red: FIRESIDE RECITALS—Helen Marshall, soprano; Sigurd Nilssen, basso
NBC-Blue: FLEISCHMANN PROGRAM—Werner Janssen's orchestra
CBS: SUMMER STARS—Harry von Zell, Oscar Bradley's orchestra
MBS: CESARE SODERO DIRECTS

7:45

NBC-Red: FITCH JINGLE PROGRAM—Morin Sisters, Ranch Boys

8:00

NBC-Red: CHASE AND SANBORN PROGRAM—Don Ameche, W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, Dorothy Lamour, Armbruster's orchestra
CBS: GILLETTE SUMMER HOTEL—Milton Berle, Wendell Hall, Sannella's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA

8:30

CBS: TEXACO TOWN—Jimmy Wallington, Pinky Tomlin, Igor Gorin, Ella Logan, Helen Troy, Renard's orchestra
MBS: OLD TIME SPELLING BEE—Bob Emery

9:00

NBC-Red: MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND—Rachel Carlay, Pierre Le Kreeun, Donnie's orchestra
NBC-Blue: RIPPLING RHYTHM REVUE—Shep Fields' orchestra, Del Casino, Bob Hope, Honeychile
CBS: UNIVERSAL RHYTHM—Frank Crummit, Rex Chandler's orchestra, Alec Templeton, Richard Bonelli
MBS: HI THERE, AUDIENCE—Ray Perkins, Helene Daniels, Sid Gary, Willard Amison, Stanley's orchestra

9:30

NBC-Red: AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC—Frank Munn, Jean Dickenson, Haenschen's orchestra
NBC-Blue: JERGENS PROGRAM—Walter Winchell, news commentator

9:45

NBC-Blue: CHOIR SYMPHONETTE

10:00

NBC-Red: SUNDAY NIGHT PARTY—James Melton, Jane Pickens, Donald Dickson, Tom Howard, George Shelton, Dolan's orchestra
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL MUSIC CAMP AT INTERLOCHEN, MICH.—concert
CBS: LEWISOHN STADIUM CONCERT
MBS: SURPRISE PARTY—Kay Kyser's orchestra and guests

10:30

CBS: H. V. KALTENBORN—news commentator
MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:45

CBS: VIRGINIA VERRILL—songs

11:00

NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: JUDY AND THE BUNCH—vocal quartet
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: MUSIC

11:10

NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: ORCHESTRA



Ray Perkins

MORNING

- 00
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs
- 15
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADERS
- 30
NBC-Red: HOME SONGS—John Winters, Alden Edkins, Gertrude Forster
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDER—organist
- 45
NBC-Blue: NORSE MEN QUARTET
- 9:00
NBC-Red: THE STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall, orchestra
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: METROPOLITAN PARADE
- 9:30
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs
- 9:40
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
CBS: MORNING MOODS
- 9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch
- 10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
- 10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald
- 10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIENNESE ENSEMBLE
- 11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—talk, sketch, Rolfe's orchestra
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
- 11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
- 11:30
NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL
- 11:45
NBC-Red: MANHATTERS ORCHESTRA



Patricia Norman

Mondays

AUGUST 2—9—16—23—30



Margaret Speaks

NBC-Blue: EDWARD Mac-
HUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL
LIFE STORIES
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TERRI FRANCONI—tenor
CBS: SWINGING THE BLUES
- 12:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: GRACE AND SCOTTY—songs and patter
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
- 12:30
NBC-Red: THREE MARSHALLS
NBC-Blue: JOE DUMOND AND THE CADETS QUARTET
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: BILL LEWIS—baritone and organ
- 12:45
NBC-Red: ROSA LEE—soprano
NBC-Blue: HELEN JANE BEHLKE—contralto
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch
- 1:00
NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
MBS: LUNCHEON DANCE MUSIC
- 1:15
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert
- 1:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth Lyon, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
MBS: ORGAN MIDDAY SERVICE
- 1:45
CBS: JOHN K. WATKINS—news commentator
- 2:00
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA—Ralph Ginsburgh
- 2:15
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL—Louise Wilcher



Bernardine Flynn

- 2:30
NBC-Red: BENNETT AND WOLVERTON—piano and guitar
NBC-Blue: HOUR OF MEMORIES—U. S. Navy Band
CBS: MONTANA SLIM
- 2:45
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch
- 3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
CBS: COLONEL JACK MAJOR'S VARIETY SHOW
MBS: BENNY DAVIS' STARDUST REVUE
- 3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
- 3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
NBC-Blue: LET'S TALK IT OVER—Alma Kitchell
CBS: POP CONCERT—Howard Barlow
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
- 4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
CBS: BOB BYRON—piano and patter
MBS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS—his cowboys
- 4:15
NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: DICTATORS
- 4:30
CBS: CHICAGO VARIETY HOUR
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 4:45
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
- 5:00
NBC-Red: CAROL WEYMANN—mezzo-soprano
CBS: CLYDE BARRIE—baritone
MBS: ALPINE VILLAGE CONCERT
- 5:15
NBC-Red: ADVENTURES OF DARI DAN—sketch
NBC-Blue: ESCORTS AND BETTY
CBS: ETON BOYS—quartet
- 5:30
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: DORIS KERR—songs
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM
- 5:45
NBC-Blue: JACKIE HELLER—tenor
CBS: FUNNY THINGS—Nora Stirling's children's program

EVENING

- 6:00
NBC-Red: JOHN GURNEY—basso; MARY DIETRICK, soprano
NBC-Blue: U. S. ARMY BAND
CBS: HOWARD PHILLIPS—baritone
- 6:15
CBS: FOUR STARS—quartette
MBS: STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE
- 6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 6:35
NBC-Red: THREE X SISTERS—trio
NBC-Blue: CLARK DENNIS—tenor
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator
- 6:45
NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: CHILDREN'S ALBUM—Story Book Lady
- 7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: HUGHIE BARRETT'S ORCHESTRA—John B. Gambling, Jean O'Neill, Barry McKinley
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn MacCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE
- 7:15
NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
CBS: HOLLACE SHAW—songs
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 7:30
NBC-Red: MIDGE WILLIAMS—songs
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—sketch
CBS: JACK SHANNON—tenor
- 7:45
NBC-Red: ROY CAMPBELL'S ROYALISTS
NBC-Blue: JOHN HERRICK—baritone
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator
- 8:00
NBC-Red: BURNS AND ALLEN—Tony Martin, Noble's orchestra
NBC-Blue: JUAN HERNANDEZ AND THE GOOD TIME SOCIETY—all Negro revue
CBS: ALEMITE HALF HOUR—Horace Heidt's orchestra
MBS: JAZZ NOCTURNE—Helene Daniels, Connie Miles, Brusiloff's orchestra
- 8:30
NBC-Red: VOICE OF FIRESTONE—Margaret Speaks, Wallenstein's orchestra, guests
NBC-Blue: MUSICAL PROGRAM
CBS: PICK AND PAT—comedy and music
MBS: LET'S VISIT—Jerry Danzig, Dave Driscoll
- 9:00
NBC-Red: FIBBER MCGEE AND MOLLY—comedy sketch, Marian and Jim Jordan, Grier's orchestra
CBS: SHAKESPEARE CYCLE—guest artists
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM
- 9:30
NBC-Red: HOUR OF CHARM—Phil Spitalny and his girls
NBC-Blue: EUGENE O'NEILL CYCLE
MBS: SYMPHONIC STRINGS
- 10:00
NBC-Red: CONTENTED PROGRAM—Vivien Della Chiesa, Black's orchestra
CBS: WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA
MBS: ELDER LIGHTFOOT, SOLOMON MICHAUX—and congregation
- 10:30
NBC-Red: MUSIC FOR MODERNS
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL RADIO FORUM—guest speaker
CBS: YOUR NECK O' THE WOODS—Carl Carmer
MBS: HENRY WEBER' PAGEANT OF MELODY
- 11:00
NBC-Red: ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

MORNING

- 8:00
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs
- 8:15
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE
- 8:30
NBC-Red: MOMENTS MUSICALES
- 8:45
NBC-Blue: RHYTHM RASCALS
- 9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall orchestra
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: DEAR COLUMBIA—fan mail dramatizations
- 9:30
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs
- 9:40
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
CBS: WALTZES OF THE WORLD
- 9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch
- 10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
- 10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald
- 10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIENNESE ENSEMBLE
- 11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
- 11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: CAPTIVATORS
- 11:30
NBC-Red: MYSTERY CHEF
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
MBS: RHYTHM ORCHESTRA
- 11:45
NBC-Red: ALLEN PRESCOTT—The Wife Saver
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TERRI FRANKONI—tenor
CBS: RHYTHMAIRES
MBS: PARENTS' CLUB OF THE AIR
- 12:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: GRACE AND SCOTTY—songs
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
MBS: HOLLYWOOD SUNSHINE GIRLS—trio
- 12:30
NBC-Red: BARRY McKINLEY—baritone
NBC-Blue: STROLLERS MATINEE
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: ANDY AND VIRGINIA—songs and patter

Tuesdays

AUGUST 3—10—17—24—31



Wayne King

- 12:45
NBC-Red: ARMCHAIR QUARTET
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch
- 1:00
NBC-Red: CLEO BROWN—songs
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 1:15
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TUNE TWISTERS
CBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert
- 1:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
MBS: ORGAN MIDDAY SERVICE
- 1:45
CBS: JOHN K. WATKINS—news commentator
- 2:00
NBC-Red: MATINEE MUSICALES
CBS: ROMANY TRAIL—Emery Deutsch's orchestra
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ORCHESTRA—Ralph Ginsburgh
- 2:15
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL—Louise Wilcher
- 2:30
NBC-Red: IT'S A WOMAN'S WORLD—Claudine Macdonald, Muriel Draper, Sears' orchestra
NBC-Blue: NBC MUSIC GUILD
CBS: DALTON BROTHERS—novelty trio
- 2:45
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch
MBS: RHYTHM ORCHESTRA
- 3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: AIRBREAKS—variety program
CBS: THEATRE MATINEE
- 3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
MBS: RADIO GARDEN CLUB
- 3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
NBC-Blue: KIDOODLERS—quartet
CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL—Story of the Song
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch

- NBC-Blue: HAVE YOU HEARD?—dramatization
- 4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
CBS: BOB BYRON—piano and patter
MBS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS— and his cowboys
- 4:15
NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: NOVELTEERS
- 4:30
CBS: SING AND SWING—Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 4:45
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
- 5:00
NBC-Red: NELLIE REVELL INTERVIEWS
NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND LANNY—songs and patter
CBS: DEL CASINO—songs
MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA— and soloists
- 5:15
NBC-Red: CHOIR SYMPHONETTE
NBC-Blue: ESCORTS AND BETTY
CBS: SCIENCE SERVICE SERIES—Watson Davis
- 5:30
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: ST. LOUIS SYNCOPATORS
- 5:45
NBC-Blue: KING'S MEN QUARTET
CBS: ADVENTURES IN EXPLORATION

EVENING

- 6:00
NBC-Red: SCIENCE IN THE NEWS
NBC-Blue: MEREDITH WILLSON AND HIS ORCHESTRA
CBS: MARGARET DAUM—soprano
- 6:15
NBC-Red: THREE X SISTERS—harmony trio
MBS: STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE
- 6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 6:35
NBC-Red: GLENN DARWIN—baritone
NBC-Blue: TONY RUSSELL—tenor
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator
- 6:45
NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS—orchestra
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator

CBS: GEORGE HALL'S ORCHESTRA

- 7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn McCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: EUGENE MANNERS—tenor
- 7:15
NBC-Red: VOCAL VARIETIES—choral singing
NBC-Blue: BENNO RABINOFF—violinist
CBS: SONG TIME—Ruth Carhart, Bill Perry.
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 7:30
NBC-Red: BONNIE STEWART—songs
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch
CBS: ORCHESTRA
- 7:45
NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: FLORENCE GEORGE—soprano
- 8:00
NBC-Red: JOHNNY PRESENTS RUSS MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Charles Martin
NBC-Blue: HUSBANDS AND WIVES—Sedley Brown, Allie Lowe Miles
CBS: HAMMERSTEIN MUSIC HALL—Jerry Mann, guests
MBS: MUSIC BY—guest conductors
- 8:30
NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King's orchestra
NBC-Blue: EDGAR GUEST In "IT CAN BE DONE"—Masters' orchestra
CBS: GRANT PARK CONCERTS—guest conductors
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 9:00
NBC-Red: VOX POP—Parks Johnson, Wallace Butterworth
NBC-Blue: BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS
CBS: WATCH THE FUN GO BY—Al Pearce, Nick Lucas, Hoff's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 9:15
MBS: CONSOLE AND KEYBOARD—Louise Wilcher, Pauline Alpert
- 9:30
NBC-Red: PACKARD HOUR—Trudy Wood, Jimmy Blair, Johnny Green's orchestra.
NBC-Blue: SWEETEST LOVE SONGS EVER SUNG—Frank Munn, Lois Bennett, Arden's orchestra
CBS: BENNY GOODMAN'S ORCHESTRA—guests
- 10:00
NBC-Blue: THE OTHER AMERICAS—Edward Tomlinson, commentator
CBS: YOUR UNSEEN FRIEND—sketch
MBS: SINFONIETTA
- 10:30
NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIDLER'S HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP
NBC-Blue: PAST MASTERS PROGRAM—harpsicord ensemble
MBS: HOBBY LOBBY
- 10:45
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch
- 11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: NBC NIGHT CLUB—Morey Amsterdam
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: ORCHESTRA



Lois Bennett



Pauline Alpert

MORNING

- 8:00
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs
- 8:15
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADERS
- 8:30
NBC-Red: HOME SONGS—John Winters, Alden Edkins, Gertrude Forster
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDER—organist
- 8:45
NBC-Blue: DANDIES OF YESTERDAY—male quartet
- 9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: MUSIC IN THE AIR
- 9:30
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs
- 9:40
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
CBS: FIDDLER'S FANCY
- 9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch
- 10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
- 10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald
- 10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIENNESE ENSEMBLE
- 11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—talk, sketch, Rolfe's orchestra
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
- 11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
- 11:30
NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
MBS: RAOUL NADEAU—baritone
- 11:45
NBC-Red: HELLO PEGGY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer



Phillips Lord

Wednesdays

AUGUST 4—11—18—25

CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TERRI FRANCONI—tenor
CBS: CHERI AND THE THREE NOTES
- 12:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: TRAIL FINDER—Dr. William Hansche
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
- 12:30
NBC-Red: THREE MARSHALLS
NBC-Blue: JOE DUMOND AND THE CADETS QUARTET
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
- 12:45
NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor
NBC-Blue: HELEN JANE BEHLKE—contralto
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch
- 1:00
NBC-Red: THREE RANCHEROS
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
MBS: LUNCHEON MUSIC
- 1:15
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert
- 1:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
MBS: ORGAN MIDDAY SERVICE
- 1:45
CBS: JOHN K. WATKINS—news commentator
- 2:00
NBC-Red: FANTASIE IN RHYTHM—Jan Savitt
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA—Ralph Ginsburgh
- 2:15
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
- 2:30
NBC-Red: GENERAL FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS
NBC-Blue: BENNETT AND WOLVERTON—piano and guitar
CBS: MONTANA SLIM



Harry Von Zell

- 2:45
NBC-Blue: PEGGY WOOD CALLING
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch
MBS: EMBASSY TRIO
- 3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SOUTHERNAIRES
CBS: MANHATTAN MATINEE
MBS: MEMORY SONGS—Key Men Quartet
- 3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
NBC-Blue: CONTINENTAL VARIETIES—Stopak's orchestra
MBS: RUTGERS HOME ECONOMICS BUREAU
- 3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
- 3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: MUSIC OF THE PAST
MBS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS— and his cowboys
- 4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
- 4:15
NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
- 4:30
CBS: RUSSELL DORR—Goldman's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 4:45
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
CBS: ACADEMY OF MEDICINE
- 5:00
NBC-Red: RHYTHMAIRES
NBC-Blue: ANIMAL NEWS CLUB—Lou Rogers
CBS: ELSIE THOMPSON—organist
MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA
- 5:15
NBC-Red: ADVENTURES OF DARI DAN—sketch
NBC-Blue: MUSICALE ADVENTURES
CBS: FOUR STARS—quartet
- 5:30
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: DORIS KERR—songs
- 5:45
NBC-Blue: MEET THE ORCHESTRA—novelty music
CBS: FUNNY THINGS—Nora Stirling's children's program

EVENING

- 6:00
NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Sal Lee
CBS: DEL CASINO—songs

- 6:15
NBC-Red: CAROL DEIS—soprano
CBS: ETON BOYS—quartet
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL
- 6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 6:35
NBC-Red: CAPPY BARRA— and his swing harmonicas
NBC-Blue: JACK BAKER—tenor
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator
- 6:45
NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS—orchestra
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: SINGING WAITERS
- 7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn McCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE
- 7:15
NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
CBS: SONG TIME—Patti Chapin, Howard Phillips
MBS: LES CAVALLIERS de LA SALLE
- 7:30
NBC-Red: CHARIOTEERS
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch
CBS: GEORGE HALL'S ORCHESTRA
- 7:45
NBC-Blue: MARIO COZZI, baritone; CHRISTINE JOHNSON, soprano
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator
- 8:00
NBC-Red: ONE MAN'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: BROADWAY MERRY-GO-ROUND—Beatrice Lillie, Rickey's orchestra
CBS: CAVALCADE OF AMERICA—guests, Voorhees' orchestra
MBS: FOR FRIENDS OF MUSIC
- 8:30
NBC-Red: LADY ESTHER SERENADE—Wayne King's orchestra
NBC-Blue: SECOND HUSBAND—Helen Menken
CBS: LAUGH WITH KEN MURRAY—Oswald, Gluskin's band, guests
MBS: U. S. MARINE BAND
- 9:00
NBC-Red: TOWN HALL TONIGHT—Walter O'Keefe, Alice Frost, Van Steeden's orchestra
NBC-Blue: NBC STRING SYMPHONY—Frank Black's orchestra
CBS: CHESTERFIELD PRESENTS—Frank Parker, Patti Chapin, Kostelanetz' orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 9:15
MBS: CRIME CLINIC
- 9:30
CBS: PALMOLIVE BEAUTY BOX THEATRE—Jessica Dragonette, Charles Kullman, Goodman's orchestra
MBS: ED FITZGERALD & CO.
- 10:00
NBC-Red: YOUR HIT PARADE
NBC-Blue: HEALANI OF THE SOUTH SEAS
CBS: GANG BUSTERS—crime dramatizations, Phillips Lord
MBS: FIELD MUSEUM DRAMAS—guests
- 10:15
NBC-Blue: CAROL WEYMANN—mezzo-soprano
- 10:30
NBC-Blue: NBC MINSTREL SHOW—Gene Arnold, Short's orchestra
CBS: TIME FOR GOGO DE LYS
MBS: MELODIES FROM THE SKIES
- 11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: DANCE MUSIC



Beatrice Lillie

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs

8:15
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE

8:30
NBC-Red: MOMENTS MUSICAL

8:45
NBC-Blue: RHYTHM RASCALS

9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: AS YOU LIKE IT—variety program

9:30
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

9:40
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
CBS: SONG STYLISTS—male quartet

9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY sketch

10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch

10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald

10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIENNESE ENSEMBLE

11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: MARY LEE TAYLOR
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC

11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: CAPTIVATORS

11:30
NBC-Red: FIDDLERS THREE
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL

11:45
NBC-Red: ALLEN PRESCOTT—The Wife Saver
NBC-Blue: EDWARD MacHUGH—The Gospel Singer
CBS: AUNT JENNY'S REAL LIFE STORIES—sketch

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: TERRI FRANCONI—tenor
CBS: MERRYMAKERS
MBS: LUNCHEON MUSIC

12:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
NBC-Blue: GRACE AND SCOTTY—songs and patter
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator

12:30
NBC-Red: BAILEY AXTON—tenor
NBC-Blue: STROLLERS MATINEE
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist

Thursdays

AUGUST 5—12—19—26

12:45
NBC-Red: ARMCHAIR QUARTET
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch

1:00
NBC-Red: MARGUERITE PADULA—songs
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch

1:15
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: HAL GORDON—tenor
CBS: HYMNS OF ALL CHURCHES: BETTY CROCKER, cooking expert

1:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Ruth Lyon, Larry Larsen, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
MBS: ORGAN MIDDAY SERVICE

1:45
CBS: JOHN K. WATKINS—news commentator

2:00
NBC-Red: NBC MUSIC GUILD
CBS: RAMBLES IN RHYTHM
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ORCHESTRA

2:15
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL—Louise Wilcher

2:30
NBC-Red: IT'S A WOMAN'S WORLD—Claudine Macdonald, Sears' orchestra
CBS: DALTON BROTHERS—novelty trio

2:45
NBC-Red: MEN OF THE WEST—quartet
NBC-Blue: PIANO RECITAL
CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch
MBS: ORCHESTRA

3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: NBC LIGHT OPERA COMPANY
CBS: THEATRE MATINEE

3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
MBS: LA FORGE-BERUMEN RECITAL

3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—comedy sketch

CBS: DO YOU REMEMBER?—old favorite melodies

3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE CABALLEROS

4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
CBS: PIANO TEAM
MBS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS—his cowboys

4:15
NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
CBS: BOB BYRON—piano and patter

4:30
CBS: U. S. ARMY BAND
MBS: ORCHESTRA

4:45
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch

5:00
NBC-Red: ARCHER GIBSON—organist
NBC-Blue: LUCILLE AND LANNY—songs and patter
MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA

5:15
NBC-Red: TURN BACK THE CLOCK—Alice Remsen, George Griffin
NBC-Blue: STUART GRACEY—baritone
CBS: ELSIE THOMPSON—organist

5:30
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY—children's program
CBS: PATTI CHAPIN—songs

5:45
NBC-Blue: KING'S MEN QUARTET
CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: NORSEMAN QUARTET
NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
CBS: ALL HANDS ON DECK

6:15
MBS: STUDIES IN BLACK AND WHITE

6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:35
NBC-Red: BERT AND LEW—songs and patter
NBC-Blue: CHUCHU MARTINEZ—tenor
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator

6:45
NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: GEORGE HALL'S ORCHESTRA

7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: EASY ACES—comedy sketch
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn McCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
MBS: EVENING PRELUDE—organ and piano

7:15
NBC-Red: VOCAL VARIETIES—choral singing
CBS: SONG TIME—Doris Kerr, Del Casino

7:30
NBC-Red: HELEN TRAUBEL—soprano
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—comedy sketch
CBS: CLYDE BARRIE—baritone

7:45
NBC-Blue: CABIN IN THE COTTON—Southernaires Quartet

8:00
NBC-Red: ROYAL GELATIN PROGRAM—Rudy Vallee, guests
NBC-Blue: ROY SHIELD'S ENCORE MUSIC—orchestra, soloists
MBS: INTERNATIONAL SALON—Corinna Mura, Raoul Nadeau, Stanley's orchestra

8:30
MBS: GUY LOMBARDO'S ORCHESTRA

9:00
NBC-Red: MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT—Charles Winninger, Tom Thomas, Jack Haley, Nadine Conner, Patricia Wilder, Virginia Verrill, Warren Hull, Willson's orchestra
CBS: MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR
MBS: HOBBY LOBBY

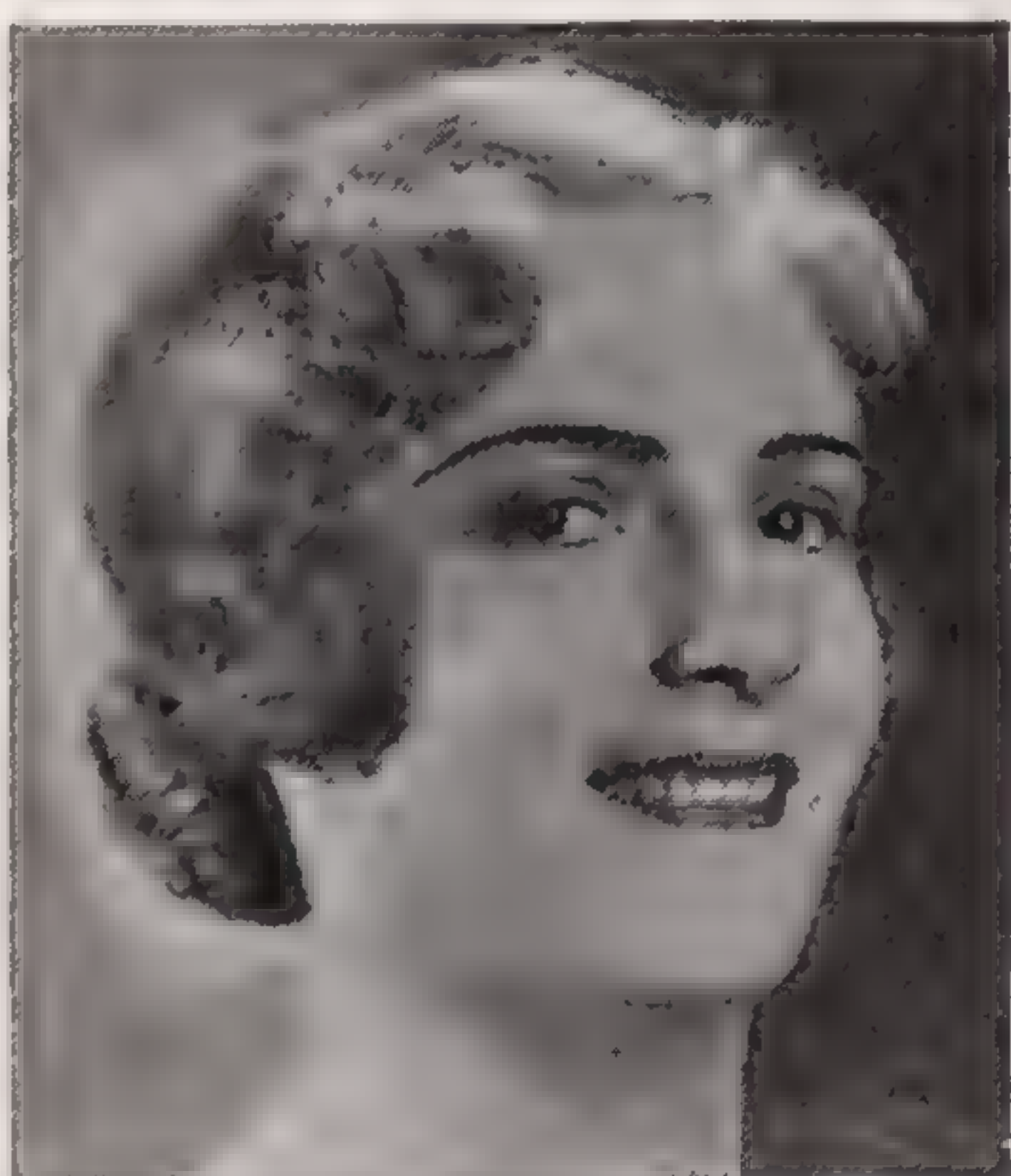
9:15
MBS: TALK ABOUT BOOKS

9:30
NBC-Blue: MIDNIGHT IN MAYFAIR—English dance music
MBS: MUSIC FOR TODAY

10:00
NBC-Red: KRAFT MUSIC HALL—Bob Burns, Dorsey's orchestra, guests
CBS: YOUR TRUE ADVENTURES—Floyd Gibbons
MBS: WITCH'S TALE—Alonzo Deen Cole, Marie O'Flynn

10:30
CBS: MARCH OF TIME—dramatizations
MBS: HENRY WEBER'S MUSICAL REVUE

11:00
NBC-Red: FOOTNOTES ON HEADLINES—John B. Kennedy, commentator
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC



Florence Freeman



Tom Thomas



Dorothy Lowell

MORNING

- 8:00
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES
NBC-Blue: MORNING DEVOTIONS—organ and songs
- 8:15
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: ISLAND SERENADERS
- 8:30
NBC-Red: HOME SONGS—John Winters, Alden Edkins, Gertrude Forster
NBC-Blue: WILLIAM MEEDER—organist
- 8:45
NBC-Blue: FOUR SHOWMEN
- 9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall, orchestra
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: METROPOLITAN PARADE
- 9:30
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs
- 9:40
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO
CBS: NOVELTEERS
- 9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
- 10:00
NBC-Red: MRS. WIGGS OF THE CABBAGE PATCH—sketch
NBC-Blue: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
- 10:15
NBC-Red: JOHN'S OTHER WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: MA PERKINS—sketch
CBS: PRETTY KITTY KELLY—sketch
- 10:30
NBC-Red: JUST PLAIN BILL—sketch
NBC-Blue: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
MBS: MARRIAGE CLINIC—Frances McDonald
- 10:45
NBC-Red: TODAY'S CHILDREN—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIENNESE ENSEMBLE
- 11:00
NBC-Red: DAVID HARUM—sketch
NBC-Blue: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
CBS: HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR—talk, sketch, Rolfe's orchestra
MBS: GET THIN TO MUSIC
- 11:15
NBC-Red: BACKSTAGE WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
- 11:30
NBC-Red: HOW TO BE CHARMING—sketch
NBC-Blue: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: BIG SISTER—sketch
MBS: MARTHA AND HAL
- 11:45
NBC-Red: HELLO PEGGY—sketch



Alice Faye

Fridays

AUGUST 6—13—20—27

AFTERNOON

- 12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: GIRL ALONE—sketch
NBC-Blue: U. S. MARINE BAND
CBS: WINSTON AND SUTTON—twin pianos
- 12:15
NBC-Red: STORY OF MARY MARLIN—sketch
CBS: YOUR NEWS PARADE—Edwin C. Hill, commentator
MBS: LEN SALVO—organist
- 12:30
NBC-Red: JOE DUMOND AND THE CADETS QUARTET
CBS: ROMANCE OF HELEN TRENT—sketch
- 12:45
NBC-Red: JOE WHITE—tenor
CBS: OUR GAL, SUNDAY—sketch
MBS: WE ARE FOUR—sketch
- 1:00
NBC-Red: PIANO DUO
NBC-Blue: LOVE AND LEARN—sketch
CBS: BETTY AND BOB—sketch
MBS: LUNCHEON MUSIC
- 1:15
NBC-Red: DAN HARDING'S WIFE—sketch
NBC-Blue: NEIGHBOR NELL
CBS: BETTY CROCKER—cooking expert
- 1:30
NBC-Red: WORDS AND MUSIC—Larry Larsen, Ruth Lyon, Harvey Hays
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR—Walter Blaufuss' orchestra
CBS: ARNOLD GRIMM'S DAUGHTER—sketch
MBS: ORGAN MIDDAY SERVICE
- 1:45
CBS: JOHN K. WATKINS—news commentator
- 2:00
NBC-Red: SHOW TIME MATINEE
CBS: NEWS THROUGH A WOMAN'S EYES—Kathryn Cravens
MBS: PALMER HOUSE CONCERT ORCHESTRA
- 2:15
CBS: JACK AND LORETTA—songs and patter
MBS: ORGAN RECITAL—Louise Wilcher
- 2:30
NBC-Red: WALTER LOGAN'S MUSICAL
NBC-Blue: BENNETT AND WOLVERTON—piano and guitar
CBS: MONTANA SLIM
- 2:45
NBC-Blue: PEGGY WOOD CALLING
- CBS: MYRT AND MARGE—sketch
MBS: SID GARY—baritone
- 3:00
NBC-Red: PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY—sketch
NBC-Blue: RADIO GUILD—dramatization
CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL
- 3:15
NBC-Red: MA PERKINS—sketch
MBS: RADIO GARDEN CLUB
- 3:30
NBC-Red: VIC AND SADE—sketch
CBS: THREE CONSOLES
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 3:45
NBC-Red: THE O'NEILLS—sketch
- 4:00
NBC-Red: LORENZO JONES—comedy sketch
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
CBS: AMONG OUR SOUVENIRS
MBS: TEXAS JIM LEWIS—his cowboys
- 4:15
NBC-Red: PERSONAL COLUMN OF THE AIR—Inez Lopez
- 4:30
CBS: BON VOYAGE
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 4:45
NBC-Red: THE GUIDING LIGHT—sketch
- 5:00
NBC-Red: ARTHUR LANG—baritone
NBC-Blue: MILDRED FENTON—songs
CBS: MARION CARLEY—pianist
MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA
- 5:15
NBC-Red: ADVENTURES OF DARI DAN—sketch
CBS: ETON BOYS—male quartet
- 5:30
NBC-Red: DON WINSLOW OF THE NAVY—sketch
NBC-Blue: SINGING LADY
CBS: DORIS KERR—songs
- 5:45
NBC-Blue: JACKIE HELLER—tenor
CBS: FUNNY THINGS—Nora Stirling's children's program

EVENING

- 6:00
NBC-Red: EDUCATION IN THE NEWS—dramatization
NBC-Blue: HARRY KOGEN AND HIS ORCHESTRA
CBS: HOWARD PHILLIPS—baritone
- 6:15
NBC-Red: BARRY McKINLEY—baritone
CBS: DEAN OF HOLLYWOOD—Hobart Bosworth



Ray Block



Irene Rich

- 6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 6:35
NBC-Red: CAROL DEIS—soprano
NBC-Blue: CLARK DENNIS—tenor
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator
- 6:45
NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA
NBC-Blue: LOWELL THOMAS—news commentator
CBS: FRANK DAILEY'S ORCHESTRA
- 7:00
NBC-Red: AMOS 'N' ANDY—sketch
NBC-Blue: MARY SMALL—songs
CBS: POETIC MELODIES—Jack Fulton, Franklyn McCormack, Kelsey's orchestra
- 7:15
NBC-Red: UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION—Pat Barrett
NBC-Blue: FRAY AND BRAGGIOTTI—piano duo
CBS: SONGTIME—Gogo de Lys, Jack Shannon
MBS: NOVELETTE
- 7:30
NBC-Red: CABALLEROS—songs
NBC-Blue: LUM AND ABNER—sketch
CBS: HERBERT FOOTE'S ENSEMBLE
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 7:45
NBC-Red: BUGHOUSE RHYTHM
NBC-Blue: LOUISE FLOREA—soprano
CBS: BOAKE CARTER—news commentator
- 8:00
NBC-Red: CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—Lucille Manners, Bourdon's orchestra
NBC-Blue: IRENE RICH
CBS: BROADWAY VARIETIES—Oscar Shaw, Carmela Ponselle, Elizabeth Lennox, Arden's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 8:15
NBC-Blue: ROY CAMPBELL'S ROYALISTS
- 8:30
NBC-Blue: DEATH VALLEY DAYS—dramatization
CBS: HAL KEMP'S DANCE BAND—Alice Faye
- 8:45
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 9:00
NBC-Red: WALTZ TIME—Frank Munn, Lois Bennett, Lyman's orchestra
NBC-Blue: BELIEVE-IT-OR-NOT—Robert Ripley, B. A. Rolfe's orchestra
CBS: HOLLYWOOD HOTEL Jerry Cooper, Frances Langford, Anne Jamison, Igor Gorin, Paige's orchestra
MBS: ORCHESTRA
- 9:30
NBC-Red: TRUE STORY COURT OF HUMAN RELATIONS—dramatization
MBS: SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
- 10:00
NBC-Red: FIRST NIGHTER—dramatization, Les Tremayne, Barbara Luddy
NBC-Blue: RALEIGH AND KOOL SHOW—Tommy Dorsey's orchestra, Morton Lowe
CBS: FERDE GROFE'S ORCHESTRA—Edwin Smalle
MBS: THE LISTENER SPEAKS
- 10:30
NBC-Red: JIMMIE FIDLER'S HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP
NBC-Blue: LIEDERSINGERS
CBS: HOLLACE SHAW—songs
MBS: CURTAIN TIME—dramatization
- 10:45
NBC-Blue: ELZA SCHALLERT REVIEWS—movie previews
- 11:00
NBC-Red: GEORGE R. HOLMES
NBC-Blue: MUSIC
CBS: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

MORNING

8:00
NBC-Red: GOOD MORNING MELODIES

8:15
NBC-Red: MALCOLM CLAIRE—children's program
NBC-Blue: DICK LEIBERT ENSEMBLE

8:30
NBC-Red: MOMENTS MUSICAL

8:45
NBC-Blue: RHYTHM RASCALS

9:00
NBC-Red: STREAMLINERS—Fields and Hall
NBC-Blue: BREAKFAST CLUB—variety program
CBS: RAY BLOCK—pianist

9:15
CBS: DALTON BROTHERS—novelty trio

9:30
CBS: MELLOW MOMENTS

9:45
NBC-Red: LANDT TRIO

9:55
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS

10:00
NBC-Red: CHARIOTEERS—male quartet
NBC-Blue: SWEETHEARTS OF THE AIR—May Singhi Breen, Peter de Rose
CBS: YOUR GARDEN AND MINE—Ruth Cross

10:15
NBC-Red: THE VASS FAMILY—children's harmony
NBC-Blue: RAISING YOUR PARENTS—juvenile forum, Milton J. Cross
CBS: RICHARD MAXWELL—songs

10:30
NBC-Red: MANHATTERS—Arthur Lang, orchestra
NBC-Blue: CHAUTAUQUA LITTLE SYMPHONY—Georges Barrere
CBS: LET'S PRETEND—children's program
MBS: VARIETY PROGRAM—Freudberg's orchestra, Norman Brokenshire

10:45
CBS: FRED FEIBEL AT THE CONSOLE

11:00
NBC-Blue: SUE MITCHELL—songs
CBS: ORGAN RECITAL

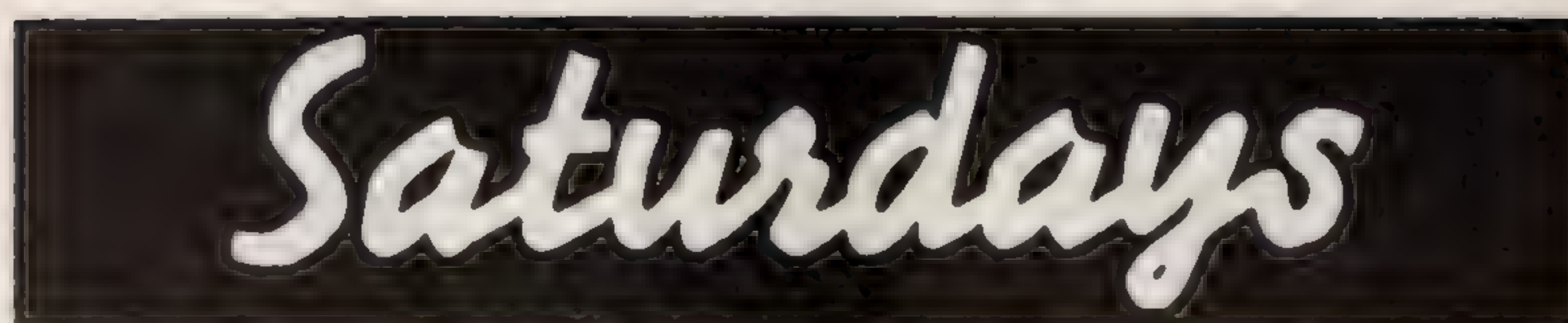
11:15
NBC-Red: NANCY SWANSON—songs
NBC-Blue: MINUTE MEN—male quartet

11:30
NBC-Red: MYSTERY CHEF
NBC-Blue: MAGIC OF SPEECH—Vida Ravenscroft Sutton
CBS: COLUMBIA CONCERT HALL
MBS: U. S. ARMY BAND

11:45
NBC-Red: DIXIE DEBS—trio

AFTERNOON

12:00 Noon
NBC-Red: CONTINENTALS—Josef Hontl, director
NBC-Blue: CALL TO YOUTH
CBS: THE CAPTIVATORS



AUGUST 7—14—21—28



Richard Himber



Ford Bond

12:15
NBC-Blue: THREE RANCHEROS
CBS: ORIENTALE

12:30
NBC-Red: REX BATTLE'S CONCERT ENSEMBLE
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: GEORGE HALL AND HIS ORCHESTRA

12:45
MBS: SONGS

1:00
NBC-Red: WHITNEY ENSEMBLE
NBC-Blue: OUR BARN—children's program, Madge Tucker
CBS: JACK SHANNON—tenor

1:15
CBS: JIMMY SHIELDS—tenor
MBS: STEVE SEVERN'S PET CLUB

1:30
NBC-Red: CAMPUS CAPERS—orchestra, vocalists
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL FARM AND HOME HOUR
CBS: BUFFALO PRESENTS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

2:00
NBC-Red: YOUR HOST IS BUFFALO—orchestra, soloists
CBS: MADISON ENSEMBLE
MBS: SYLVIA CYDE—soprano

2:15
CBS: ANN LEAF—organist

2:30
NBC-Red: GOLDEN MELODIES—orchestra, vocalists
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ORCHESTRA

2:45
CBS: TOURS IN TONE
MBS: BIDE DUDLEY'S THEATRE CLUB OF THE AIR

3:00
NBC-Red: CONCERT MINIA-TURES
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: DOWN BY HERMAN'S
MBS: MUSICAL PROGRAM

3:30
NBC-Red: WEEK-END REVUE—varieties, Levey's orchestra

NBC-Blue: RICARDO AND HIS CABALLEROS
CBS: DEPARTMENT OF COMMERCE SERIES

3:45
CBS: CLYDE BARRIE—baritone

4:00
NBC-Blue: CLUB MATINEE—variety program
CBS: THE DICTATORS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

4:30
CBS: DANCEPATORS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

5:00
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: ORCHESTRA
MBS: RADIOLAND ORCHESTRA

5:15
NBC-Blue: ANIMAL NEWS CLUB—children's program with Lou Rogers

5:30
NBC-Red: KALTENMEYER'S KINDERGARTEN—varieties, Bruce Kamman, Elnor Harriot

NOTE:

As we go to press, this program guide is absolutely accurate, but we cannot be responsible for last minute changes made by the broadcasting companies, advertising agencies or sponsors.

NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: ETON BOYS—quartet

5:45
CBS: DOROTHY GORDON'S CHILDREN'S CORNER

EVENING

6:00
NBC-Red: TOP HATTERS ORCHESTRA—Jan Savitt
NBC-Blue: VLADIMIR BRENNER—pianist
CBS: ORCHESTRA

6:05
NBC-Blue: NICKELODEON—Sylvia Clark

6:15
MBS: HAROLD TURNER—pianist

6:30
NBC-Red: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
NBC-Blue: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
CBS: PRESS-RADIO NEWS
MBS: ORCHESTRA

6:45
NBC-Red: ALMA KITCHELL—contralto
NBC-Blue: WHITHER MUSIC?—John Tasker Howard
CBS: PAUL DOUGLAS—sports commentator

6:45
NBC-Red: THE ART OF LIVING—Dr. Norman Vincent Peale
CBS: MAUREEN O'CONNOR AND THE SINGING STRINGS

7:00
NBC-Red: EL CHICO SPANISH REVUE
NBC-Blue: MESSAGE OF ISRAEL—guests and music
CBS: TED LEWIS' ORCHESTRA
MBS: PALMER HOUSE ENSEMBLE

7:15
MBS: ORCHESTRA

7:30
NBC-Red: JIMMY KEMPER—Song Stories
NBC-Blue: ORCHESTRA
CBS: JACQUES JOLAS—pianist

7:45
MBS: IT'S A RACKET—dramatization

8:00
NBC-Red: NBC JAMBOREE—Kogen's orchestra, guests
CBS: SATURDAY NIGHT SWING CLUB
MBS: HORACE HEIDT'S ORCHESTRA

8:30
NBC-Blue: GOLDMAN PARK BAND CONCERT
CBS: JOHNNY PRESENTS RUSS MORGAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA—Charles Martin, guests

9:00
NBC-Blue: NATIONAL BARN DANCE—Joe Kelly
CBS: PROFESSOR QUIZ—Arthur Godfrey
MBS: LOUISIANA HAYRIDE

9:30
CBS: LAZY MELODY
MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:00
NBC-Blue: CINCINNATI SUMMER OPERA ASSOCIATION
CBS: YOUR HIT PARADE
MBS: OTILIO REVARRA AND HIS MEXICAN ORCHESTRA

10:15
MBS: HOLLYWOOD WHISPERS—George Fischer

10:30
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
MBS: ORCHESTRA

10:45
CBS—PATTI CHAPIN—songs

11:00
NBC-Red: DANCE MUSIC
NBC-Blue: DANCE MUSIC
CBS: BUNNY BERIGAN'S ORCHESTRA
MBS: DANCE MUSIC

Freshening Up

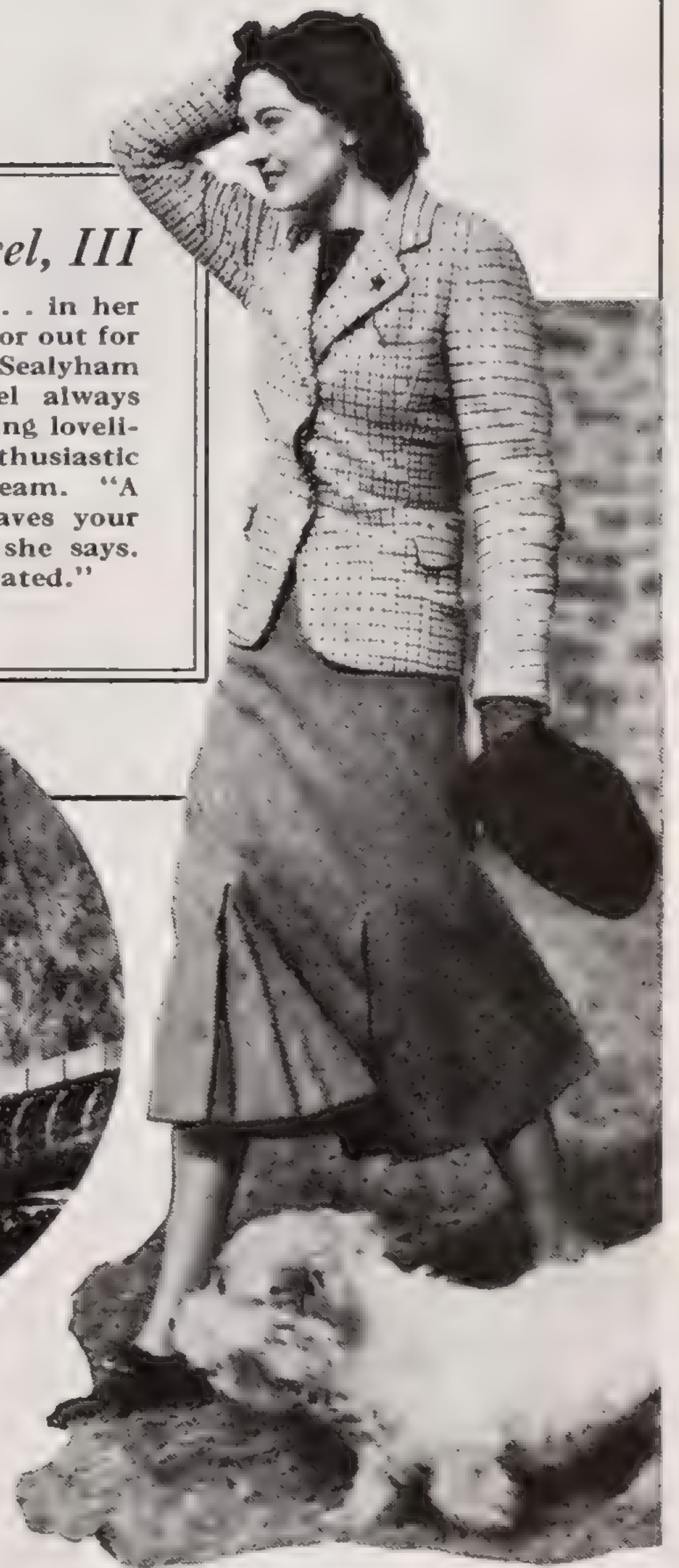


THIS WAY

Does More Than Clean Your Skin— It Invigorates the Skin!

Mrs. A. J. Drexel, III

At parties and dinners . . . in her simplest play clothes . . . or out for a brisk walk with her Sealyham "Daffy" . . . Mrs. Drexel always presents the same sparkling loveliness! Mrs. Drexel is an enthusiastic user of Pond's Cold Cream. "A Pond's freshening up leaves your skin more than clean," she says. "It's brighter . . . invigorated."



FRESHENING UP is *more* than getting your skin clean. That's what beautiful girls who have found the Pond's way of freshening up say.

Before they make a single appearance, they give their skin the brisk toning up as well as cleansing that sends them forth with such fresh and vital-looking young faces.

Rousing Treatments Fight Off Skin Faults . . .

For this Pond's way of skin care, they find, invigorates their skin. It tones up faulty oil glands, chief cause of blackheads and blemishes . . . livens the circulation. Tones the tissues, so lines will soon be smoothing out, your skin be clear, fine textured, flawless!

Here is the simple method they follow. It's a method whose fame has spread around the world!

Every night, smooth on Pond's Cold Cream. As it softens and releases dirt, make-up and skin secretions—wipe off. Now pat in more Pond's Cold Cream—*briskly*, till the circulation stirs. Your skin feels invigorated. It is softer—smoother! *Every morning* (and before make-up) repeat. Your skin is smooth for powder—fresh, vital looking!

Begin yourself to use Pond's. See *your* skin, too, grow clearer, brighter, smoother—admired for its youth and freshness.

Send for SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

Pond's, Dept. 9RS-CJ, Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

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Street _____

City _____ State _____

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WEST COAST CHATTER

Typical tidbits and tidings of your favorites among Hollywood broadcasters

Quickly...
Correct Your Figure Faults
Perfolastic Not Only Confines,
It Removes Ugly Bulges!



Thousands of women today owe their slim youthful figures to the quick, safe way to reduce... Perfolastic.

"Hips 12 inches smaller," says Miss Richardson. "Lost 60 pounds and 9 inches," writes Mrs. Derr. Why don't you, too, test the Perfolastic Reducing Girdle and Brassiere at our expense?

**IF YOU DO NOT REDUCE
3 INCHES in 10 DAYS
... it will cost you nothing!**

Because so many Perfolastic wearers reduce more than 3 inches we believe we are justified in making you the above unqualified agreement.

IMMEDIATELY APPEAR INCHES SLIMMER!

■ You appear inches smaller at once, and yet are so comfortable you can scarcely realize that every minute you wear the Perfolastic garments the massage-like action and gentle pressure are actually reducing hips, waist, thighs and diaphragm... the spots where fat first accumulates. You will be thrilled with the results... as are other Perfolastic wearers!

**PERFOLASTIC REDUCES SAFELY... QUICKLY
WITHOUT DIET, DRUGS OR EXERCISE!**

■ You do not have to risk your health or change your comfortable mode of living. No strenuous exercise to wear you out... no dangerous drugs to take... and no diet to reduce face and neck to wrinkled flabbiness. The perforations and soft, silky lining make Perfolastic delightful to wear.

■ See for yourself the wonderful quality of the material! Read the astonishing experiences of prominent women who have reduced many inches in a few weeks... safely... and quickly!

You risk nothing... why not mail coupon NOW!

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.

Dept. 539, 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.

Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated material and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

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MARTHA RAYE is more than grinning from ear to ear these days. She's the happiest girl in town, since taking off on that surprise elopement with Buddy Westmore. Surprise it certainly was—and anything but pleasant to Mama Raye, who had other and more ambitious plans for her famous daughter. Twice before she's detoured the altar-bound Martha, but Buddy Westmore isn't a man to waste time on arguments.

That feud between Martha and Ella Logan is still going strong. The air was charged with icicles at the recent cocktail party given by Hoagy Carmichael, when the two girls met for the first time in Hollywood. They were the only guests who declined to contribute any entertainment to the affair. Seems it all started back in the Ziegfeld Follies days, when Ella claimed Martha stole her stuff and Martha was equally vehement that La Logan swiped everything from her, with the possible exception of the brogue

Best dressed man around town these days, bar none, is Charlie McCarthy. When he first came to Hollywood, Charlie immediately laid in a supply of berets, slacks and camels-hair coats. And now a new coat of sun-tan paint has been added to his sartorial splendor. Edgar Bergen and Charlie jammed them in at the Cocanut Grove, Los Angeles' famous night-spot, on their recent engagement. In fact, one movie producer was so impressed with the act that he called them over to his table. "It's a great act," he said, "it's a shame it's not picture material." Charlie looked blandly at the producer. "Say, that is a shame," he agreed sadly, "just a dirty shame! Particularly since we've already made twenty-four shorts for the screen."

Edgar Bergen says his ventriloquial art has got him in wrong but once in his life. That was when a pal of his in college was struck dumb by the professor's questions. At an appealing glance from his friend, Edgar obligingly supplied the answers—and all of them wrong.

Elaine Barrie Barrymore's biggest ambition has just come to light. Never one to seek publicity, it may surprise her that this has reached print. But Elaine, it seems, aspires to become the First Strip-Tease of Television. This aim is the result of her successful movie short, *The Art of How to Undress in Front of Your Husband*. The lass evidently has decided to put the Barrymore name down in history—way down.

Frances Langford out-Garbos Greta when it comes to "vanting to be alone." Yet she's had more publicity than any other radio personality, between rumors of matrimony, that recent suicide over her charms, and parting company with her appendix. But the surprising item is that Frances really wants privacy. She's the most bashful girl in town—shies from

people, mikes, cameras and her own reflection in mirrors, for all we know. At the Hollywood Hotel rehearsals, La Langford is never seen on the stage except when practicing her own numbers. The rest of the time she sits in her dressing-room, never joining in the merriment of the cast.

Gertrude Niesen's recent house-warming was helped along by some three hundred guests who arrived in response to the one hundred invitations sent out. The new Holmby Hills house turned out to be very attractive, and the hostess, too. But the main attraction at the party was Pie Face, Gertrude's monkey. Pie Face is directly from the African jungles and has never seen an organ-grinder in his life—in fact, didn't know what to do with the pennies handed him. But he knew exactly what to do with Scotch, sampling every glass that passed his way.

Bob Burns' new 28-room house in Beverly Hills isn't bad, either, for a small place. Bob and the new Mrs. Burns are leading a quiet and happy existence, without a bazooka in the house. Mrs. B., formerly Harriet Foster and Bob's secretary, was the most intimate friend of the first Mrs. Burns.

Hollywood's first Swing Concert, sponsored by Bing Crosby, was an overwhelming success. The hall, accommodating over 4,000 people, was a complete sell-out, which resulted in a goodly sum for Joe Sullivan, in whose honor the affair was given. Number one femme show-stopper was Ella Logan, that half pint o' Scotch, who swung Scotch ballads within an inch of their lives. Jimmy Grier, Louis Prima, Jimmy Dorsey, Ray Noble, Victor Young, Ted Fio-Rita and Earl Hines were all there with the boys, while vocalists were Joy Hodges, Dorothy Lamour, Irene Taylor, Tommy Harris and many others. Among the emcees were Dan Toby, Don Wilson, Ken Carpenter, Ken Niles, Bill Goodwin and Tiny Ruffner. All in all, the concert looked like the Who's Who in Radioland.

And if you had looked closely while purchasing your ticket, you might have recognized the ticket-seller as Herbie Kay, Chicago orchestra leader and husband of Dorothy Lamour. Herbie was visiting Dorothy for a month on the Pacific Coast, before taking up the baton at the Trianon. They spent every minute between Dorothy's radio and movie engagements soaking in the rays of Old Sol down at Palm Springs.

Another one of those long-distance-marriage couples was reunited when Ozzie Nelson came to Hollywood recently, to visit Harriet Hilliard. They spent most of their time going over plans for the new home which is to be built in Beverly Hills and which they hope to make a permanent

(Continued on page 64)

ER
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"This snapshot fixed everything"



• By far the greater number of snapshots are made on Kodak Verichrome Film because people have found that "it gets the picture"—clear, true, lifelike. Any camera is a better camera, loaded with Verichrome. Don't take chances . . . use it always . . . Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.



"WHEN he went away, we both promised to write. But you know how letters are—you don't say what you intend to, or the other person misinterprets.

"Before we knew it, our letters were mostly spats, explanations, and apologies. We were getting farther apart all the time. One day I was awfully blue, and on impulse sent this old snapshot. I wrote on the back, 'We didn't quarrel then, did we?'"

"I wish you could read the letter I got back. It was the old Pete again, not trying to write, just telling me how much he cared. He said he'd always write with this snapshot in front of him—he could talk to the girl in it so she'd never misunderstand."

The snapshots you'll want Tomorrow
—you must take Today



**A Food Children Love—
Good for them—Easy for you!**
—and costs only 3¢ a portion!

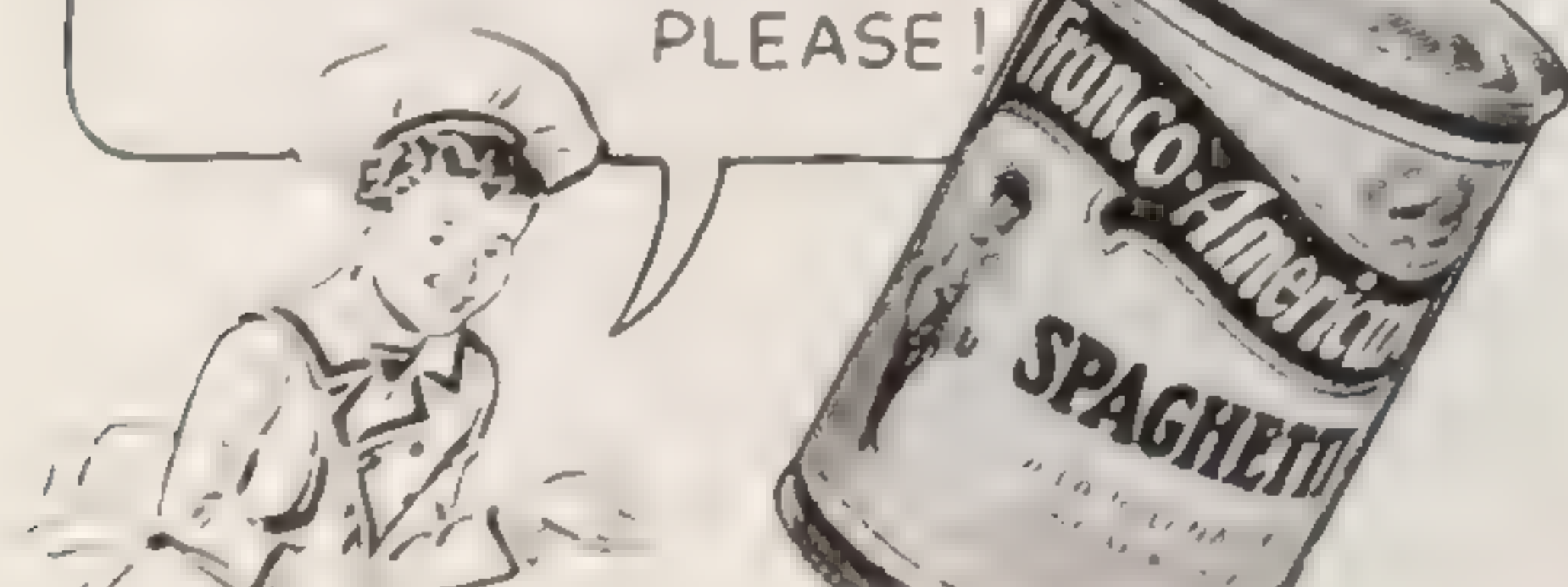
WOMEN bought millions upon millions of cans of Franco-American Spaghetti last year, because they found out that it was one of the greatest time and money savers that ever came into their kitchens! For example, there's no finer lunch or supper for school children than Franco-American, served piping hot, with milk and fruit. For dinner serve Franco-American as a main dish, or use it to make left-overs taste like a million dollars. It usually costs only 10¢ a can — less than 3¢ a portion.

Be sure, however, that you get Franco-American Spaghetti — the kind with the extra good sauce. It's entirely different from all other ready-cooked spaghetti. Its delicious cheese-and-tomato sauce is made with eleven savory ingredients — the secret recipe which was the great discovery of a famous French chef. Get Franco-American today at your grocers — it will save you no end of time and trouble.

Franco-American SPAGHETTI

Made by the Makers of Campbell's Soups

MAY I SEND YOU OUR FREE
RECIPE BOOK?
SEND THE COUPON,
PLEASE!



THE FRANCO-AMERICAN FOOD COMPANY, Dept. 69,
Camden, New Jersey. Please send me your free recipe
book: "30 Tempting Spaghetti Meals."

Name (print) _____

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City _____ State _____

RADIO STARS COOKING SCHOOL

GRAPE-NUTS MOUSSE

$\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar	1 cup cream, whipped
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup water	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla
2 egg whites, stiffly beaten	a pinch of salt
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup Grape-Nuts	

Bring sugar and water to a boil and continue boiling until syrup spins a thread when dropped from tip of spoon. (232° F. on a candy thermometer). Remove from heat and when mixture stops bubbling, pour it slowly over stiffly beaten egg whites, beating constantly. Continue beating until mixture is cool (about 3 minutes). Fold in whipped cream and vanilla. Add salt and Grape-Nuts. Place in freezing tray of automatic refrigerator and let stand 3 to 4 hours, or until firm. Or turn into mold—filling it to overflowing—cover with waxed paper, press cover tightly down over paper and pack in equal parts of ice and salt. Let it stand 3 to 4 hours, or until firm. Makes about $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints of Mousse, or enough for approximately 5 servings, because of its richness.

"5-MINUTE" PRUNE WHIP

1 egg white	1 teaspoon lemon juice
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cream, whipped stiff
1 (5 oz.) can Strained Prunes (approx. $\frac{1}{2}$ cup)	

Beat egg white until stiff. Gradually add sugar, beating constantly. Add lemon juice, then fold mixture into stiffly whipped cream. When thoroughly blended, fold in Strained Prunes. Pile lightly into sherbet or parfait glasses. Chill thoroughly before serving. Serves 3.

Because of its richness, this is not recommended for children under 6. It can be served with a garnish of whipped cream, or with a soft custard sauce made with the remaining egg yolk.

FLUFFY FRUIT TAPIOCA

$\frac{1}{4}$ cup Minute Tapioca	$\frac{2}{3}$ cup orange juice
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar	1 egg white, stiffly beaten
$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt	1 can (4½ oz.) Strained Apricots
1 egg yolk	with Applesauce
$1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk	

Combine Minute Tapioca, sugar, salt, egg yolk and milk in top of double boiler. Stir with fork enough to break egg yolk. Place over rapidly boiling water, bring to scalding point (approx. 7 minutes). Cook 5 minutes longer, stirring frequently. Remove from heat. Add orange juice. Fold slowly into stiffly beaten egg white. When thoroughly blended, fold in Strained Apricot-with-Applesauce mixture. Chill. Serve in individual dessert dishes, with garnish of whipped cream and orange segments.

A delicate fruit flavor and an appetizing pale golden color gives real summertime appeal to this novel version of an old-time favorite.

BANANA BEVERAGES

1 fully ripe banana*	1 cup ice-cold milk
----------------------	---------------------

Slice banana, very thinly, into a bowl and beat with rotary beater until creamy. Or press through strainer or ricer first, then use beater. Add milk gradually, beating constantly. Serve cold.

An excellent drink for youngsters of school age. May be given in smaller amounts to younger children, too, soon after they have passed the infant stage. The Dionnes were given mashed banana before they were a year old.

*A fully ripe banana is one whose yellow peel is flecked with brown.

VARIATIONS

For grown-ups, the addition of $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of Angostura to the above gives this beverage a distinctive flavor that adds to its appeal.

For a welcome frosted summer drink, proceed as above, beating in a scoop of vanilla ice cream at the last.

(Continued from page 11)

of fresh air and sunshine. One baby doctor specifies four hours in the fresh air as a daily minimum, seven hours as an ideal period of time!

Try counting up the time your youngster actually spends out of doors. The results may surprise you—and none too pleasantly!

THIRD: See that your child wears the right amount of clothing. Not too much in summer; not too little (yet never restricting) in winter.

FOURTH: Be sure that you provide a well-planned diet of the right foods. Supplemented, in most cases, by cod-liver oil, especially during the winter months when Vitamin D—the sunshine vitamin—must be supplied almost entirely in this way.

And, of course, don't forget frequent and regular visits to the baby doctor (pediatrician) or Baby Clinic, since changes and modifications of the rules outlined above must be carried out under competent and careful supervision.

In the matter of diet, milk, of course, is the first requirement. It used to be considered the *only* need for a far longer period of time than is now deemed advisable. In fact, as early as the third week, now, the diet frequently is supplemented by orange juice and tomato juice. Then, from the fourth or fifth month, other foods are gradually introduced into the diet, notably strained vegetables, cooked cereals and strained fruits—at the doctor's discretion, of course.

This places upon the mother—who is housewife, cook and baby nurse as well—the burden of a far longer period of time in which it will be necessary for her to prepare and strain foods with the extreme care required for baby feedings. If you've ever tried it you will appreciate what a task it really is, this day in, day out fixing of an ounce or two for a feeding—which continues well over a year.

Nowadays, however, women in growing and grateful numbers avoid this fuss and bother by the use of prepared baby foods. These, as you know, come (all strained and ready for use) in a wide variety.

Yes, they certainly solve a difficult problem in scientific fashion. For they are truly "scientifically prepared"; far more so by actual test than would be the efforts of the average woman in her own kitchen with her more limited knowledge and equipment.

In prepared baby foods you have the pick of the crop; cooked and fine-strained in such a way that the precious vitamin and mineral contents are preserved.

When you purchase them, therefore, you are also buying a sense of security at a small cost; added to which is the fact that prepared baby foods effect a tremendous saving in waste and work. A boon, certainly, for mothers any day of the year—a godsend in hot weather!

The recipes I promised are across the page. A couple of them make good use of the baby foods we were just discussing, in desserts that are intended to appeal to grown-ups and older children. So try the *Prune Soufflé* and *Fruit Tapioca* immediately.

Gracie's Mousse is here for you to try, too. And other desserts calling for fruit—appropriate for summer, especially where there are children in the home.



● *"Gee, I'd hate to be you, Jocko! That get-up may be peachy for collecting pennies, but you couldn't hire me to wear it on a day like this. The prickly heat breaks right out on my neck to think of it!"*



● *"Boss won't let you take it off, eh? Well, that's life...many's the time I've been rammed into a sweater. Only thing makes 'em bearable is Johnson's Baby Powder. It always fixes those prickles!"*



● *"I could stand a sprinkle myself—this carpet's itchy...How about some soft silky Johnson's Baby Powder for both of us, Mother? Jocko will do his best monkey-shines for you. And I'll do mine!"*



● *"Did you ever notice how fine Johnson's Baby Powder is? Just like satin! It keeps my skin like satin, too!"...Clear, unblemished skin is the best protection against skin infections, Mothers! Johnson's Baby Powder helps prevent prickly heat, rashes and chafes. It's made only of finest Italian talc—no orris-root. Try Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream, too—and for tiny babies, the new Johnson's Baby Oil, which is stainless, pleasantly fragrant, and cannot turn rancid.*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK NEW JERSEY

GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST

(Continued from page 27)



**"Windsor Rose
gives the skin
the Spirited Look
of Youth"**



says **MAGGY ROUFF** of Paris

ALWAYS we women seek to entice the masculine eye. In this you will succeed when you give your skin the warm glow of Windsor Rose. This shade of Woodbury's lovely powder is magically flattering to almost every complexion."

Maggy Rouff advises her mannequins to wear Woodbury's Facial Powder for its becoming shades and germ-free* quality. This germ-free face powder helps guard the skin from blemishes. See Windsor Rose and the six other youth-blend shades. \$1.00, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢.



*Tested with 19 other leading brands, Woodbury's Facial Powder, alone, was germ-free both before and after use.

MAIL FOR 10-PIECE LOVELINESS KIT!

For generous samples of Woodbury's Scientific Aids to Loveliness, enclose 10c and mail to John H. Woodbury, Inc., 9181 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario.

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broadcast with the company, Lanny Ross congratulated her warmly. Another member of the company told her: "That means more than you might think—Lanny usually doesn't say much, even when he's pleased!" But Lanny has, thinks Nadine, a charming, sincere personality—even though he is more reserved, less spontaneous in his friendship than is Nelson.

When she auditioned for the *Show Boat* program, Nadine had several other tempting offers—one a 52-weeks' engagement with a noted opera star in a projected program of the *Vick's* type. There were movie offers, too—and by the time you read this she may have signed her name to an interesting contract, for a brief stop-over in movies. Her aim, of course—as is natural, with that clear, entrancing voice—is grand opera. But, with a mixture of Irish canniness and Scotch caution, she will go slowly and not reach too soon toward those glittering heights so confidently predicted for her by critics as well as lay listeners.

The Irish canniness and Scotch caution are part of Nadine's birthright, along with music.

Her great-grandparents came around Cape Horn, from England, in 1842, to settle in the little California town of Compton, thirteen miles from Los Angeles. Now, in the courtyard of the old San Juan Mission, that little great-grandmother's grave is a family shrine. And twenty-seven years ago Nadine was born in the house which her great-grandfather built in 1850—a low, rambling, hacienda-type of house, on a sixty-acre ranch.

The family all are musical. Nadine's father and mother belonged to the little town's Literary Club, which supplied the community's sole entertainment, as there were no movies near and no theatre or vaudeville. Both Mr. and Mrs. Conner sang in the operettas the club presented. Nadine's three brothers and two sisters also sing. The younger brother, she thinks, will go far, musically. She is helping to educate him in music.

The old house still is the family home, though the ranch now consists of only two and a half acres, the rest having been sold. The brothers and sisters are married, too, and have homes of their own.

Nadine wants to marry, too. She is the only one of the family unmarried, at present—though she was one of the first to succumb to Cupid's arrows.

"I was just a child, then," Nadine says. "Just out of high school—I didn't know what it was all about. We were both too young . . . It just couldn't last. So—we were divorced, shortly after.

"I think," mused Nadine thoughtfully, "after you've had such an experience, you're more slow about falling in love again . . . I'm not in love—but I do want to get married again some day. To have my own home—and babies . . . I guess I'm just the domestic type, at heart. And I feel life wouldn't be complete without all that . . . I want it all!"

Lacking the babies, now, Nadine has

various pets. She loves dogs—but, in California, dogs aren't permitted in apartment houses, says Nadine—and, because of her work, and to be near the studios, she has to spend much of her time in a small apartment in town.

She had a dog once—a bull terrier, named Pooch; that still makes all other dogs seem stupid by comparison.

"He knew everything I said to him," says Nadine. "I'd be sitting on a couch, reading, and, without looking up, I'd say: 'Well, would you like to go out now?' And, even if he were asleep, he'd jump up and come to me, all a-quiver. Then I'd say: 'Get the keys,' and he'd run around looking for them. He'd shake my coat, to see if the keys rattled in the pocket. He'd stand up on his hind legs, to look for them on the table. Then he'd find my purse and bring it to me!"

"One day I drove out to see my family. I only expected to stay a minute, so I left my purse in the car. But I stayed hours—and when I got in my car, the purse was gone! We hunted everywhere, but couldn't find it. Finally my father said: 'I wonder if Pooch knows where it is?'"

"Then I had an idea—I got an old purse of mine, put some keys and a few things in it, and got in the car with Pooch and drove around the block. Then, back at the house, I got out, leaving the purse in the car, as before. We all hid and watched Poochie. In a minute, he got out of the car, with the purse in his mouth. He ran up to the door and scratched to be let in. No one stirred. We hadn't heard him before—talking and laughing—so we pretended not to, this time. After waiting, and whining and scratching again, at last Pooch started off for the garden, the purse in his mouth. We all watched. He found a place under some bushes and carefully buried the purse, patting down with his nose the earth he'd dug up!"

"Well!" said my father, 'that gives me an idea! I noticed another place, when I was out, a while ago—I thought a gopher'd been there—' And we all dashed out to the spot—and dug—and there, about a foot deep, really, was my other purse! Poochie wasn't going to let anything happen to it!"

When Pooch died, later, Nadine tried canaries. But she felt it was desolate for them, whenever she was away and the place was shut up and still, so she gave them to her mother. Now she has acquired a passion for tropical fish!

"They really are fascinating," she says. "There are so many different kinds and colors . . . I have a big tank on top of my radio, and whenever I listen to the radio, I sit and watch the fish. If I tap on the glass, they come to it. One of them will eat from my hand. He sticks his nose up out of the water for the food—if I put it in the water, he won't take it.

"I like fish, anyway!" she laughed. I love to go fishing—I often go, in a live-bait fishboat. I love the wind in my face, and the sun, and the sea . . . I think it does you good to get out that way. I don't get a lot of exercise, otherwise. A young



Gabriel Heatter, one of radio's outstanding commentators. MBS.

surgeon I used to go with told me that I had a chronic appendix—and any strenuous exercise would make trouble. So I don't ride or play tennis now.

"But fishing is grand fun. I like to catch yellow tails, and tuna. I'm lucky at that, too—I often catch a 15-pound fish. Even if no one else is catching any—I catch 'em! I just have fisherman's luck, all around, I guess!" says Nadine.

Lucky? Perhaps . . . But *luck*, we venture to point out, might be analyzed as, say, three parts patience, three parts persistence, and three parts knowing how—with one part, maybe, chance! It's not something handed to you on a platter.

"I know!" Nadine nods seriously. "I'm not business-like," she went on. "My accompanist, who is also my secretary, takes care of all business matters for me. I want to *know* about them all—know why one move is wise, or another foolish—and then I want to forget about them! I don't want to keep thinking about money and contracts and what not . . . She has a gift for those things, and she is most helpful to me. I want," said Nadine earnestly, "to be able to look back and feel that, at each point, I made the right decision, if it's possible . . . But, most of all, I want, always, to sing better than I ever have before!"

She works hard, this little Conner girl. She speaks and sings seven languages. And she hasn't had a vacation in four years. Though, she says, her trip East was like a vacation, as she never had been East before. She loved New York, but—California born and bred—she was glad to start West again.

Home is where the heart is—and some day she will have the home of her heart, and—she hopes—the babies. "I couldn't be satisfied with just a *career*," says Nadine Conner, her flower-like face thoughtful.

Nevertheless, if the Conner *luck* holds, she will rise to the starry heights, this little girl of the Golden West, who is "lovely to look at, lovely to listen to—" and a very nice person to know, too!

Lady in danger..

OF LOSING HER MAN!



Isn't it a shame she doesn't know this lovelier way to avoid offending?



BEFORE EVERY DATE, wise girls bathe with Cashmere Bouquet. For this deep-cleansing, perfumed soap not only keeps you sweet and clean, but also alluringly fragrant. No need to worry about body odor, when you bathe with Cashmere Bouquet.



YOU FEEL MORE GLAMOROUS when you guard your daintiness this lovelier way. Long after your bath, Cashmere Bouquet's flower-like perfume still clings lightly to your skin—keeping you so completely safe from any fear of offending!



SO ALLURING TO MEN—Cashmere Bouquet's lingering fragrance! But remember that only a rare perfume like Cashmere Bouquet's has that special *lingering* quality. Only Cashmere Bouquet Soap brings you the lovelier way to avoid offending!



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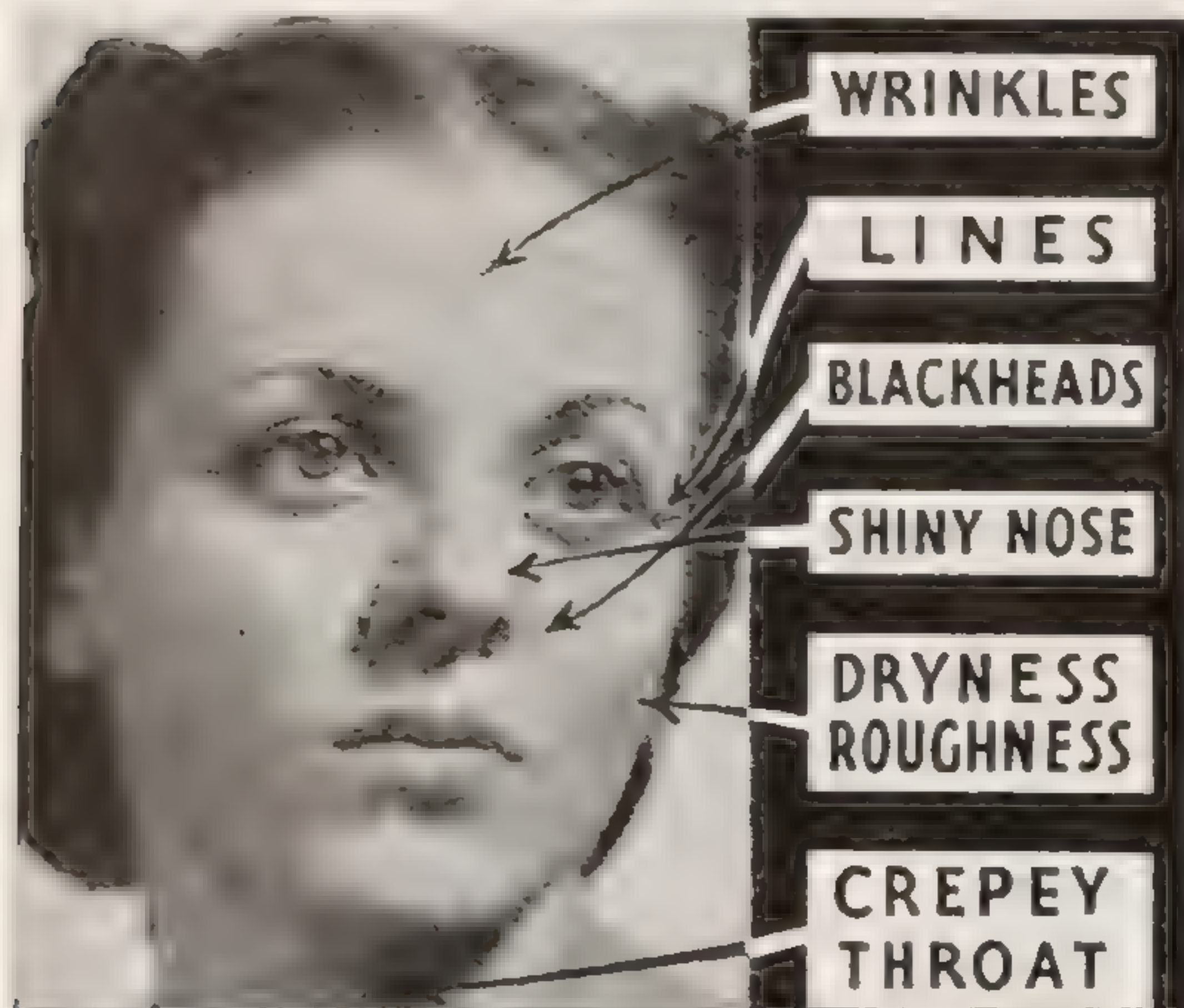
MARVELOUS FOR COMPLEXIONS, TOO!

This pure, creamy-white soap has such a gentle, caressing lather. Yet it removes every trace of dirt and cosmetics—keeps your skin alluringly smooth, radiantly clear!

TO KEEP FRAGRANTLY DAINTY—BATHE WITH PERFUMED CASHMERE BOUQUET SOAP

DRY, DEAD SKIN Made Her Look 40

--- MEN NEVER NOTICED HER



PROFESSIONALLY POSED

Now It's Smooth, Younger Looking

--- AND
SHE'S ENGAGED



MAYBE THIS GIRL'S EXPERIENCE
WILL HELP YOU TOO

Kansas City, Mo.
Dear Sirs:
Your Tayton's Cream is wonderful.
I am 23. My skin was terribly dry, scaly
and rough and lines were making
me look 40 years old. After using
Tayton's Cream for cleansing and
also as a night cream for two days
it made my skin so smooth and
soft I could hardly believe how
much younger I looked. I met
a wonderful boy who told me I
had a beautiful skin. We are now
engaged. I am so thrilled I can't
thank Tayton's Cream enough.
Mary Shireman

Here's The Amazing Beauty Cream
That's Thrilling All America

Skin beauty is the soul of romance—the power to attract.
At last science has found a way to help nature
restore smooth, soft, younger looking skin. Like the
oils of youth, this new beautifier TAYTON'S CREAM
releases precious ingredients, which are tripled whipped
and quickly aid nature to combat Dryness, Roughness,
Lines, Premature Wrinkles, Blackheads and Pimples.
Melts away dry, scaly, dead skin. Stimulates underskin.
Houses oil glands. Frees clogged pores. Cleanses. Lubri-
cates. Smooths. Brings out new, live, fresh skin. Beauty
editors are writing about it! Thousands praise it!

Make This Guaranteed 3 Day Test

Give your skin these thrilling new beauty benefits. Use
TAYTON'S CREAM to cleanse with and also as a night
cream for 3 days. It must make your skin softer, smoother,
look younger and satisfy completely, or your money will
be refunded.
Ask for TAYTON'S CREAM at drug, department and
10c stores. If your dealer can not as yet supply you, in-
stall he order for you from his wholesaler or headquarters.

At Drug, Dept. And 10c Stores



TEMPERAMENTAL GENIUS

(Continued from page 41)

purposive experiences. From the time he was a small boy, he knew what he wanted and held to his course. Difficulties were only something to be surmounted. Look at the man; thin, nervous, hawk-nosed, gimlet-eyed, his body constantly in motion, every movement tense and jerky, and you will understand that here is a man who brooks no interference, who carves out his own career, who is master of his fate and captain of his soul!

He uses every nerve, every fibre of his being in conducting; is more dramatic to watch than Stokowski. But you do not feel that he is consciously putting on a show. He is too intense, too completely absorbed in what he is creating, in the blending of sound, the building of harmonies to be aware of his audience while he is in the throes of projecting his ideas.

The man is real and the man is sincere, and right now there is nothing so important to him as proving that radio is a perfect medium for music on a grander scale than has been offered the radio public before. At his insistence, thirty-six musicians wait on his gesture, his mood—thirty-six personally chosen men and women, selected with exceeding care in order that his dream, his ideal of music, might be given form for the music-loving public.

His effects are carefully planned, the placement of the microphones studied, so that with a few violins, for instance, the same tone can be produced as with many. He wears earphones at times, so that he can check up on how the music sounds to the one who listens in. In Budapest, at one time, he even directed his orchestra through the window of the control-room, so that he could hear the effect he was getting over the air.

When you know that, at sixteen, he not only knew Beethoven by heart but could play the notes backwards, you can guess something of the driving purpose, the single-mindedness that governs Janssen's life. Since he returned from Europe, he has put in twenty hours a day on his work, developing ideas, making plans, rehearsing. He is a human dynamo and he is driving himself to the limit. There could scarcely be left patience or understanding of anything that might seem to threaten to come between him and his work.

But if there is anything radio is impatient of, it is temperament. It is the boast of producers and stars alike that there is no room for temperament on the air. The exigencies of the medium are such that there is no time, no room for personal idiosyncrasies. And Werner Janssen is as temperamental as a prima donna. To do what he wants, to get the results he wants, he will ride roughshod over anyone. At one moment, he will seem to have an infinite patience in coaxing, coercing his orchestra. At the next, upon some slight interruption, he will seem bereft of reason, a screaming madman. One wonders how his system can stand the strain—let alone the systems of those thrown into contact with him. It is like coming into contact unexpectedly with a live electric wire!

But Hollywood, as well as radio, has a rugged impatience of individualism, of anything that even looks like "putting on a show." If you come to Hollywood, you have to accept it on its own terms, meet it halfway; you must conform to the pattern, in some measure at least. When all is said and done, it is a small town with a small town's critical attitude toward the newcomer and a resentment of anyone who is different or aloof. There are things done and things not done, and a way of doing them. And being rude to people, ignoring them, insulting them, is not a good way to make friends. In his first three weeks in the film city, Janssen revealed his dark distaste for Hollywood and all it stands for, and for the Press and its annoying persistence in trying to find out something about him, to introduce him to his audience.

Janssen is an American—New York born, educated at Dartmouth. But in three years abroad, he has forgotten American ways, or else he has coddled and developed a fine disregard for them.

During these years abroad, he profited by a wide and varied experience, conducting here and there on the Continent, leading the world's finest orchestras in a manner that roused favorable comment everywhere. But even then he was aloof, indifferent to publicity, and the Press comments were brief and few.

When I heard that he had met Sibelius, greatest of living composers, had conducted for him three times and won the guerdon of that fine genius' praise, I felt awed and thrilled. It was like "seeing Shelley plain." But I couldn't tell Mr. Janssen that, because I was denied an audience. I had a feeling that the master himself would have been more gracious.

But somewhere in this strange and difficult individual is a streak of sentimentality, for he dedicated his lovely arrangement of Stephen Foster melodies to his wife.

And the only person allowed within the sacred walls during rehearsals is that lovely blonde lady, shy and sweet and unassuming. A lady who sits enraptured by the music and by the man whose skilful conducting makes the most difficult classical music intelligible to the average audience. A lady who saw beneath the prickly exterior of the conductor to the man himself, and liked what she saw.

It was love of music that brought these two together, in the first place. They met at a concert in Los Angeles some time ago and a kindly fate brought them together again in Europe last year. Ann never had heard him conduct. The first time she saw him on the rostrum was when he conducted a Sibelius concert in Helsingfors, Finland, after their marriage.

In all his previous experience, Janssen was a guest conductor, meeting his musicians as strangers and yet possessing the power and skill to draw from them greater music than they had, perhaps, ever played before. When the *Chase and Sanborn Hour* started its present series, on May 9th, Werner Janssen became musical director

for that program, with his own orchestra of thirty-six pieces. Now, in his own new series, sponsored by *Fleischmann's Yeast*, he presents an augmented orchestra in programs of popular music. The programs are heard regularly on Sundays, from 7:30 to 8:00 p.m., *EDST*, over the *NBC-Blue* network.

To the popular music of the day, he will lend interpretations that made his name well known in Europe before he returned to America as a symphonic conductor.

The man is a genius, undeniably, and his awareness of his gift is only one of the reasons for the way in which he has forged ahead in recent years. If he doesn't like to remember walking the streets looking for work, if he wants to forget that he played the piano in the orchestra of the *Ziegfeld Folies*, not so many years ago, that is all right. But not even a genius should lose the common touch.

Hollywood is divided into two camps now. One side, having seen Ann Harding's eyes as they rest on her husband, having seen the beatific smile that lights her lovely face as she watches him, predict the marriage will be a success. The others say it cannot last. Even though Ann has said that her husband's career comes first, even though she sweetly suggests that he is now her whole concern—even though she herself believes that, and he does, too—the doubters ask pointed questions. In her own home she may be Mrs. Werner Janssen, but the fact remains that she is Ann Harding, that she is famous in her own right, a splendid actress, a beautiful woman, with a public of her own. At present she plans to continue her acting.

They say that her career will inevitably come between these two. For compromise is obviously impossible for her fiery husband. In spite of a five-year contract with radio and motion picture companies, he hates Hollywood and all it stands for, with a hate he refuses to modify or conceal. He carries too many chips on his shoulder for even blasé Hollywood to ignore. Either he will have to step down from his pedestal and be human—or Hollywood will rise between them like a wall. Compromise is the only possible solution. One doubts that Mr. Janssen knows the meaning of the word.

He sits spiderlike, long legs and arms entwined, head down bent, in a silver web of dreams. An idea presents itself, he darts forth, seizes it, imprisons it, enfolds it. When he is ready, it is projected, as perfect musically as he can make it.

Black notes on a page are given new meaning, new life beneath his inspired direction. That is his excuse for being, that is what gives meaning to his life. But even music shares the moods and emotions of humanity, and a musician, by the same token, needs to be human, needs to know how to laugh as well as to cry, to give as well as to take.

There always are exceptions to the rule and, in Hollywood, a few have defied convention, refused to conform. Katharine Hepburn tricks the Press and laughs a Puckish laugh—they may not like it, but they have to take it. Marlene Dietrich wraps herself in veils of mystery. And Garbo won't talk. With this small group, Werner Janssen allies himself. You can take it or leave it. All he cares is that

the tonal quality of the music that goes out over the air under his direction is equal to that produced by a full symphonic orchestra, that his interpretation of ancient and modern masters is as near what the composers conceived as is humanly possible to achieve.

The thirty-six human beings and the thirty-six instruments are as responsive to his gestures as if he manipulated them with a fine wire. He is, himself, a sensitive instrument, a sort of human sounding-board that mellows and blends the varied notes into the fullness and richness of complete musical harmony. Whether he is yielding to public taste, as his sponsors conceive it, to the extent of playing the so-called popular music, or losing himself in his beloved Sibelius, in creating music he is a completely integrated person. But down from the rostrum, he is a living discord, as dissonant as a violin with loosened strings.

Perhaps Ann is the one who can draw those strings together, keep them in tune, in harmony not only with the music of the spheres but with the practical and curious world in which even Mr. Werner Janssen has to live. Perhaps she can show him that the people he is striving to reach with his music are the very people whose friendly interest he repudiates.

Perhaps, in their secluded hillside home, they will enjoy together not only the fine music they both love but that deeper, equally enduring harmony of mutual understanding and sympathy and love.

Perhaps all this seems no problem at all to Ann, for she is warm-hearted and generous, and deeply, completely in love.

HER SMILE WON HIM

...But her breath lost him



I HEAR TOMMY BLAKE FELL HARD FOR YOU TONIGHT, HELEN. LIKE HIM?

HE'S AWFULLY NICE! BUT HE ONLY DANCED WITH ME ONCE, PEG!

I THINK I KNOW WHY, HELEN...BUT IT'S HARD TO SAY IT! SOMETIMES YOUR BREATH...OH WHY DON'T YOU SEE THE DENTIST TOMORROW?

MY BREATH! WHY PEG, THAT CAN'T BE...BUT I'LL SEE DR. ELLIS

MISS WEST, TESTS PROVE THAT 76% OF ALL PEOPLE OVER THE AGE OF 17 HAVE BAD BREATH. AND TESTS ALSO PROVE THAT MOST BAD BREATH COMES FROM IMPROPERLY CLEANED TEETH. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM BECAUSE...

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM COMBATS BAD BREATH.

"Colgate's special penetrating foam gets into every tiny hidden crevice between your teeth... emulsifies and washes away the decaying food deposits that cause most bad breath, dull, dingy teeth, and much tooth decay. At the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle, gives new brilliance to your smile!"

LATER—THANKS TO COLGATE'S

AND PEG, TOMMY AND I WANT YOU TO BE BRIDESMAID!

...AND NO TOOTH PASTE EVER MADE MY TEETH AS BRIGHT AND CLEAN AS COLGATE'S!

Now—NO BAD BREATH behind her SPARKLING SMILE!



20¢
LARGE SIZE
Giant Size, over twice as much,
35¢

"Now there's a girl who KNOWS HER WAY AROUND"



"THAT girl has something."

"And plenty of it. I've seen prettier girls and known smarter ones, but Janet will manage nicely with what she has."

The girl who knows her way around men—what is her secret?

It's the happy art of pleasing, of taking care always to consider masculine likes and dislikes.

She knows that one of the things men admire most in a girl is a fresh, sweet daintiness of person. And that they *dislike* nothing more than the odor of underarm perspiration on her clothing and person.

And so she takes no chances. For she knows it is easy to avoid—with Mum!

Takes only half a minute. Just half a minute is all you need to use this dainty deodorant cream. Then you're safe for the whole day!

Harmless to clothing. Another thing you'll like—use Mum any time, *even after you're dressed*. For it's harmless to clothing.

Soothing to skin. It's soothing to the skin, too—so soothing you can use it right after shaving your underarms.

Doesn't prevent natural perspiration. Mum, you know, doesn't prevent natural perspiration. But it does prevent every trace of perspiration odor. And how important that is! Remember—nothing so quickly kills a man's interest in a girl as disagreeable perspiration odor. Don't risk it—use Mum regularly, every day. Bristol-Myers Co., 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

MUM



ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Use it for this and you'll never have to worry about this cause of unpleasantness.

takes the odor out of perspiration

WEST COAST CHATTER

(Continued from page 56)

home for themselves and Ozzie, Jr. Harriet, incidentally, still says her marriage comes miles ahead of any career in the movies. She even annoys the autograph hounds by signing her name "Harriet Nelson."

Al Jolson is inordinately proud of that son which he and Ruby Keeler adopted. "Why, you know," he says proudly, "that baby's so smart. He sits at home and listens to my broadcasts. And *every time*, he recognizes my voice right away. Starts a blood-curdling yell the minute I come on the air!"

Daylight Saving Time not only mixed up plenty of tuners-in, but some of the entertainers. The first day that the Ken Murray show went on an hour earlier, Marlyn Stuart was nowhere to be seen. Frantic, Ken called Marlyn's home, all her friends and the police department. No one had any news of her. So, at the last minute, Diana Bourbon, technical assistant on the show, went on the air with the Stuart script clutched in her shaking hands. Loudest applause for Diana's performance came from the wings at the end of the show, for Marlyn had decided to come a "little early for rehearsal"—and arrived in time to see the last five minutes of the show!

The broadcast of *The Plainsman* sounded like just another of those smoothly performed shows for which the *Lux Theatre* is famous. The audience never suspected that the entire hour was a nightmare to the cast until the final word was safely in the mike. For Gary Cooper had been ordered to bed by his physician just twenty-four hours before the broadcast, and Fredric March agreed to play the rôle of Wild Bill Hikok. The Marches had planned a gala celebration that evening in honor of their tenth wedding anniversary, but they called off the party and stayed up all night rehearsing Fredric for the first Western rôle he had ever tackled in his long career. You who listened in know what a good job the Marches did.

There's fun in sudden fame and fortune, but Chester Lauck ("Lum" of *Lum 'n' Abner*) is beginning to see some drawbacks. The Laucks have rented a magnificent estate out in San Fernando Valley—complete with swimming pool, tennis courts and all the regular fixings. The estate is surrounded by high walls and, to be admitted, one must go through a massive, electrically operated gate, after phoning up to the house. Lum's always thought this pretty fancy, until the evening he came home, phoned up to the house, and kept phoning for over an hour without any answer. He knew Mrs. Lauck had gone to San Francisco that week-end to visit friends, but he didn't know that the servants had decided to take off an evening, too, thinking the lord of the manor had a key to the gate. Lum finally ended up by spending the night with the Abners.

and talking of the advantages of that "single" back in Arkansas.

But Nancy, the four-year-old daughter of the Norris Goffs, thinks California is the most wonderful place in the world. Her faith in its unlimited possibilities was proved the other evening when she explained to some guests of her parents: "We have all kinds of fruit trees in the back yard. Oranges and figs and lemons and grapefruit. We haven't any orange-juice trees, but I think Daddy will get some."

Everyone who is anyone in Hollywood radio and film circles was on hand to throw rice at Jeanette MacDonald and Gene Raymond. Ginger Rogers, Fay Wray and Mrs. John Mack Brown were among Jeanette's attendants, while Harold Lloyd, Allan Jones and Basil Rathbone ushered. Nelson Eddy and Lily Pons sang for the ceremony. Lily was in New York, but that doesn't interfere with Hollywood wedding plans. The Pons voice was simply piped into the church for the occasion.

In spite of Gene Raymond being the person most anxious to have his picture at RKO speedily finished, it was he who caused the majority of production delays. All the love scenes between him and Harriet Hilliard had to be "shot" a couple of times, since Gene persisted in calling his leading lady *Jeanette*!

When *Another Language* was presented on *Lux Radio Theatre*, May Robson was noticed looking all over the stage for something during a rehearsal. It developed that she wanted a large piece of brown paper, so the whole cast started looking with her. After fifteen minutes' fruitless search, Bette Davis asked just what Miss Robson wanted it for, anyhow. "Why," said the elderly actress, "I want it for the sound effect of opening that package." When she was told about Charlie Forsyth, High Priest of Noises, Miss Robson was so astounded that she had to meet him at once. And Charlie demonstrated every one of his 117 different contraptions for sound effects via the mike.

Didya Know That: Betty Furness and Johnny Green are going to make it Mr. and Mrs. Green, sure nuff . . . Raymond Paige is winning all the yachting contests on the Coast . . . Dick Foran's brother, James, is now a moom pitcher actor, and spotted at Princeton where he was studying to be a doctor . . . Ann Harding says she's lost interest in a career since marrying Werner Janssen . . . There's a feud on between Walter Winchell and Andy over at NBC, about who's going to play the new organ between broadcasts . . . Grace Moore spends all her spare time in a trailer with Valentin Parera, touring up and down the California highways . . . Cliff Clark, barker of the Gilmore Circus, found his pet lion cub's bite was worse than his growl . . . W. C. Fields is talking to Dr. Davey, the tree surgeon, about doing something about Charlie McCarthy's sassiness . . . Judy Garland always starts a song with the index and middle fingers of her hands crossed for luck . . . Ronald (Wen) Drake (Niles) has bought another plane after that crackup . . . Tony Martin is maa-ad about Alice Faye. . . .

—By LOUIS SVENSRUD.

Conrad Nagel

helps a lady
in distress



Conrad Nagel...currently starred in the Grand National picture, "Bank Alarm".



"A relative of mine back East wrote me that his daughter, whose engagement had just been tragically broken, was visiting the coast. Would I help her?..."



"I took her to dinner. She was a pretty girl, but her self-confidence had been shattered by her bitter experience. I encouraged her to tell her troubles..."



"Her fiance's love had cooled until, in despair, she finally sent back his ring. It occurred to me that her appearance could be improved and I couldn't resist just one bit of advice..."



"Remember, I said, 'a girl's most alluring feature is her mouth. No man is attracted by dry, cracked lips. To keep always lovely, there's a special lipstick with a Beauty-cream base.'..."



THAT ADVICE ABOUT KISSPROOF HAS MADE LIFE WORTH LIVING AGAIN! NOW JOHN'S RING IS BACK ON MY FINGER. THE BEAUTY-CREAM BASE OF KISSPROOF IS A GIRL'S MOST PRECIOUS BEAUTY AID!

Kissproof protects your tender lips from drying and chapping while it gives warm, lasting color.

Kissproof
Indelible LIPSTICK and ROUGE

5 luscious shades of Kissproof 50c
at drug and department stores

Match it with Kissproof rouge, made in two styles—Lip and Cheek (creme) or Compact (dry).

Generous trial sizes at all 10-cent stores.





*They don't talk
behind HER back!*

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Try Quest today, for the personal daintiness every woman treasures. Use this cool, sooth-

ing powder on sanitary napkins. Also after the bath, under arms and for foot comfort. Quest is unscented, thus it does not cover up the fragrance of lovely perfume.

And, surprising as it may seem, Quest costs no more than other kinds... only 35c for the large two-ounce can at your favorite drug counter. Buy it today.



QUEST

FOR PERSONAL DAINTINESS

Use it with Kotex

BEAUTY ADVICE

(Continued from page 15)

places her faith in a homely, old-fashioned aid for cleansing the skin. A coating of cooked oatmeal, allowed to dry, and covered by an outer layer of raw egg. Leave this on for thirty minutes, once a week, and follow with a good cold cream. She says this makes her face feel as if it had had a cocktail. The best results from a facial are obtained if you relax completely while it does the work. The best way to relax is to think pleasant thoughts. Now it may be hard to imagine beauty while your face resembles something that should be in the frigidaire, but you can think about how lovely you will look and feel, once it has been washed off!

This crowd takes the sun in moderation and their sun-tan from boxes and jars of cosmetics! In this way they have their cake and eat it, too. All the fashionableness of a tan, with no danger of excess burning. A tan that will come on and off absolutely at will! Lotions are, of course, applied lavishly before exposure to the sun, and quantities of lubricating creams are used afterward. Bleach creams are used by the girls who don't want to tan.

These girl musicians have to dress alike, in order that costumes may not distract their audience, but they fought as one for the privilege of individual coiffures. They insisted on individual coiffures, because they know the hairdresser is the beauty surgeon who can slenderize or broaden the face, extend the throat line, make ears decorative or conceal them entirely. Now, even with thirty identical frocks, with thirty figures of uniform weight and size, they are thirty individuals—each lovely in her own right.

Except that all the girls demand neat coiffures and shining lustrous locks, there is a great variety in the thirty hair styles. Having discovered what a comb, a little wave lotion, and bobby pins or other curling gadgets will do, they find they can practically change coiffures with dresses.

When it comes to protecting the hair, the girls have a unique method that sounds so simple you will be interested, too. An orange stick, dipped in oil, is used to apply oil to the roots of the hair and prevent its becoming dried by the sun. Of course, when the hair has been exposed to salt water, it always is shampooed immediately.

While we are on the subject of hair shampoos, I am going to digress for a moment from the girls and tell you about a grand shampoo I have tried. This shampoo may be given at your favorite beauty salon, or you may give it to yourself at home. It is a shampoo that completely dissolves dandruff and then washes it away. It rinses clean in hard or soft water. No special rinse is necessary after using this shampoo. It is equally good for blondes and brunettes. Now, the first step in banishing dandruff is dissolving the dandruff and keeping the scalp clean, so this shampoo is a treatment as well as a cleanser. I shall be glad to give you the name of this shampoo, if you will write me.

Now, to return to the girls—they are busy making faces! Lovely faces for themselves. It always is fascinating to watch

make-up being skillfully applied to a pretty face—and when there are thirty pretty faces to watch, it is just that much more intriguing.

The first little girl is applying her lipstick to her open mouth and then grimacing while she blends it. Applying lipstick in this manner assures her that the color is evenly applied, and that when she opens her mouth to talk or laugh there will be no sudden and unattractive line where lipstick is not!

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Don't follow this tip in public—but then it isn't the thing to apply lipstick in public anyway!*)

The next little girl is making doubly sure that her lipstick and rouge are the identical shade—and incidentally practicing a bit of economy. With a tiny bit of cream on her cheeks, she finds she can apply her lipstick as a cheek rouge. The cream enables her to blend the color smoothly. The absurd two-fingered rubber gloves that some of the girls are wearing are gloves especially designed to prevent paste rouge from staining the fingers.

One girl is using her cream rouge as a lipstick. She applies it with the flat, rounded end of an orange-wood stick. She explains that this is especially good for evening, where artificial lines are allowable.

Here is a little brunette, busily accenting a very slight widow's peak with a dark eyebrow pencil. It will look like a very real widow's peak when she is finished. Next to her, another girl is working at her widow's peak, using mascara. She has a natural widow's peak, but it is made of very light fine hair.

Right in line with all these beauty aids is the sample I have for you this month. This is a very fine and lovely face powder that banishes shine—and you would never suspect it, but it also treats your complexion! This is a prescription face powder that all will like—and especially the acne and oily skin sufferers, for they will find it a wonderful help in banishing blemishes and preventing the formation of more blemishes. I hope every one of you will send for your free sample of this powder and learn, first-hand, how you may improve your complexion at the same time you are improving your appearance.

Now the same company that makes this powder has a volatized sulphur cream, that is especially designed for oily and blemished skins. This cream is greaseless and is antiseptic. It clears the skin, by destroying the germs that enter the skin from the outside, and promotes healing. Isn't this just what you have been looking and hoping for? The name of this cream will be sent to you when you receive your free sample of the powder.

Mary Biddle
RADIO STARS MAGAZINE
149 Madison Avenue
New York, New York

I would like to know the name of the cream and would like to have an absolutely free sample of the face powder. I would like the shade to be Natural..... Brunette.....

Name:

Address:

City..... State.....

NO OTHER NAPKIN

can offer you these 3
exclusive Kotex features

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CAN'T CHAFE

Kotex sanitary napkins are Wondersoft. Sides are cushioned with downy cotton to prevent chafing, to assure lasting comfort. Sides only are cushioned — the center surface is free to absorb.



2

CAN'T FAIL

Kotex sanitary napkins absorb many times their own weight in moisture! A special "Equalizer" center prevents twisting and roping, guides moisture evenly the length of the pad.



3

CAN'T SHOW

The rounded ends of Kotex sanitary napkins are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the closest-fitting gown reveals no tell-tale lines.



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Regular, Junior and Super — for
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***WONDERSOFT KOTEX** **SANITARY NAPKINS**
made from Cellucotton (not cotton)

**"I LIKE
SOMETHING
DIFFERENT"**



"I've got it! Biggest lot of flavor ever sold for a nickel! A smooth, zesty flavor that slides along your tongue as satisfyingly as cream, yet refreshing as a cold shower. You get this flavor fresh—in scientific, airtight packages—in Beeman's, the gum so many people buy to aid their digestion but chew often because it's so downright good."



Beeman's
AIDS DIGESTION...

HIMBER STEERS CLEAR OF LOVE

(Continued from page 7)

you feed a cat, the cat will soon lap at an empty bowl whenever it hears a bell ring. It's the old one about responding to things in the same way. And in the same way, even the most hard-bitten fellow in the world can fall again for a pretty face . . ."

So when Himber feels he's in danger of falling, he runs. Only last winter, sitting at dinner with a young lady in a midtown restaurant, he looked down, amazed, to see his own hand reaching for hers across the table. He didn't know why. Perhaps it was the dark fan of eyelashes that swept her cheek, or something very dear she'd said—and, just like the bell ringing for the cat, he had responded against his will. Being an impulsive fellow, he quickly jerked a ten-dollar bill from his pocket, laid it on the table to cover the check. Then he rose and said quite calmly, bowing a little: "If you will excuse me, please," and walked out. He never allowed himself to see that girl again.

Richard Himber is a bachelor, because—since he's certain love is a lot of over-rated hokum—he has mastered the fine art of staying out of love.

"What do I need a wife for? I have an apartment upstairs that's run for me like clockwork. I couldn't have a better cook than the chef who sends my meals up by room service. I have complete freedom. I have friends, companionship . . ."

Five years ago such a remark would have been as alien to Dick as it is now entirely typical of him. Because five years ago he had furnished that same apartment upstairs for the girl who promised to be his bride. He met her at a debutante ball, where he was playing a fiddle in the orchestra. For a year they loved each other madly.

"I should have known," he told me, "that I didn't have the background or education to match hers. She spoke four languages and she'd been everywhere in the world. But I was just an ignorant kid, so crazy in love I couldn't see. If I'd known then what I know now, I think I could have held her . . . A little longer, anyway," he added.

"Well, it's dead and buried now. I've never seen her since she married, but if I did, I'd probably tell her she did the right thing. In fact, I owe her a debt."

For Dick makes no secret of the fact that out of his heartbreak came his success as a maestro. He'd been a singer in vaudeville with Sophie Tucker, a pit fiddler in Broadway's Paramount Theatre, and Rudy Vallee's business manager. He knew the music business inside out and for a long time his one ambition had been a band of his own. The sudden need to drown himself in work, his realization that a band to slave for day and night would mean blessed obliteration to everything else, was the thing that furiously whipped him on until he achieved his ambition. It was known at first simply as the *Ritz-Carlton Orchestra*, and it was a small unit, but it played a slower, softer, suaver type of music than any other orchestra.

Dick tells an amusing story about his first orchestra and Paul Whiteman. For years the Whitemans had occupied the apartment directly over his, on the floor above, and several times Dick tried to use his neighborly pull to land a job with the King of Jazz. With no success whatsoever.

One morning the two were riding down on the elevator together.

"Heard a swell band on the air last night," commented Whiteman. "New outfit opening at the Carlton. Mark my word, it's going places."

"Yep," said Dick, "I know."

"You heard it?" asked the King of Jazz.

"Mr. Whiteman," Himber grinned broadly, "I'm the leader man in that band." Dick leaned back and roared, recalling the incident. "Paul nearly fainted!"

Whiteman's prediction was true. The band did go places. Because it was a good band with a different idea behind it, and because its maestro spared himself nothing that could spur it on to success. For three years Himber took not a single vacation. With a day staff and an evening staff to assist him, he lived and breathed his orchestra and nothing else.

At the end of those three years, the band firmly established at the top in radio, Dick's closest friend came to him.

"Look, fellow," he suggested, "you need to get out. Relax. See some people and have some fun. You don't realize it, but your nerves are shot. You tighten up at broadcasts like you're walking to a gallows! Better save yourself a breakdown and knock off now and then."

Dick thought it over and decided that his friend was right. After all, all work and no play might make a bandleader very successful but it would also make him a flop as a personality. He needed to see new faces, get new ideas, meet a different world outside the narrowed rut of radio studios and hotel ballrooms and footlights.

So he called in a decorator to make his apartment a suitably attractive place for him to entertain. Mirrored walls. Low white coffee tables and cushioned chairs. A blue glass bar, quilted with crystal stars that light up at the touch of a button. Bridge equipment, backgammon, ping-pong. Monogrammed glassware, the gift of his musicians. All the gracious trappings he would need in order to return the invitations he accepted.

And once more he stepped back into the world of eligible and successful young men. But this time, definitely, he wasn't going to be the wide-eyed boy! There would be parties, fun, people—yes. There would be women, of course, for companionship. But nothing serious. *No love!* The instant he began being serious about any girl, he'd put a stop to it.

"It'll never happen again!" Dick Himber asserted—and he hasn't forgotten yet. Although staying out of love has not always been as simple as he expected.

"Well," he asked me, revealing again his cynicism, "what is love? I don't believe in it. You're taken in by a combination

of moonlight and nonsense, and in the end you're a sucker. A chump!"

Dick has the idea that, some day, when he's through with the music business, he's going to be a motion picture director. He has a movie camera, sound equipment and all, that he'd rather spend the evening with than all the girls in New York. And he's preparing himself for his ultimate future in pictures with all the intense, feverish work with which he prepared to established a successful orchestra.

"All the time, I'm restless," he explained. "The minute I stop working, I have the feeling that I'm not getting anywhere. That's why the one kind of evening I enjoy with a girl is going to the movies. I feel I'm not wasting time then. At least, I'm keeping up with what's new in pictures and picture technique.

"So what happens, nine times out of ten? In the first place, my work is such that I never can tell in advance just when I'll be free. I make a dinner date for seven. At seven I have to call her and tell her I'm tied up but I'll be there at eight. At eight I'm still tied up but I phone her to taxi to such and such a restaurant and have her dinner and I'll be there to meet her before she's finished.

"By the time I do meet her, about nine-thirty, she's not in a very good humor. So what'll we do? Well, I suggest a movie; so we go to one and get out about eleven-thirty. What'll we do then? I suggest another movie that's being previewed at some midnight show. By two o'clock in the morning the girl is usually ready to kill me. She has expected a glamorous evening of trotting from club to club. Instead, she's had a dull time.

"That's the usual Himber routine. And women don't like it. I know—because the next time I call Miss Blank, she's out!"

An associate of Dick's told me about a pretty girl who has been pursuing the red-headed maestro for months. Nobody knows how she manages to get tickets for his two weekly broadcasts, but she's there every time, sitting close to the front of the studio. Invariably, after each performance, she tries to catch up with her idol before he ducks out of a side door, but he determinedly evades her. She telephones his office every day. His secretary has instructions to insist that he's out.

"Any other bandleader would fall for flattery like that," Dick's friend explained. "She's a nice-looking girl, and if she's persisted all these months, she can't be just a dopey crackpot. It must be sincere admiration she has for him. But not Himber! He despises being chased—more than any man I've ever known."

So there was Richard Himber, sitting across a desk from me, surrounded by the symbols of his success. A busy staff of assistants darting in and out. Four phones that jangled constantly. Mountains of music. A photographer from a newspaper, snapping candid camera shots. And, in the thick of it all, a poised young man with a most likeable personality. Cynical, outspoken, too bitter for thirty years, perhaps. But no airs. A very regular guy.

He sat there, telling me that life was good to him, that he had everything he wanted. Everything. He almost convinced me.

Until he caught up a bunch of keys and

stood behind his desk. "I'd like to show you my apartment upstairs," he said. "I had it redecorated last year and spent several thousand dollars on it.

"When I first came to New York I was fourteen years old," he continued, while we walked along the carpeted hallway, "and I lived in a three-dollar-a-week room at Forty-sixth and Broadway. I always said that some day I'd have a beautiful place to live in, in this town—" (he opened a door twenty stories above the noisy pavements of Manhattan) "—this is it."

It is more than a beautiful place. It is almost spectacular. Unique and rich, but not too rich, to the last item. Pale, odd-shaded pastels, set off by vivid streaks of color. A whole end of the living-room, nearest the windows, fashioned into an exact replica of a rustic Alpine sun-porch, filled with fresh flowers. And everywhere about, bachelor-fashion, shiny new gym equipment. On the walls—boxing-gloves, Indian clubs, dumbbells, fencing swords, exercising bars. In the corners—a punching bag, a rowing machine, a stationary bicycle, an electric horse. Himber designed the decorations himself and very proudly he displayed every gadget, every detail.

Altogether it is a stunning, breathtakingly sumptuous suite. But it isn't a home. It lacked the one thing that makes a home—personality. Rooms have to be lived in to have personality, the intangible warmth to be found in the scars on a tabletop, the curve of a chair cushion, the look of windows that look in as well as out. Dick Himber's apartment might as well be several model rooms in a swank furniture store. Because nobody who loves the place lives there. It's just an apartment where he hangs his hat, entertains, comes in late at night to sleep and get up early the next morning and go down to work again.

"How do you like it?" he wanted to know.

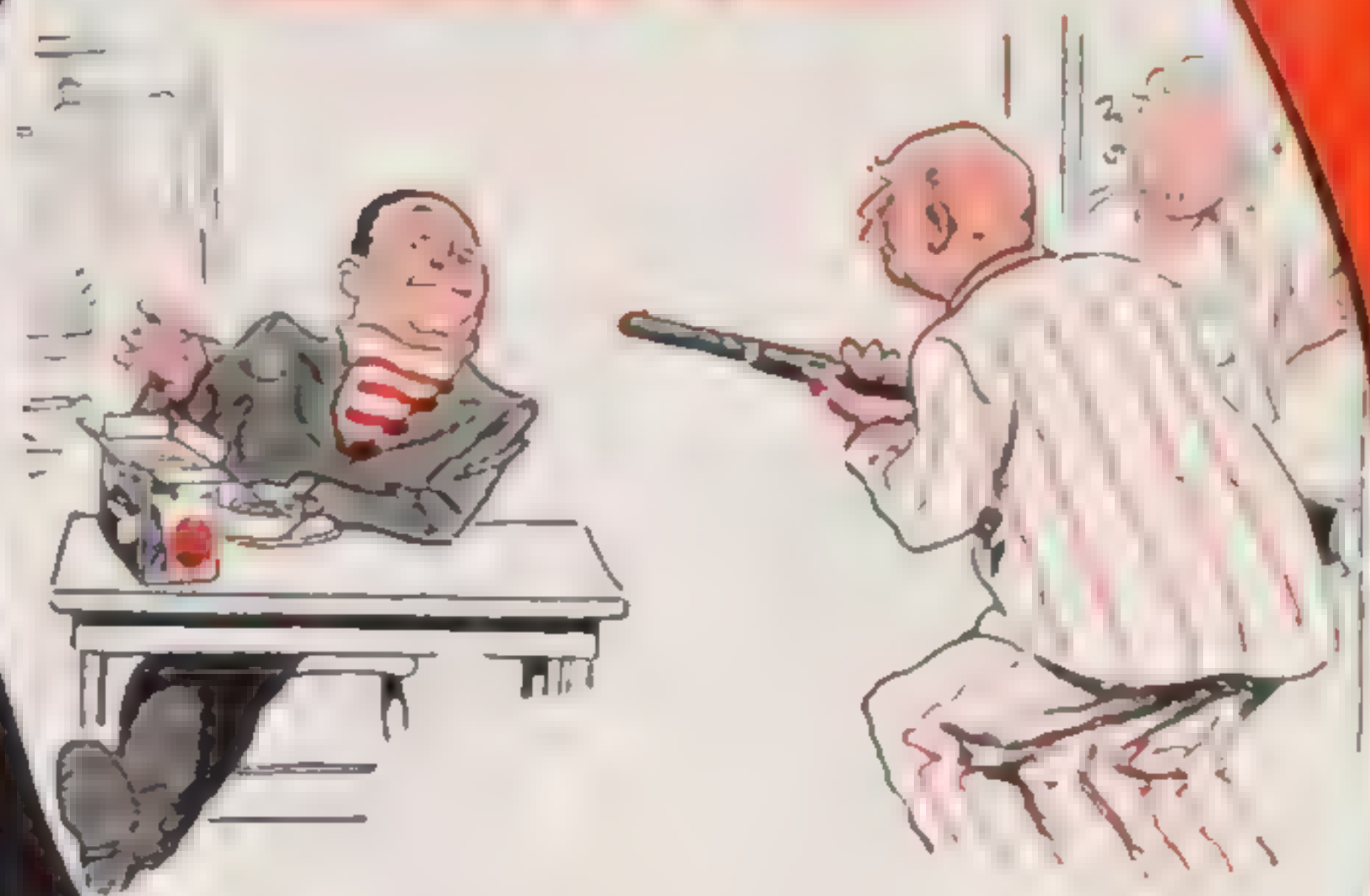
"Beautiful," I said. "How do you like it?"

Suddenly, away from the bustle and pressure of his headquarters, Dick Himber was a different person. Not so cynical, somehow, not so hard. He sat down on the step of the Alpine porch and ran his fingers reflectively through his red hair. "Oh, I like it . . . all right," he said. "To tell you the truth, I don't stay here much. You know, I sort of get restless by myself. If I've got any reading or work to do, I go down to the office, where I'll have company. There's always somebody down there at night, working . . ."

And then I knew that the shell of his cynicism had a soft spot. For all his disillusioned talk, for all his statement that life has already given him everything he wants, whether he realizes it or not—Richard Himber is lonely. That is his Achilles heel. Some day he'll meet a girl who will miraculously take all his loneliness away. And for the first time in a long time his fine rules for staying out of love won't work! He'll forget he said no more serious affairs, that romance was a lot of hokum. He'll forget as sure as sure!

And I hope the girl will move all those athletic gadgets out of his living-room and make it look like a home instead of a model gymnasium!

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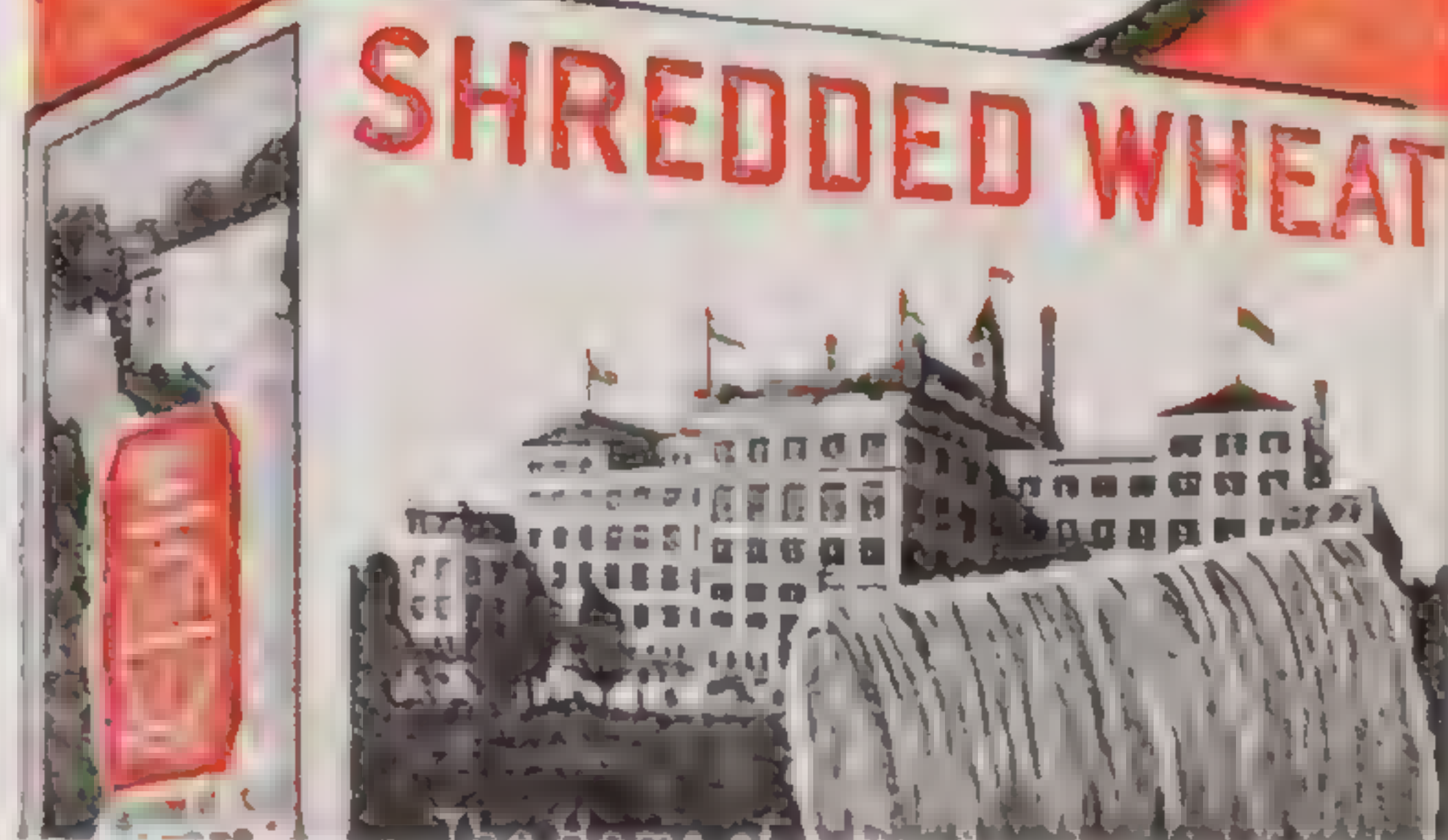
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**"DID I HEAR
SOMEONE SAY
SHREDDED WHEAT AND
PEACHES?"**



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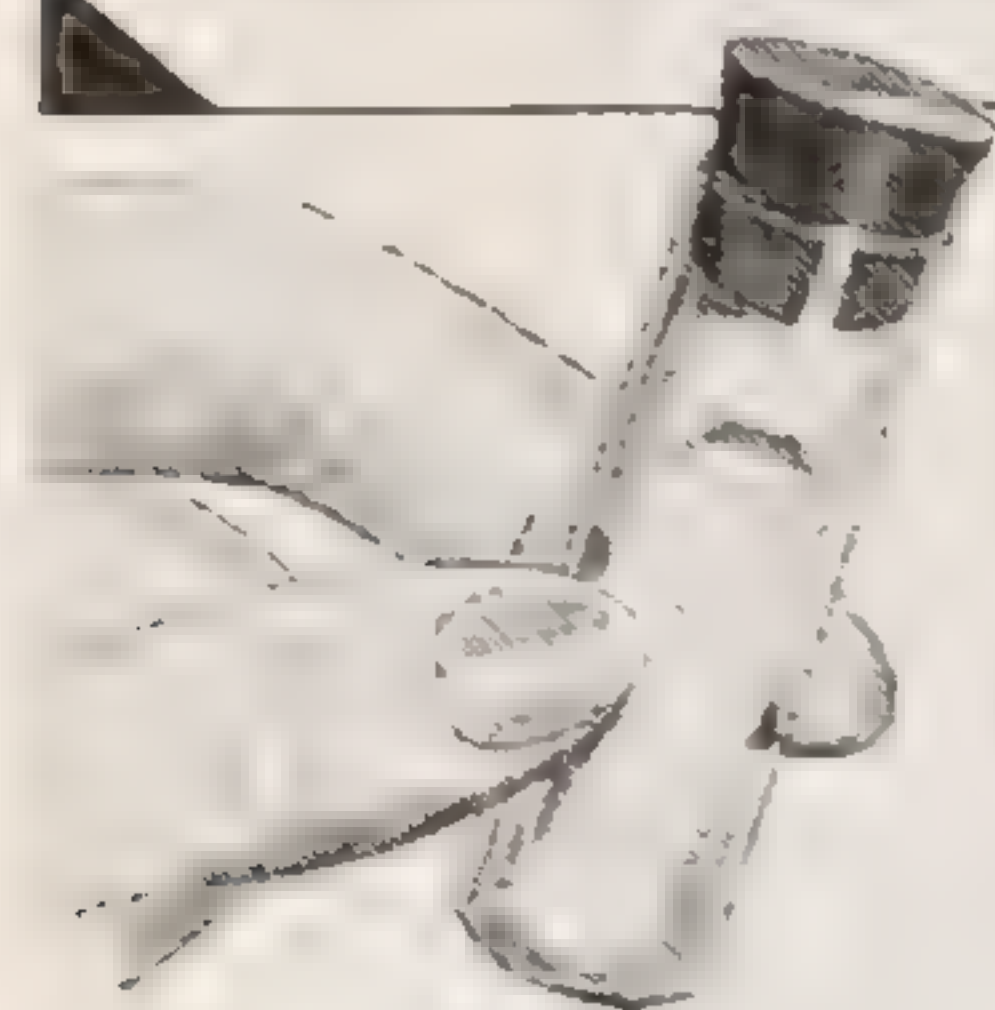


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STORES

NEW

TOILET WATERS

BY *Ronni*

A MOST IMPORTANT WOMAN IN HIS LIFE

(Continued from page 44)

down those first barriers, the most difficult part of starting a career in the field of entertainment.

"Don came into radio in 1930," says Bern—as Miss Flynn is called. "NBC was auditioning for the *Empire Builders* program, and I had won the feminine dramatic lead. The men who auditioned for the male lead were not satisfactory, so I called Don, who was in Kenosha, Wisconsin, at the time. I knew he'd succeed where others had failed. I believed in him as an actor and as a person. Time and events have justified this belief."

It was a golden opportunity for the young man who knew he must be an actor. At his lowest hour, he received the chance he so badly needed. That call was the turning point in his career.

"Don and I were co-starred on the *Empire Builders* program for two years," Bern continues. "A few months later, we were given the leads on the *Rin Tin Tin Thrillers* program, in addition. Both of these programs lasted for two years, and they were two of the happiest years, professionally, in my career."

"Don and I had appeared in several plays at the University of Wisconsin and I had had plenty of opportunity to study his work. And secondly, I knew he would be a great help to me. I worked better with him opposite me, particularly in romantic leads, and I was anxious to have this new program turn out successfully. It was my first important chance in radio. As everybody knows, in acting, there is action and reaction. In other words, some people take the initiative and act, and others merely respond. They need that motivating force of the more imaginative portrayer of character to bring out emotion which is passive by nature. Don taught me to 'play' a rôle rather than work at it. I didn't want to help him, really, as much as I wanted him to help me. And, in proof of the fact that this isn't just returning one kind word for another, I have not played a successful emotional rôle without him!"

Bernardine Flynn always has labored under the handicap of "working" at acting. She first went on the stage merely to please her father. She came to New York when she was twenty-five, but she was not particularly happy.

"I liked the acting," she explains, "but nothing else. I hate glamour. I didn't like the rest of the life, at all. And I felt that I was not young enough to try to be a star. In other words, I realized that the benefits and happiness and success I could get from the stage would not make up for the sacrifices I must make."

"I am not the type of person to be willing to give up a personal life for success in a profession. I wanted a home, and babies. I felt that they were much more important to me than any glamour which might be mine from the theatre."

This is a typical statement from Bernardine Flynn. She has no desire to be hailed

as a second Duse. She is much happier as she is—happily married, with a private life as the wife of one of Chicago's leading doctors, Dr. C. C. Doherty. Don, too, is happily married and is the proud father of two small sons.

"Don has shown such appreciation for my calling him for that first audition. He has given me undeserved thanks in all his publicity. He always gives me credit for his start." The statements have to be dragged from Miss Flynn because it is against her nature to pat herself on the back. She prefers to give credit to the other fellow. "And Don did the same thing for me in the movies, as I had done for him in radio. He had his agent come out to see me about motion pictures. But my present pleasant connections with the *Vic and Sade* program, and other matters, put me in no position to accept."

"My marriage is the most important thing in the world to me. If I went to Hollywood, I couldn't be near my husband. I'd miss my home life. I wouldn't be happy that way."

Her sincerity impresses itself upon you as you listen to her clarify her attitude about life, private and professional.

Such true happiness and contentment seldom are found. Bernardine Flynn knows what she wants out of life.

One of a family of seven children, Bern was born in Madison, Wisconsin, on January 2nd, 1904. Yes, she is one, of the minority in professional life, who gives her exact birth date. Her dramatic training was achieved in amateur theatricals at the University of Wisconsin. And it was through this work that she gained her first opportunity to appear on the Broadway stage.

Zona Gale, creator of stories of Wisconsin life, became interested in the young college student, after witnessing one of her performances. She recommended her to Brock Pemberton, the New York producer, for a part in *Seven-Year Love*, then being cast for a New York presentation. Bern won the part and made her début in 1929. She studied diction under Laura Elliott. She later was understudy to Muriel Kirkland in *Strictly Dishonorable*, played in *Joseph* with George Jessel and was cast for a part in *Strange Interlude*. All this happened in a year. To most young actresses, it would mean that the future was assured. But at the end of the year, Bern went to Chicago. She had had enough of show business. She had stuck out the year to please her father. But she was too unhappy to continue. Then, too, her mother had died. Bern felt that she would be happier caring for her younger brothers and sisters.

Back in the Illinois city, she learned that NBC needed an actress with a French accent. Bern's mother was French, and her daughter had learned to speak the language perfectly. She was given the spot. She loved it. Here, at last, she found the medium which brought her true happiness.

She had to be professional only during her working hours.

"When I was given the lead in *Empire Builders*, it was the most natural thing in the world for me to think of Don as leading man," says the star of *Vic and Sade*. "Since we first played opposite each other in *Liliom* at college, he was the perfect leading man for me. Not because of any romantic interest. Goodness, I always thought of Don as my younger brother—he is so much younger than I."

To hear Bern talk, one might think she was well on to middle age, but such is not the case. Although, according to the calendar she is thirty-three, by actions and appearance one would judge her to be well under the thirty mark.

Perhaps her pet exercise, walking, accounts for her extremely youthful appearance. Perhaps her contentment, the greatest enemy of aging lines, is responsible. But my guess is that her mind, active and young; her thoughts which are only of happiness; her ideals; these are the parts of Bernardine Flynn which keep her a girl. She wastes no time on the less important things of life.

"That is why I am so happy with radio work. I don't have time to gossip," she laughs. "If I were not occupied with my work every day, I would have to attend bridge parties—and I hate bridge! I love to read, walk, or go to movies. And I love to fuss about my home."

One night, when her maid was away, Bern decided to cook a special dinner for her husband. She planned and worked over it all afternoon. "I was having a grand time," she related. "There were to be five courses, each one a favorite of my husband's. But when he reached home, he decided to fix himself a salad with a special dressing which he alone can make. Since then, I have learned to curb my domestic tendencies to a great extent."

How many wives would have been furious at such a reception of their dinner! But Bernardine Flynn is too open-minded to waste energy over such trifles. "I laughed, and ate the dinner I had cooked, while my husband ate his salad. After all, what real difference did it make?" And she is one of those rare women who feel just that way about the incidents of each day. Her heart is too full of love, her mind too occupied with the more important matters of life, to have room for worry over the incidentals of living.

Stage work, mothering younger brothers and sisters, radio stardom, marriage—these are the things which have made Bernardine Flynn's life, helping others as well as herself. And she has been repaid for her efforts by happiness and contentment—and gratitude from the young man to whom she gave his first real chance.

A couple of years ago, Miss Flynn and Don Ameche were doing their first television work together.

"It had been some years since I had had to memorize my work. When we started doing television work, I was unused to speaking a part without a script," Bern explains. "I completely forgot my lines. But Don carried on, in his own efficient and calm way, giving my lines as well as his. I just stood and looked at him."

When he needed assistance, Bern had given it to him. When she needed it, Don helped her. Of such is friendship made.



New Cream Deodorant

No Grease ... No Fuss ... Vanishes and Checks Perspiration Instantly

JUST as the permanent wave antiquated the old-fashioned curling iron, so does this miraculous new "vanishing-cream" deodorant put all the greasy old cream deodorants out of date!

Not only does Odorono Ice disappear into your skin without a trace of stickiness or grease—as easily and pleasantly as vanishing cream—but also it actually checks perspiration, as well as odor!

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cleaner's bills, no more embarrassing odors. You just smooth this fluffy, dainty cream in . . . and forget the whole problem for as much as three days!

Odorono Ice has no strange smell to turn musty after a while. Just the clean, fresh odor of alcohol . . . and that evaporates completely the moment it's on!

It is so simple and pleasant to apply, and so effective, that 80% of the women who have tried it prefer it to any other deodorant they have ever used.

Odorono Ice is only 35¢ at all Toilet-Goods Departments. Don't risk your dresses and your charm another day . . . get a jar NOW!

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I enclose 10¢ (15¢ in Canada) to cover cost of postage and packing for generous introductory jar of Odorono Ice.

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Please rush "Miracle Face Powder Test". (Includes miniature Tangee Lipstick.) I enclose 5¢ (stamps or coin) (10¢ in Canada)...Send sampler checked:

Sampler #1 ☐	Sampler #2 ☐	Sampler #3 ☐
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GRAY HAIR

**AND LOOK 10
YEARS YOUNGER**

NOW, without any risk, you can tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Prove it, by applying the tint to a lock of your own hair. Used and approved—for over twenty-five years by thousands of women. BROWNATONE is safe. Guaranteed harmless for

tinting gray hair. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Is economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as the new gray appears. BROWNATONE imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Just brush or comb it in. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black" cover every need. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

PATTERN FOR LIVING

(Continued from page 35)

starvation diet the other three quarters. I'd hate to go through life in a monotonous way, always denying myself the things I love to eat. I'd much rather have it this way, feast or famine, even if the feasting has to be kept on the short end of the schedule. But I stick to it when I'm dieting. Men can't afford to lose their figures, any more than women can!

"So, for a week this sort of thing, popovers or pancakes for breakfast and all the things I like best for dinner. Then I go on the Hollywood Diet for the other three weeks and at the end of the month the scales balance and my conscience is clear."

"Jimmy has a horror of a bulging waist line or a bulging anything else," his wife explained. "Anyone as meticulous and as fond of clothes as he is, would have. He told me, once, it stems back to the time when he was a little boy and grew so fast that his clothes never did fit him. He'd get a new suit and in a few weeks he'd be growing out of it again. He hit six feet at sixteen, and he was sure he was through with growing then, but he added two inches more before he really stopped."

There's another childhood dream he has made come true. This one has to do with his favorite uncle, one of the Melton kin. This uncle was young, brilliant and successful, everything Jimmy wanted to be when he grew up. And he had a White car, a huge, important-looking car, that could outshine every other car he had ever seen, in every way. It gleamed with the care lavished on it and had every gadget on it that had been invented then.

The highlights of Melton's boyhood were built around that car. The picnics they were taken to in the car, with great baskets of fried chicken and biscuits and cake tucked in the rear, and all the Melton youngsters trying to crowd as close to the driver's seat as possible, and Jimmy usually making the seat of honor right next to his uncle, because he wanted it most of all. They went to circuses in it, too, driving miles to whatever town the tents were pitched in, and sometimes they went on fishing trips. It was no wonder that car seemed the the most marvelous thing in the world to this boy. When he grew up he was going to have one exactly like it!

That first huge modern car of his, long and shiny and the last word in everything, was a big kick, of course, to anyone as mechanically minded as Melton, who shows as fine an appreciation of beautiful workmanship as he does of music.

"My uncle must have felt like this when he first got that White," he said to his wife as they stepped into it for that first drive.

But even that car, and all the other cars that have followed it, weren't enough to appease that childhood longing. For years Melton was on the lookout for a car exactly like his uncle's, and every second-hand car agency in the country had instructions from him to keep an alert eye out for one. And finally he found it, the old 1910 White car, that is his pride today.

By the time he got that car, it had cost him almost as much as the finest car on the market, and then began another long search for all the old gadgets his uncle's car had boasted, and another small fortune was spent in fixing it up—which included tires that had to be made to order for it, and acetylene gas lights. But today it's his—that car, in all its old-time glory.

It was a happy childhood, that childhood of James Melton's. He was born in Georgia, but when he was only a youngster, his father's business took him to Florida and it was there he grew up. They were a big family, the Meltons, and they lived in a big house, and sometimes his father's saw-mill prospered and there were other times when it didn't, so that the Melton youngsters went through enough of a hardening process to insure them that certain quality that makes for success.

James Melton laughs now as he tells how he used to make money for himself when he was a kid. Sometimes he raised pigs, his father lending him the money to buy the young ones and buying them back from him at the market price, after he had taken care of them until they were full grown.

When he was ten he used to get up almost at dawn to take the hands down to his father's mills and, in the spring, he helped as they harrowed the soil, and in the summer he helped with the haying.

Sometimes, on Saturdays, he used to go down and help the native farmers load watermelons on their trucks.

"Just about every half an hour we'd drop one!" he laughed. "And of course it would always be the biggest, juiciest one. I can still see them lying there, cracked wide open, with all that pink meat inviting us to eat them. No watermelons ever have tasted so good since!"

This was the boy who started his own band to pay his way through college; and who decided to be a singer when his whole family had set their hearts on making him a lawyer. But he always knew what he wanted, that lad from Georgia, and so he went to Nashville, Tennessee, to study with Gaetano De Luca, the best singing teacher in the South, and paid his expenses by conducting an orchestra in one of the city's smart hotels.

He was ready for action then, and he came to New York and for three months he was starred in the Roxy Theatre stage shows. Then he was invited to become one of the *Revelers*, the quartet that had taken the country by storm.

It was a terrific honor for a young man just beginning his career, being one of the *Revelers*. Even the most rabid music lovers talked about that quartet with the same respect they used in talking of Bach or Toscanini, and the price of admission to their concerts was as high as that of the most popular Broadway musical comedies.

He started on radio with the quartet and then came stardom on the *Sieberting Hour*, and all the programs after that down to his present one, *The Sealtest*

Sunday Night Party, in which he acts as master of ceremonies, as well as singer.

There were concerts during that time, too, and two different trips to Hollywood to make three pictures.

"I loved making those pictures," James Melton says now, "and I know that sometime I will go to Hollywood again. But I'd never want to devote myself exclusively to picture work. The work is too hard and strenuous for a lifetime job. Hollywood takes too much fun out of life. Of course, my career is mighty important to me, but it still isn't as important as my life."

His wife agrees with him on that. They take life pleasantly, these two, and live in the charming, gracious way that spells true contentment. They don't care for late parties, for rushing around, seeing this place and that one. Neither one of them is drugged with the excitement that so often comes with a professional career.

We went into the living-room. Sunlight streamed through French doors, pheasants trailed bright feathers over the shelves on which they stood, looking as if you'd come upon them in some wood. Books, a whole wall of books, all the fascinating new ones you've been wanting to read and old ones, too, worn some of them, a few even a little shabby, as books will be when the people who own them love them and read them over and over again. A leather portable phonograph, opened on a small table and scattered records near it; the fireplace and the portrait of the lovely girl hanging over it and the great vase of apple blossoms on the grand piano.

And a small Boston Bull, sleeping in



Edward Everett Horton, with Louise Campbell, in the new Paramount picture, *Wild Money*.

the sunlight, and stretching and coming over with none of that suspicious reserve dogs usually have for strangers and making you doubly sure you liked his folks—because, after all, animals do take on the characteristics of people they live with.

They are nice, those young Meltons.

James Melton taking you out on the terrace to show that lovely view of the East River, that he's as proud of as if he had made it himself, and his breast pocket bulging with all those snapshots of the place in Connecticut he's just bought.

And Marjorie Melton's incredibly blue eyes getting even bluer as she told how lucky they were to have lilac bushes there, right near the door of their Connecticut home, so they wouldn't have to wait all

those long years experts say it takes for a newly planted lilac bush to flower, and a hackberry tree spreading its great branches over their roof-top and the apple orchard running its wayward length along New England stone walls.

"I hate giving up this apartment, though," James Melton said suddenly. "I'm going to miss that river."

"Just wait until the first morning in Weston, when you'll walk out in the garden and know it's yours. Your own soil!" His wife smiled. "You won't miss it then."

"Maybe." He looked doubtful for a moment. "Yes, I will. I'll always miss it. Do you mean to say you won't?"

"What do you suppose kept me awake all night?" she asked miserably. And then she laughed. "I know what you're doing, Jim Melton! You're starting a campaign to keep this apartment and the house, too."

He looked surprised, as husbands always do when their wives call their shots that way! But he needn't have looked that way. After all, when a husband and a wife are as close as these two are, with eight happy married years behind them and all the hopes of the future before them, each gets to know the things the other is thinking.

Two grand young people, taking success in the way it should be taken, thankfully, of course, but casually, too, with a true perspective on its place in their scheme of things.

That's how they are, those young James Meltons. You couldn't help liking them, either!

ADVICE TO GIRLS WITH A DATE TONIGHT

If you're all worn out and have a date



Try a Lux Toilet Soap Beauty Bath



It's marvelous how it peps you up



This luxurious Beauty Bath protects daintiness

SO foolish to risk the least offense against daintiness! A Lux Toilet Soap beauty bath leaves you sweet from top to toe. The ACTIVE lather sinks deep—carries away stale perspiration, dust and dirt.

You step out feeling refreshed, sure of yourself. A delicate fragrance clings all about you—the choice, exquisite perfume of Hollywood's favorite soap! 9 out of 10 screen stars use Lux Toilet Soap!

He's sure to say sweet things



TOP FLOOR, PLEASE— AND STARDOM!

(Continued from page 33)



TOILET odors are a danger sign. They mean that the toilet is unclean, unsanitary. You can be sure of safe, glistening toilets with Sani-Flush.

This odorless powder is made scientifically to clean toilets. Just shake a little Sani-Flush in the bowl. (Follow directions on the can.) Flush the toilet and watch stains vanish. Rust and incrustations are banished. Porcelain gleams. You don't have to touch it with your hands! Sani-Flush cannot harm plumbing. It is also effective for cleaning automobile radiators (directions on can). Sold by grocery, drug, hardware, and five-and-ten-cent stores—25 and 10 cent sizes. The Hygienic Products Co., Canton, O.



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It was part of Fate's still unguessed plan that Herbie Kay should see and hear Dorothy Lamour that night. Perhaps Herbie did not recognize it as love at first sight, but he did know that Dorothy was beautiful and he did realize that there was something in her voice worth developing.

"I didn't know I could sing!" Dorothy laughs about it now. "And when Herbie suggested that I sing with his orchestra, travel with them, I told him I couldn't possibly! Travel with all those men!"

Shy little Dorothy, touring the country with fifteen masculine strangers! That thought was frightening enough, without the added terror of having to sing for an audience! She had been able to do it as a lark, but as a career? She shook her dark head. Impossible!

But Herbie was persuasive and there was something about this tall, good-looking man that Dorothy knew instinctively she could trust. Herbie is six-feet-three, light-brown-haired and very good-looking ("I think so, anyway," Dorothy confessed, "and my friends do, too, unless they are kidding me!"), but it was something more than physical attraction. They did not recognize it immediately as love, but something very definitely drew them together that night and established a friendship that was to ripen surely and steadily into a fine and lasting love.

"He taught me everything I know about singing," Dorothy explained softly. "And it was fun traveling with the band, too—I loved it."

For Dorothy definitely is the clinging-vine type and Herbie made her feel safe and protected. And he was eager to develop the voice which had so moved him and give her every opportunity to win the fame he knew she deserved. She was a ready pupil. They worked hard together, and had a glorious time doing it.

This year Dorothy celebrated her second anniversary of marriage with Herbie Kay and her fifth anniversary of joining his band. But Dorothy has more anniversaries than most people, anyway. Even after two years of marriage, they have a monthly anniversary upon which they exchange gifts. Then, besides their regular wedding anniversary in May, they have a second in October!

It happened like this: For a long time, Herbie had been asking Dorothy to marry him, and she had been eager to accept, but the manager she had at that time was very much against it. The best way out of that situation, they decided, was to elope. So, instead of returning to her hotel after the broadcast one night—they were in New York—Dorothy registered at another and in the morning she telephoned Herbie and asked him to bring her some clothes. She really couldn't elope in evening dress and she was afraid to send for her own things, lest the ubiquitous manager follow and disrupt their plans. Herbie, with masculine obtuseness, cheerfully went shopping and showed up with a size 18 suit and a size

42 sweater for his pint-size bride-to-be! So, swathed in clothes sizes too large for her, but too excited and happy to care, Dorothy flew to Chicago with her sweetheart. There her mother, who had flown up from New Orleans, met them and they hastened to Waukegan and were married.

But Dorothy and Herbie belonged to the same church and both felt the need of a religious ceremony. So in October, they were married again, in church, with music and attendants.

"It is a funny thing," Dorothy reminisced softly, "but we were both scared to death, the second time, and terribly flustered. We couldn't even decide how to march into the church and finally Herbie insisted on my going in with my attendant and he followed with the best man. I kept turning back and saying he ought to be with me, and he kept nudging me, to make me go ahead!"

And now it was over and they were married for the second time, and still they couldn't take a honeymoon! Haven't, in fact, had a real one yet. And the career that Herbie was so anxious for Dorothy to have keeps thrusting itself between them, holding them apart, threatening them with all the dangers of prolonged and repeated separations.

For a long time, Dorothy sang on a sustaining program in Chicago, then in New York. Then she was haled to Hollywood to make some movie shorts. Out here, her success has been astounding, one of those Cinderella or Aladdin's lamp tales, where you feel someone must have rubbed a magic lamp or whispered a magic word. With no theatrical ambition or training, she stepped into the film world, made her shorts, achieved fame with her first long picture, *The Jungle Princess*, was borrowed from Paramount by Goldwyn to make *Hurricane*. She also appeared in *Swing High, Swing Low*, with Carole Lombard, and is now scheduled for a sequel to her first picture, as a full-fledged star.

Her radio success is equally thrilling. For some time Dorothy had hoped for a commercial spot, but NBC was afraid the time was not ripe, holding her back rather than to risk featuring her too soon. But the horn of plenty was not yet empty—two nice opportunities were tossed into Dorothy's lap and she chose the spot on the new *Chase and Sanborn* Sunday program, with Don Ameche, W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and, a little later, Nelson Eddy.

Those who said: "Dorothy Lamour is going places!" can now sit back and crow contentedly over their foresight. Dorothy herself is still pleasantly bewildered by it all, and just as thrilled as any girl would be. She knows she owes it to Herbie's faith and determination, rather than to any fairy godmother, and she is happy to be able to justify that faith. She finds both careers equally absorbing. It has been terribly exciting to find that a movie career was open to her and she loves it, has ad-

justed herself to it so completely that she is already worrying about being typed, fearing two jungle princess rôles would be a mistake. The present rôle in *Hurricane* is more to her liking.

Hers is a kind of beauty that lends itself to typing, to glamorous, exotic rôles. She has regular features, long black hair that reaches to her waist—she usually wears it madonna-fashion, parted in the middle and drawn straight back into a knot at the nape of her neck—and lovely hazel eyes, shaded by long dark lashes. As if that were not enough, she has a sensitive, luscious mouth that parts readily in a smile, revealing perfect teeth. She considers herself tall—is about five-feet-four without her heels—and is small-boned and very slender, so that a size 12 is ample for her. By nature she is docile and unassuming, apparently unspoiled by her sudden success and the attendant publicity that makes everything she does news and means that reporters and magazine writers are dogging her footsteps, clamoring to know her story, the secret of her success.

For a long time, an effort was made to conceal her marriage and Kay's influence on her career. Dorothy is glad now to have that veil of secrecy lifted. The words "my husband" roll trippingly from her tongue and she is proud and happy to give him the credit that is his due.

She lives simply, drives herself around in a little Ford convertible, lives in a semi-detached two-floor studio apartment, one room of which has been converted into an Hawaiian playroom.

Because her husband has to be away so much, her mother lives with her and the family circle is completed by a Scottie she adores—sent her by a fan when it was a tiny puppy, it crept into her heart and is well-established there.

Since Herbie's greatest success has been in Chicago and New York—he was Chicago born and raised—he feels that to stay there with his band is wiser than to try to transplant it to the Pacific Coast. He tours a good deal, but for the most part is to be found in some popular Chicago spot, like the Trianon. This means prolonged separations, but both the Kays feel that it is only temporary. Things will work out so that they can be together all the time. Meanwhile, they sunnily make the best of the situation. Dorothy goes to Chicago whenever she can slip away, making the tiresome trip to have even five days with her husband. And, just recently, Herbie declared himself a vacation, the first in six years, and spent several weeks in Hollywood, with his wife.

Of course, she was working in a picture and they could not do all the things they would have liked to do. A day's trip to Ensenada had to do for a sort of honeymoon in celebration of their being together again. And when she is working Dorothy has to be in bed by ten, in order to be up and fresh and ready for the fray early in the morning, for she has to be at the studio at seven.

So you see, being a glamorous movie star has its drawbacks, too. And achieving the sort of spot you've wanted on the radio for years means harder work, not less. For Dorothy takes her career very seriously. She sings with a quiet sincerity that is impressive. Contrary to most blues singers, she does not put on any show, but



Don't Let This Tragedy Happen To You!.....

Starved for life-giving moisture, a flower withers and dies...and your own skin, deprived of its natural moisture, becomes parched and brittle. It begins to have a faded look, spelling the end of beauty, glamour and romance.

As early as 16 your skin starts to dry! Sun and wind steal the natural oils so essential to your beauty. Guard against ruinous "Skin-Thirst" with Outdoor Girl Face Powder—blended with rich Olive Oil to counteract skin dryness.

Like Rain To A Drooping Flower... Is OLIVE OIL To Your Skin



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At drug and department stores
For perfect color harmony of make-up, use Outdoor Girl Rouge and Lipstick.
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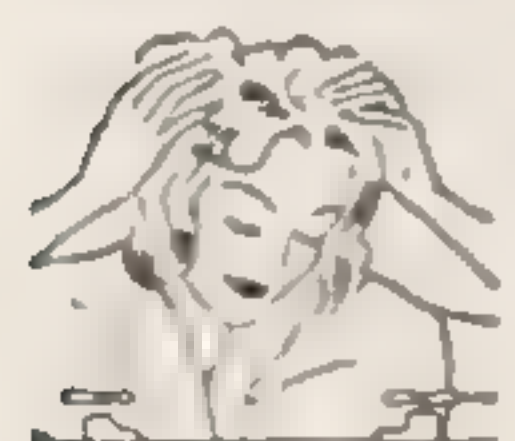
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Colorinse truly glorifies woman's crowning glory—her hair. This natural-color rinse magically reveals the hidden beauty of your hair and gives it sparkling brilliancy. It is neither a dye nor a bleach—but a harmless coloring. Colorinse does not interfere with your natural curl or permanent wave. 12 different shades; see the Nestle Color Chart at all counters.



SO SIMPLE TO USE

Shampoo your hair, then rinse thoroughly and rub partly dry with a towel.

Dissolve the contents of a package of Colorinse in warm water and pour the rinse over your head with a cup.



Dry hair thoroughly, brush it, and you will see a sparkle and brilliance in your hair that will astonish and delight you.

10c for package of 2 rinses, at 10c stores; 25c for 5 rinses at drug and dept. stores.



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Send for this true story of a freckled face girl's life. Learn how her skin freckled easily—how her homely freckles made her self-conscious and miserable at fourteen—how she gave up hope of ever being popular socially, until one day she saw a Stillman's ad.

She purchased a jar of Stillman's Freckle Cream. Used it nightly. Her ugly embarrassing freckles soon disappeared, leaving her skin clear, soft and beautiful.

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stands very still, very close to the microphone, her eyes half closed, her manner tenderly intimate. All her effects are achieved vocally, through some mysterious form of throat and quality of tone. Highly stylized as her singing is, it is as much a part of her as her dark hair and shining eyes and smiling lips.

All a part of the gifts so richly heaped upon her, some at birth, some later. But when with her, you can readily see that it is her love and her marriage that outshine them all. These are the worthwhile things and she will be no less happy as a housewife, as a mother, than she is now in the first glow of success.

With the right people, she thinks, a professional and domestic life can be successfully managed. And Herbie has proved himself an understanding and unselfish husband, in his fostering of her career, has shown his mettle as an absentee husband. Dorothy is proving hers now, retaining her

simplicity, her sane outlook, in spite of the furore created by her sudden rise to fame, in spite of the fact that the big movie and radio moguls are clamoring for her and the white light of publicity shines pitilessly down on her every act. All of this frightens her sometimes and it is sheer relief to go home at night, to the quiet understanding and companionship of Herbie, when he can be there, and her mother always, and the amusing capers of her dog.

Later, she likes to think—and not too much later, either—there will be a real home and babies.

"We've been married two years now," she repeated wistfully in that soft and moving voice, "and we still celebrate our monthly anniversaries—I hope it will go on like that!"

It ought to. For Dorothy has sincerity and a sense of proportion. If she can retain these two, she has nothing to fear in Hollywood.

TALES FROM THE REDWOOD

(Continued from page 25)

To give you a better slant at the man, let's dip into biography for a minute. Back in Philadelphia, when Claude William Dukinfield was eleven, he suddenly made a decision. He had been reared in rather squalid surroundings, and his early years had been marked by unhappiness. So one day he packed his meager belongings and, stopping only long enough to smack his father over the head with a large wooden box, he departed. To this day he regrets neither the departure nor the conking of his old man. He still thinks the old boy had it coming.

Bill Fields says he didn't really run away from home—he just never came back. He stayed in Philadelphia, living in barns and livery stables, and occasionally permitting himself the luxury of an empty piano box. He kept himself alive by swiping fruit from grocery stores and begging nickels, with which he invaded the corner saloon, bought small glasses of ginger ale and feasted on the free lunch—until the bartender caught him.

At one time he found himself holding the dubious rank of secretary of the Orlando Social Club. The Orlando Social Club was a group of strong-nosed individuals who had quarters over a livery stable. As secretary, Fields was allowed to live in the clubroom.

When he was fifteen he saw a juggling act at a cheap vaudeville house, and was fascinated. With apples and oranges, stolen from nearby markets, he spent his waking hours practicing the art, and finally became so efficient he was able to command a salary of five dollars a week at a local amusement park.

A year later he was working at an Atlantic City pavilion, dividing his time between juggling, at twenty shows daily, and being rescued from the Atlantic. The "rescue" was part of the act, for the crowds always followed Fields to the pavilion, and they often stayed to buy beer.

Next came a period in a circus, and then Fields boosted his income to twenty-five

dollars weekly in burlesque. From there it was but a step to cheap vaudeville, and then to the bigger time, with a hundred and twenty-five dollars every Saturday night. It was during this period that he began touring Europe and acquiring an education. He acquired the education by walking into a bookshop with an empty trunk and asking the startled dealer to fill it up with educational tomes.

The next step for Bill Fields was musical comedy. He was a Ziegfeld star, at five thousand per week, for seven years. Then came pictures, and then, as everyone knows, came Charlie McCarthy.

Here's the way W. C. describes his rise to fame: "In the circus they knocked you over the head with a tent stake. In burlesque, they didn't even speak. In vaudeville, there was a little politeness, in musical comedy, they were very polite, and in pictures, they were kinder still. And now, in radio, I don't know whether they're kidding me or not. I've never been handled so gently."

Right now Bill Fields is laughing back at Life—Life which has juggled this juggler for so many years. He's healthy (weighs 165 and is completely recovered from his illness), he's happy and he's in love—with radio. What more could a guy want, except perhaps a Scotch and soda?

"Sometimes," said W. C., "I get a letter complaining about the insinuations I make regarding Charlie McCarthy's parentage, but I've got a plan for that. In the future, I'm going to ask that all complaints be accompanied by ten empty packages of Chase & Sanborn.

"Listeners get the feeling that Charlie is human, and so does everyone around the studio. Sometimes I get it, myself, when I catch Edgar Bergen and Charlie off in a corner enjoying a heart-to-heart talk with themselves. All I know is that the more I hate him the more I love him. But I won't know he's human until he bites me!"

SIR GALAHAD WARING

(Continued from page 38)

Ford Hour. He expects, however, to be back on the air come October. A contract is now being readied for a fall radio appearance of the *Pennsylvanians*. After *Varsity Show*, in which he and his band are starring with Dick Powell on the Warner Brothers lot, shall be completed. He likes Hollywood. He says, with his characteristic caution, that he will not say how he likes pictures until after he knows whether or not *Varsity* is successful.

He is a rabid golf fan. He shoots in the low eighties and plays at every opportunity. In the East his golfing partners are, frequently, Tommy Armour and Gene Sarazen. The candid camera and making amateur movies are his other hobbies.

There is something firm and something fine about Fred Waring. There is the quality of inflexibility of character. He is on the small side, five feet, eight inches tall, weighs one hundred and thirty-five well-knit pounds. He has wavy brown hair. His eyes are very blue and even when he smiles his eyes seem to be remembering other things—things to which smiles did not belong—perhaps his brother who, surviving the World War, twice gassed and several times wounded, returned home alive only to be killed by a railroad train within eyeshot of the Waring home. Such things would leave their ineradicable scars on the sensitiveness of Fred Waring.

He attributes his standards—quaint, old-fashioned word, “standards,” in a world which has pretty well mocked them into the waste-basket—to his Methodist upbringing. To his devout, gentle mother, the example of his firm-charactered father. To their Methodist home, where cards were not allowed, dancing accounted a sin, the world of the theatre more remote and more unreal and more dreadful than fabled Babylon. He also attributes his standards to the Boy Scouts, of which he became a passionately loyal member at an early age. To such standards as these, to their precepts of honesty and decency and good citizenship and good deeds, he gives credit for whatever there is worthwhile in his pattern of life today. “He is,” his brother Tom told me, affectionately, “a grown-up Boy Scout, Fred, and always will be.”

He is the little Father Confessor, Scout Master, Big Brother, mother, counselor and physician, to the thirty-eight members of his band. The day I talked with him, I watched him on the *Varsity* set, while Johnny Davis (“the only white edition of Cab Calloway,” said Fred) was scat singing his throat raw and our ears off. I watched Fred busily rubbing and bandaging the sprained foot of Frank Perkins. He knows every one of his boys’ personal histories, all of their problems. He has seen them through all of their romances, officiated at and blessed all of their marriages. Of the thirty-eight members of the band, only two are unmarried. Fred believes in marriage, in early marriage. When two of his boys passed away Fred grieved as did



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their own blood kin. They call him Fred, the members of his band.

There are three requirements which a candidate for Fred's *Pennsylvanians* must meet: (1) They must play their instruments well. Not perfectly, not even professionally, but with feeling, with a love of what they are doing. (2) They must have voices which can be trained the Waring way. Fred prefers that they have had no previous vocal training at all. He prefers to take good raw material and train it his own way. Nor does he permit them, once they are *Pennsylvanians*, to take any lessons "outside." And, with uncanny instinct, he can tell if anyone disobeys this edict. And (3) they must be of good moral character. This is by far the most important of the three requirements. It really is all-important. It is the pass-key to becoming a *Pennsylvanian*. Morale matters more than music.

Fred said to me: "I can train a girl or boy, musically, my way, given any natural material at all. *But you can't change the stuff of which a man is made.*"

I said, then, to this serious young maestro who, having visioned a Grail, has the courage to pursue it: "But why? Why, specifically, do you consider these standards so necessary?"

"Do you," countered Fred immediately, "enjoy hearing the *Ave Maria* sung? Do you get a thrill when you hear *The Lord's Prayer* sung?"

I said that I did, indeed.

"Then," said the maestro, "you must want to hear them sung from the heart. You must want to hear them sung, as they should be sung, with conviction, with reverence, with truth. And no man can sing them with reverence and truth if that man has been out on a spree the night before. For I believe that *the man comes through his music*. At the risk of sounding too elegiac, I also believe that only the 'pure in heart' should be allowed to sing the great religious music, or the old songs which are dear to all of us, sacred to us because of time and association. *Old Black Joe, In the Gloaming, The Lost Chord* ... We heard our mothers sing them in the morning of our life. And so they should remain fresh and fair and beautiful and untainted. They cannot remain so if the instrument who gives them to us is the very antithesis of the simple virtues.

"That is one major reason why I try to engage the members of my band on character rather than on musical facility alone. I never have been signally fooled, so far as I know. I have, occasionally, been disappointed. Many years in show business do train a man to read character. I may pride myself unduly, but I believe that I read it pretty well.

"I am not too prudish, I hope. I don't make it a hard and fast rule that my boys can never smoke a cigarette, never take a drink. I *prefer* that they do neither. But I insist that they do neither in front of me, or when they are working. When we were doing scenes for *Varsity*, at Pomona College last week, for instance, I would have felt very badly had any of my boys, and more especially the girls, of course, been seen smoking or taking a drink. I never smoke myself, never have. I seldom take a drink. I won't say that I *never* do. I do take a glass of wine now and then, a very occasional cocktail before dinner. I never do even this much in front of the

boys. They know that I take a drink, infrequently. But having given orders that they must not smoke or drink in front of me, I must, naturally, abide by my own rules. I've never been intoxicated in my life, so have no knowledge of that 'special' state of being."

Well, it must be successful, this standard-bearing of Sir Galahad Waring. For there hasn't been a replacement in the band in the past seven years. Fred doesn't advertise. He has a perpetual waiting list of applicants, running into the hundreds. He adds to his band from time to time. There have been two deaths. And as the band has been successful in its own body, so to speak, so it has been successful professionally, as the public knows. Three of the original foursome are still *Pennsylvanians*. Fred himself, his brother Tom (who looks like Chester Morris and wrote the popular song hits *So Beats My Heart For You, Way Back Home, Desire* and others), and James Roland (Poley) McClintock. Fred Buck, the fourth of the original foursome, passed away some years ago. Out of the band, out of this life, but not out of the memories of Fred and the boys.

"His presence," said Fred, "is always with us. And materially with us in the innumerable arrangements he contributed to the band's musical library.

"Perhaps," Fred said, "it's because I'm not an actor, that I still 'do business' from the point of view of the Methodist Boy Scout from Tyrone, Pennsylvania, where I was born. People tell me I'm not an actor, often enough, goodness knows. Perhaps this picture will settle that point. I certainly never intended to become an actor, nor even a bandleader. I intended to become an architect or, possibly, a banker like my father. I became a bandleader only because they wouldn't let me join any of the dramatic societies at college. Only because *I didn't make the Glee Club!* That made me so fighting mad that I told the other fellows, Tom and Poley and Fred, who didn't rate, either: 'Some day we'll show them what music and acting really are! We'll organize a dance band and give performances, too. The very fellows who are turning thumbs down on us now will be applauding us one of these days, thumbs up.'

"Perhaps I *am* just a Boy Scout, grown up. That's all right with me. I wouldn't want a prouder title. Perhaps I haven't changed much from the kid I was when Tom and Fred and Poley and I called ourselves the *Scrap Iron Quartette*, back in Tyrone, and sang on our front porch in the evening, sang *Old Black Joe* and *Bring Back My Bonnie To Me*. While the neighbors sat and rocked on their front porches, back of their screens of honeysuckle, waving their palm leaf fans, applauding us. And the fireflies were our only lights and the crickets and the tree toads our only orchestration.

"There was something sweet and fine and folksy and satisfying about it. I know that our hearts swelled, fit to burst our skinny little chests, as we sang. And it's the kind of music I still believe in, the kind of an audience I still want. We were singing from our hearts, from the bottoms of our heels, from the depths of our young souls. We didn't need alcohol or any other stimulant to give it all we had. We were

young, we were Galahads, if you like. And we still sing from our hearts, my band and I.

"We were working hard in those days, too. Another habit we've never outgrown. We were saving for college educations. We all wanted to go to Penn State—which, by the way, my great-grandfather founded. And I worked in the village bakery, Tom worked in the village haberdashery, Poley drove a milk wagon and Fred Buck worked on the local news sheet. We did all kinds of odd jobs, in between times, too.

"And now, and always, I have tried to train the boys to do all kinds of musical, of showmanship jobs, so that they can be ready for anything. And they are ready for anything. We've put on dramatic shows on the air. We've been on the stage, in musical comedy, in vaudeville.

"Now, we're doing a picture. And in this picture the boys and girls are not just a band, vague impersonal faces and hands behind their instruments. They are, for the first time in the history of a band, I believe, playing individual, name parts. They always have been individuals, distinct personalities, with distinct abilities. Ferne is famed for her muted violin solos. Frank Perkins, composer and arranger, wrote *Stars Fall On Alabama*, *Cabin In the Cotton*, *Emaline*, *Sentimental*, and other songs. You know what Tom has done and is doing. Johnny Davis, our trumpeter and scat singer, wrote *That's What I Learned in College*. Rosemary and Priscilla Lane, Lola's sisters, you know, are certainly personalities. George and Arthur McFarland, our identical twins, are saxophonists, clarinetists and singers. Arthur is the one who heckles me on (and off) the program.

"Yes, we're ready for anything!" Fred smiled, the thoughtful, slightly anxious smile of one who has worked hard and fast and long in order to be "ready for anything." "We're even ready for television, when it comes in."

"We have always experimented," Fred was saying, over his apple pie and iced coffee, "and we still are experimenting, trying out novelties, changing the pace and the mood as often and as variously as possible. We have always gone in for variety, the boys going goofy on a tune like *Annie Doesn't Live Here Any More*, then following with a number like *The Rosary*, handled with as much delicacy as we can give it, then a hot number, a sweet instrumental, a potpourri. We can change, if the public wants us to. I have several new ideas right now."

Fred Waring speaks as he works, as he sings, as he plays, as he lives—from his heart.

Sir Galahad Waring!

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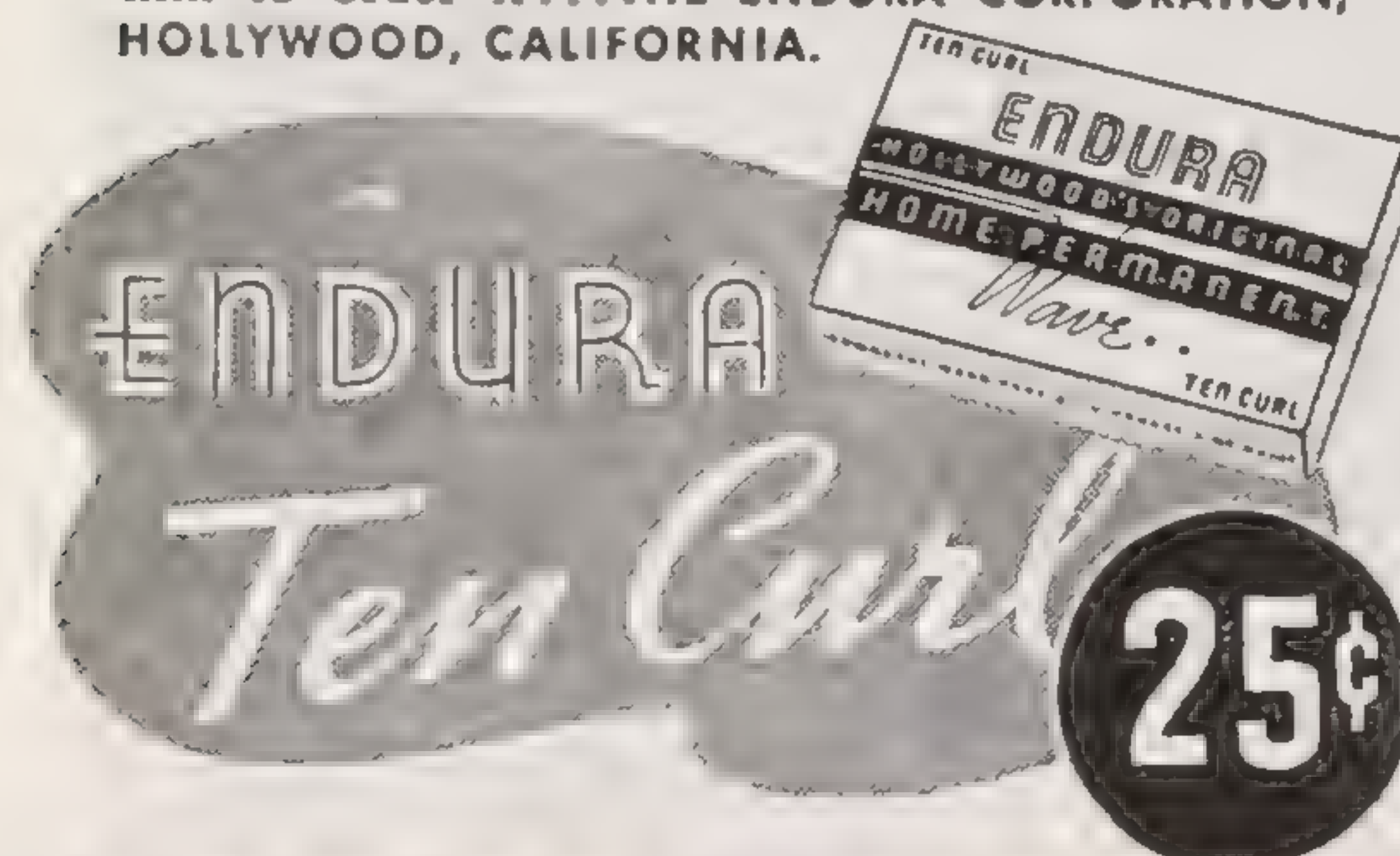
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THE GIRL WHO MIGHT HAVE OWNED HOLLYWOOD

(Continued from page 23)

growing confidence, predicted that the coming of moom pitcher actors would be the death knell of real estate values in Hollywood, Grandfather Edwards, a grand old pioneer but, manifestly, a very poor business man, up and left. He left Hollywood to its heathen idols and thus passed up a fortune that would have left his descendants gold and to spare in these hyar hills.

"He had no business sense, my grandfather," Virginia told me "and it was all rather tragic—especially the burning of the ranch house. For just about the time when he was wondering what was best to do, a discharged Negro slave poured kerosene over the ranch house one night and burned it to the ground. They never got over it, Grandmother and Grandfather. He died soon afterwards and Grandmother developed melancholia. She is still living, though in some remote half-world, in a sanatorium near here."

Virginia's mother and her sister used to stand, in childhood days, one on either side of what is now the Bowl and whistle to each other across the space which, today, echoes with symphonies under the stars. Virginia feels perfectly at home in the Bowl, she says. She has a sense of "coming back." She never goes there now, she says, to the symphonies, that she doesn't think she hears the thin, reedy little-girl voices of her mother and her Aunt Virginia, in the days when the Bowl was the Edwards Ranch and all. Hollywood lay in the hollow of her grandfather's hand.

A very strange story, this story of one of the founders of Hollywood, who left it because he didn't like the idea of the movies coming in. Whose "hard-shell" bones must quaver now as his granddaughter sings and dances to stardom on the very ground he was among the first to claim.

Virginia said: "I always seemed to have a sixth sense about music, somehow. I don't know how. But I'd make my own arrangements and they'd always be right. I must have been born knowing." Or she may have inherited this strange sixth sense from the father she never saw. For Virginia's own father was Charley McLean, the Paul Whiteman of his day. He had, his daughter reminded me, one of the swell-est bands of his time, or any other time. Abe Lyman was his drummer. Cliff Friend his vocalist. And Harry Richman his pianist. Just a month before the small Virginia was born, her mother and father separated. And when, in her 'teens, she was on her way to see him for the first time, he died before she could reach him. But the legend of his charm, of his good looks, of his brilliant ability has been handed down to her. He was too charming, it seems, to too many people. Too restive and too romantic for domestic chains to hold.

"Mother took care of me, of course," said Virginia. "And there has been an entire misconception about my life when I was a child. Almost everything written about it has been wrong. I'll tell you how it really

was. Mother, at first, turned to the only profession she knew at all, the stage. And as Amy McLean she was as well known in her way as my father was in his, on all the Western vaudeville circuits.

"During the time she was on the road I lived with my aunt, Mother's sister. Because Mother felt, wisely, that I needed a home, should not be left to the care of servants. I was a funny, rather an unsatisfactory little thing, I should imagine. Something was always wrong with me. I had to have a major operation when I was just a few weeks old. I had every childhood disease on the clinical calendar—mumps, measles, whooping cough, every one of them. And all of them dreadfully.

"When I was eight or so I had an accident which just about finished me for life. I was swinging on the school playground. I came down hard on the hob-nailed boot of another child. The nail tore a ligament and a blood vessel right under my heart and the loss of blood or something resulted in a paralysis from the waist down. So that, for nearly two years, I couldn't walk a step. Later, I had a facial paralysis which twisted one side of my face horribly. Even now, when I am very tired, one eye droops a little. It isn't noticeable, I guess, to anyone but me.

"I was, also, very quiet, very unaffectionate. I'm not affectionate now. Don't know how to be. I always kept to myself in school. Never played with the other children. And I had, as I have now, only one chum—Flo. We've been chums ever since. She's a swell girl. She works for Walt Disney.

"After a time Mother gave up vaudeville and went to work for Alexander Pantages, as his private secretary. Later she was promoted to the position of head booker for all the Pantages Theatres. There isn't anyone in show business Mother doesn't know, few she hasn't helped and nothing at all she doesn't know about the business itself. Mother pretty nearly gave me an inferiority complex for life. She is so very handsome, so vital, so efficient. I naturally got to feel that anything I did would be done, first, with Mother's hands and 'pull.'

"Her chief reason for leaving the stage and taking a local position was so that we could have a home together. And there is where the misconception comes in. People seem to believe that Mother 'pushed me'—on to the air, on to the screen. It isn't so. She never wanted me to be a professional. She didn't want me to work at all, at anything.

"After she became connected with the Pantages Theatre enterprises, we had a lovely home, cars, servants, everything. I went to Hollywood High for a time, didn't like it, and went to the John Marshall School. I finished my education with a tutor. I was as sheltered as a small nun. I never met any theatrical people. When Mother and my stepfather had guests, I always excused myself and went to my

room. I was so sort of religious and idealistic that I cried, I remember, the first time I saw my mother take a cocktail and realized what it was. Instead of inheriting Hollywood from Grandfather Edwards, I guess I inherit some of his 'hard shell,' laughed Virginia.

"I just didn't know what it was all about. I think that part of the way I feel now, about falling in love, you know, and men and dates and all that, must come from the way I was disciplined and suppressed as a child—mostly by my stepfather. He loved me, in his way, I know. And he adopted me legally, which is the 'why' of the Verrill. But he firmly believed that children should be seen and not heard. He wouldn't permit me to go out with boys. I acquired a premonition that dire disaster would befall me if I ever so much as went to the movies alone with a boy. It was all very unhappy. I never went out with a boy alone in my life until after I was eighteen, when I went to New York. Mother went with me, and separated from my stepfather. Well, things like that leave marks. Ineradicable, perhaps."

Virginia's very first public appearance was of an amusing nature. Charley Chase was a very good friend of Amy McLean's. One day they were planning to go to Tia Juana, with a small party. Small Virginia was, as usual, to be left at home. Charley sensed the loneliness behind the immense star sapphires which are Virginia's eyes. He said: "Let's take the child along. She can't be shut away like a jewel in a velvet case forever, Amy. She needs to meet and mix with people."

As a result of Charley's intervention, Virginia went to Tia Juana with the party. And while there her mother, she says, laughing, was in agony lest the child realize that it was not lemonade they were drinking. Later, a floor show was improvised. Everyone sang, danced, strutted their stuff. Small Virginia pulled Charley's sleeve and whispered that she would like to sing for them, that she could sing very well, that she had even made her own arrangements.

Amy McLean was amused, and not too pleased. She said: "Nonsense! What is the child talking about? She has never had a lesson. She can't sing in public."

But the child could, and did. She sang to repeated encores. She sang to a house brought to its feet and cheering. And perhaps sensed, then, that Grandfather Edwards had sacrificed the Hollywoods in vain. For theatrical Hollywood, haughty and reviled, was striking back at the old pioneer, with his own blood.

And so it began. But Hollywood, her own, her native land, was not like the "house" down in Tia Juana. Virginia sang, it is true, over practically every radio station in Los Angeles. She once sang with Paul Whiteman, when he was playing a local engagement. It was then and there that she first met Bing Crosby, still her good friend. She sang with Orville Knapp's band at the Grand Hotel in Santa Monica. She sang over the NBC network, on the *Shell* show.

But the movies would have none of her—visually. The very first thing she ever did in movies was, sight unseen, to dub a song for Barbara Stanwyck in *Ten Cents a Dance*. Her next movie "blind date" was to dub a song in *Reckless*.

It appeared that the "theatre folk" Grand-



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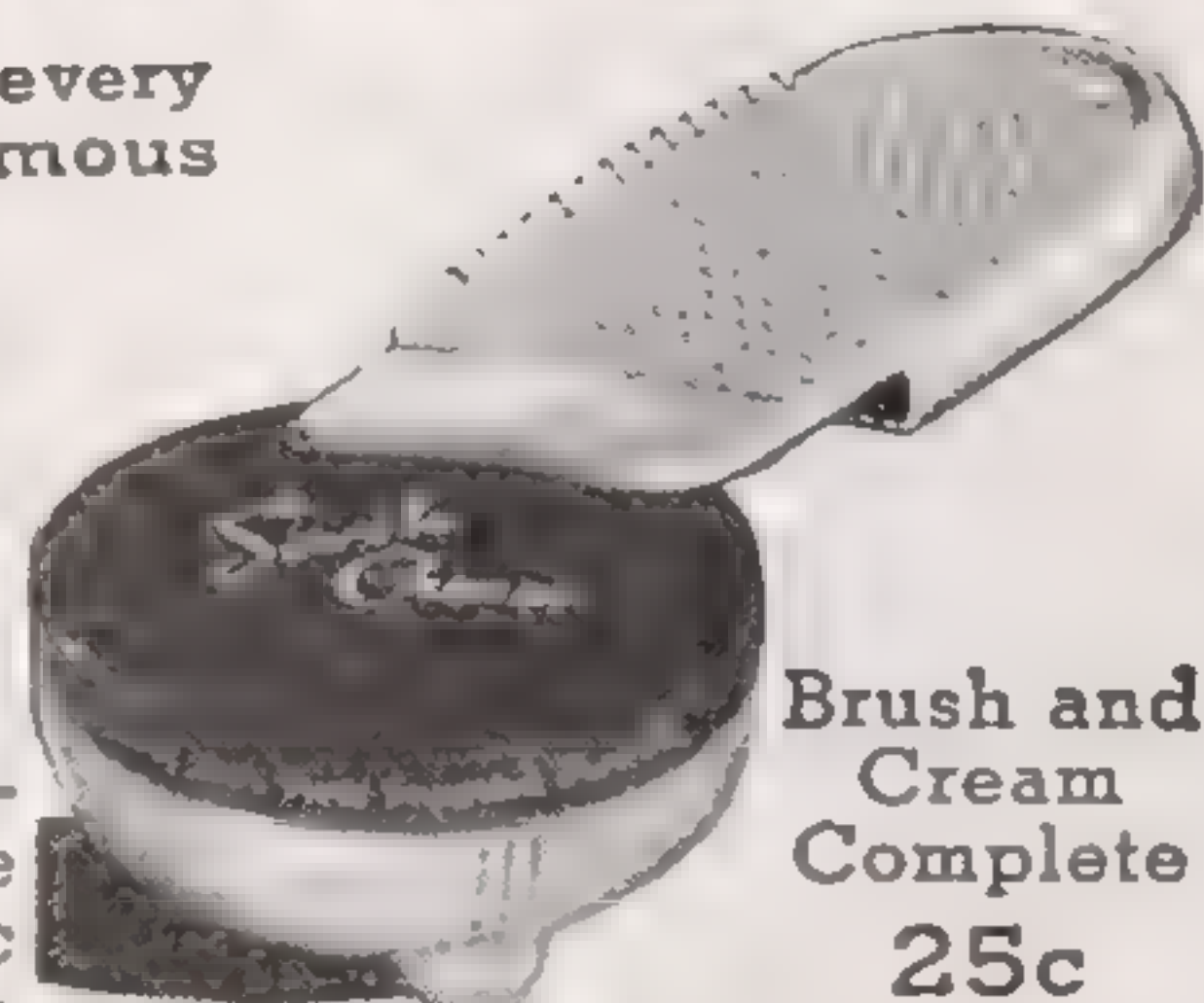
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Blemi-Stik

When "periodic" pimples threaten to ruin your good time, bring Miner's Blemi-Stik to the rescue. Dab a little on each ugly blotch—fluff on powder—add a touch of rouge. See? That wretched spot is clear now—your skin looks perfect. Will he ever know? Never! Blemi-Stik conceals freckles, rings under eyes, birth marks and other disfiguring spots, too. Lasts all day, won't rub off or streak. Harmless. Water proof. At drug and dept stores 50c or mail coupon with 10c for generous trial size.

MINER'S, 40B E. 20 ST., N. Y. C.

4 SHADES
Sun-Tan
Light
Medium
Brunette

Enclosed find 10c (stamps or coin) for trial size Miner's Blemi-Stik.

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Shade _____

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START \$1260 to \$2100 YEAR

Men—Women

Get Ready

Immediately

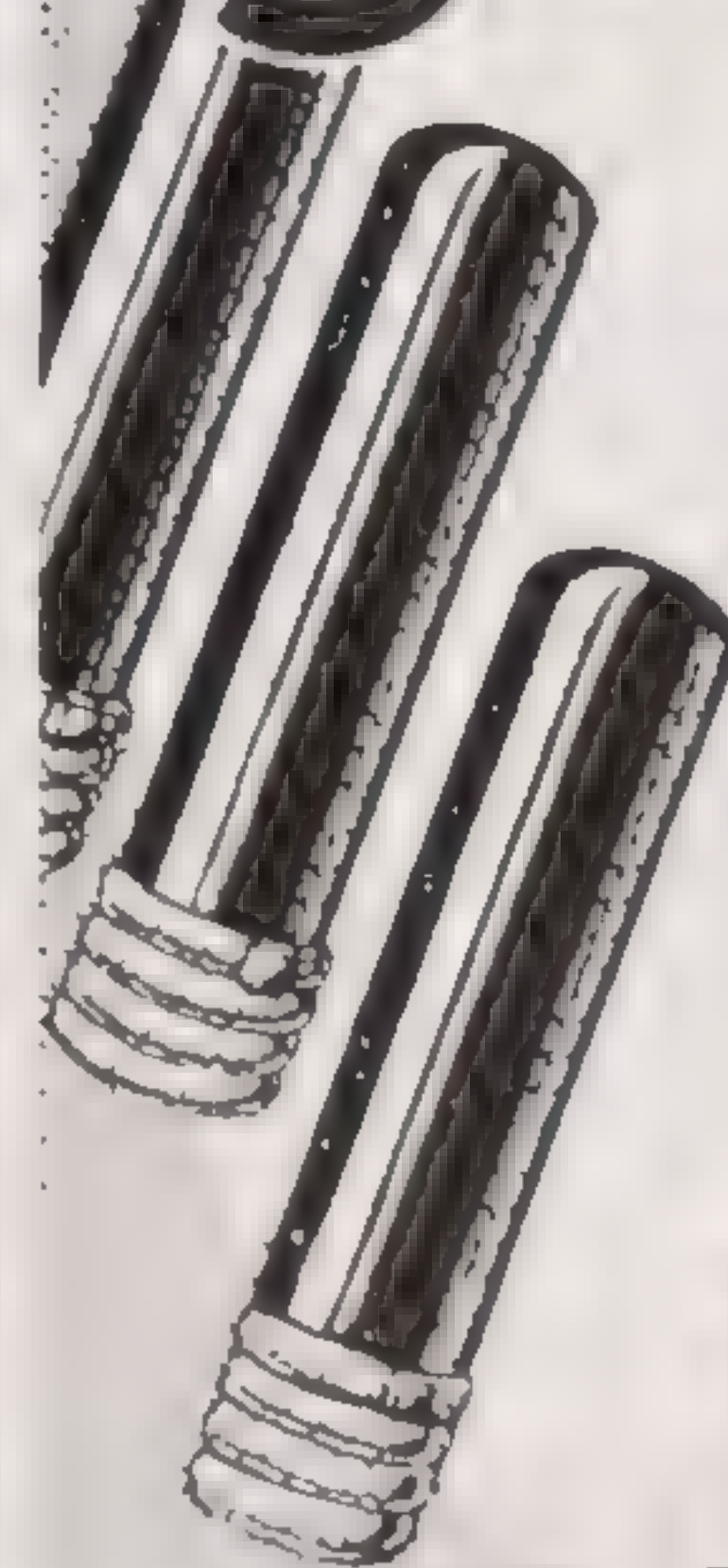
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Mail Coupon

Today Sure.

COUPON / FRANKLIN INSTITUTE
Dept. F-265, Rochester, N. Y.
Send me 32-page book with list of U. S. Government Jobs. (2) Tell me how to get one.
Name _____
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3 LIPSTICKS Free



SENSATIONAL OFFER! Let us send you 3 full trial sizes of the well known FLAME-GLO Triple Indelible Lipstick FREE, each in a different, fascinating shade so you can discover the color most becoming to you. To introduce our newest achievement, we will also send you a tube of REJUVIA MASCARA CREAM, with brush! guaranteed waterproof! Just send 10c in stamps to cover mailing costs. Glorify your lips with FLAME-GLO... send coupon TODAY!

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REJUVIA BEAUTY LABS. DEPT. CD, 395 B'WAY, N. Y.
Send me 3 trial size FLAME-GLO Lipsticks and REJUVIA Mascara Cream; enclosed find 10c (Stamps or Coin) for mailing cost (15c in Canada)

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CHECK MASCARA COLOR DESIRED

☐ BLACK ☐ BROWN ☐ BLUE

10c AND 20c
AT LEADING
5 & 10c STORES



A COMFORT I
NEVER DREAMED
OF!

AND HOLLY-PAX
IS SO EASY
TO USE!

A New Freedom
FOR WOMEN!

**APPROVED SANITARY
PROTECTION**

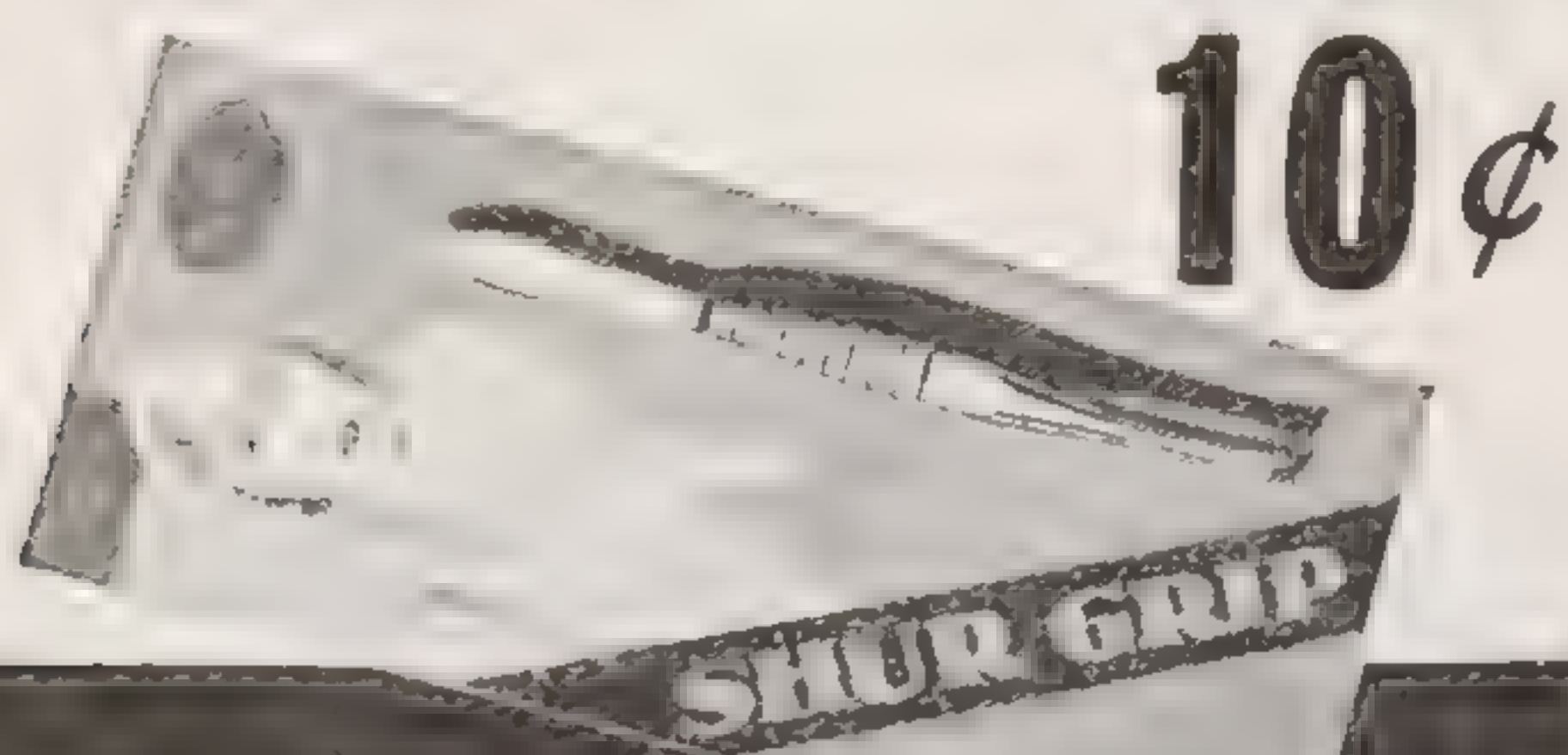
to be Worn Internally ...

Once you have known the glorious freedom and comfort of Holly-Pax, the modern method of sanitary protection, you'll never go through a period without it.

Worn internally, Holly-Pax is never felt, and never shows. No fussing with pins or belts. Holly-Pax is approved by the Bureau of Feminine Hygiene. Package of Four, 10c.

THE WIX COMPANY
Minneapolis — Los Angeles

holly-Pax
AT 5 AND 10¢ STORES



Beauty
HAS LUSTROUS EYES

• Carefully tended eyebrows enhance the charm of lovely eyes ... HENCO Tweezers simplify eyebrow care. Finger-rest grip on handles, and platform points (corrugated inside) for positive grip without cutting the hair when plucking, thinning and training. Each pair individually tested.

Henkel-Clauss Co.
Fremont, Ohio



Fine Cutlery For
50 Years

Ask for HENCO Nail Files and Tweezers (10c) ...
Manicure Scissors (20c) ... at drug and 5&10c stores.

father Edwards so abhorred were wreaking vengeance into the second generation. And then—then Columbia Broadcasting System signed her, featured her on the *Mobile Magazine* for a time, sent her, finally, to New York, where she appeared for many months on the *Flying Red Horse Tavern* hour, with Johnny Green's orchestra and Christopher Morley. She was a featured vocalist with Green's orchestra at the Biltmore Hotel in New York. And she sang for many months, the longest engagement of its kind ever played, at the Paradise Restaurant. And then she had her own show, *Vocals by Verrill*, on the Columbia network. And now she is a member of the *Show Boat* crew, captained by Charles Winninger.

All of which you may know. What you do not know is what New York, that experience, did for the girl practically nobody knew up to that time—the girl who, more importantly, did not know herself.

"For right here," said Virginia, "is where the other misconception about me rears its ugly little head. People have got it all wrong when they've said that I had to go to New York to be 'discovered,' that the movies would have none of me. The truth of it is, the movies *could* have none of me. No producer in his right mind would have signed me up, even for a bit part. To begin with, I was *fat*. I weighed more than one hundred and thirty pounds. My face was puffed out like a pouter pigeon's with the mumps. My hands and feet were enormous. My arms were thick and fat. I didn't know anything about life—and looked it. I was awkward and unprofessional. I learned about life in New York!" smiled Virginia—not too happily, I thought—"I lost weight, of course, until I was down to ninety-eight pounds. But that wasn't the most of it. I learned about show business. I went through what, to be sort of contrary, we will call a 'refining' process. I was bucking up against the biggest, fiercest, most competitive city in the world and somehow, I can't quite explain how, it changed me. It changed me in every way. My figure changed. Even my face changed. My hands and arms and feet changed. The expression in my eyes, the way I wore clothes, I became 'knowing.' I was, actually, sadder and very much wiser. You see, there is no show business, per se, in Hollywood. There are very few night clubs. I had to learn the *patois*, in New York, the pattern and how to fit into it. I believe that I did. I had my edges smoothed, the rough surfaces sand-papered by experiences of all kinds.

"I went out with boys, with men, for the first time in my life. I was wine and dined. I was proffered champagne and orchids and ermine wraps! I didn't take them but I learned what it was all about, how it was done and why. I heard other girls, girls at the Paradise, tell about their dates, their experiences. And I learned from them what seemed to me to be their bitterly sad experiences. I knew that I wanted none of that—but, you see, I *knew*. That's what showed in my eyes, in the way I walked and talked and behaved.

"I didn't fall in love. As I've told you,

I've never been in love. Perhaps because I never have believed, and can't believe now, that a boy likes me for myself alone. When I was in school and was the head of my class and boys asked me to go out with them, I wouldn't go (I wouldn't have been allowed to, anyway) because I thought they just wanted to be seen with the 'head of the class,' not with me, Virginia Verrill. After I was on the air, and boys asked me for dates, I thought, and still think, they just wanted to say that they had 'been out with Verrill—she's at the Paradise, you know.' I saw so much of that sort of thing. I went on dates, lots and lots of them. With all kinds of men, young and middle-aged. I like boys of my own age best, really. I went everywhere, saw everything. I learned all the answers. And the one I always used was: 'Goodnight, thank you so much,'—*at the door of the car*. The only man I really enjoyed going out with was a young doctor in New York, a very clever one. I liked him because he was quiet, because he was nice, because, though he enjoyed going out and dancing and having fun, he never got tight, liked to talk, was dignified and intelligent and awfully decent.

"I suppose it's a case, too, of having ideals. I hope to fall in love five or six years from now. I want to marry. I love children and hope to have some of my own. But when I marry I shall leave show business and make my home my career. I wouldn't want to marry the kind of a man who would *want* to be married to a professional woman, if you know what I mean. And I just haven't met the other kind, as yet, that's all. Or I haven't fallen in love with one of them, anyway.

"The only man whose approval I care for right now is—Mr. Goldwyn. He is paying me my salary. He gave me my contract. What he thinks of me is the only important thing. I want to prove to him, but even more to myself, that I can make good. I want money, yes. But mostly for what it can do for others. I know that sounds sappy and sort of gormy and has been said ten thousand times before. But I'm selfish about it. I like to do things for others because of the way it makes *me* feel, swell inside. I wired Mother the other day (she was in New York, reading scripts for me): '*All right, you supported me in luxury for the first eighteen years of my life. Now I'll support you in luxury for the next eighteen years and after that it will be every man for himself.*' Mother got a big laugh out of that.

"I've signed for two grand commercials on the air. I've just made *Vogues* of 1938 for Walter Wanger. I'm under long-term contract to Mr. Goldwyn and am now making his *Goldwyn's Follies*. All in color, thank goodness! I've staked my claim on Hollywood, at last. And, unlike Grandfather, I'm going to stay with it. I won't be sidetracked. I won't get married for at least five years. I won't fall in love. I have my emotional nature well under my thumb. I may not have inherited Hollywood," laughed Virginia, that low, "blues," somehow melancholy laugh of hers, "but I have inherited my own heart."

COMING!

in Radio Stars for October, a never before published story of
Robert L. (Believe-It-or-Not) Ripley

PHILOSOPHER on the FLYING TRAPEZE

(Continued from page 31)

almonds in lots of butter), sat back for a moment in deep thought and then said:

"I must tell you about Michael, he's my son. He knocked an Astor down the other day. This Astor boy tried to take Michael's Teddy-bear away from him, so Michael was forced to slug him. Ah, the fighting Irish!"

"Fighting Irish" is right, for many a fight did little Walter O'Keefe have, back there in Hartford, Connecticut, where he was born in 1900. The son of an advertising man, who was (couldn't you guess it?) an irrepressible amateur comic, and a mother whose wit was a byword, he sparkled so well himself that an uncle hustled him off to school at Wimbledon, England.

"My father had had me taught singing, so that I wouldn't go in for jokes and trespass on his field, but," he smirked, "I used to tell one now and then when he wasn't looking! He said it wasn't proper for a mere chit to be wisecracking, especially when *he* was the comic. But when the boat and I headed for England and I left the folks behind, I started right in telling jokes to sailors, stewards and the more unfortunate passengers who couldn't avoid the imp that I was. Finally, at the ship's concert (they couldn't keep me out of it), I got up to tell my prize joke—and forgot the point completely—I was so excited!"

It's amazing that this young man—who, on reading that a man who marries a beautiful girl and a good housekeeper has an ideal marriage, is reputed to have said: "It sounds like bigamy to me!" should ever want to give up the fascinating job of coining *bon mots* of that calibre, but this O'Keefe did—he wanted to become a priest. Of course, it may have been the reception accorded that joke that gave him the idea of quitting the cares and troubles of this world, but at any rate he enrolled at St. Thomas Academy, Hartford, Connecticut.

This didn't last, however, so he tackled Notre Dame with a well-worded letter. The response was encouraging, so he hit for South Bend, and history has it that he tapped on the door of the Knute Rockne home, looking for shelter, and was brought into the bosom of the family. Mr. O'Keefe, history continues, was not one of Notre Dame's *Four Horsemen*. He did meet Charlie Butterworth and the meeting has left its mark on him—a mark you'll have to hunt for—as Charlie took advantage of an opportunity when Walter was fixing an untied shoelace.

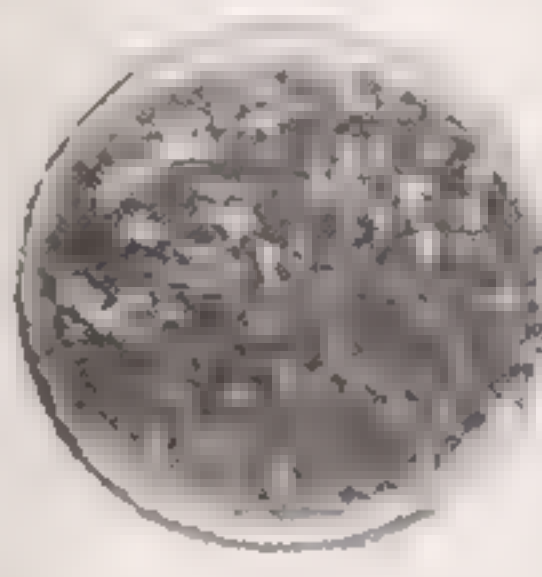
The World War interrupted O'Keefe's bright college career—and how Walter entered the Marine Corps is still a vivid memory to his Hartford friends. Walter announced that he was leaving for New York to enlist, and half of Hartford, bands and all, turned out to bid him Godspeed. But in New York he was turned down because of his youth—he was just seventeen. Walter rushed to a newspaper stand, bought all the Hartford papers and spread them

GOODBYE

DANDRUFF!

The Truth About Soap Shampoos

1. Bacteria and dandruff scattered but not removed by ordinary soap shampoo.

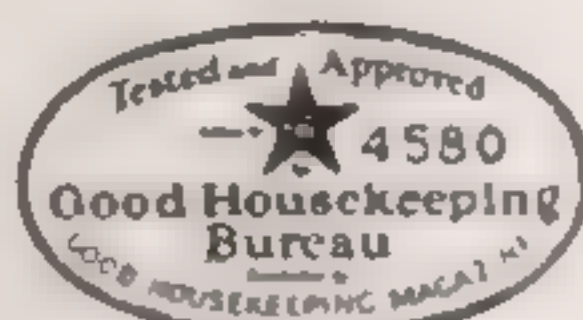


Soap Shampoo

2. All bacteria, dandruff and other foreign matter completely destroyed and removed by Fitch Shampoo.



Fitch Shampoo



There is a simple, easy way to rid yourself of dandruff with the very first application. All that is necessary is to use a shampoo that completely *dissolves dandruff* and then washes it away.

Repeated laboratory, as well as practical, tests show that *ordinary* shampoos will not dissolve dandruff. Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo dissolves every speck of dandruff instantly—under a money-back guarantee—and then washes it away. It rinses clean in hard or soft water. Equally as good for blondes as brunettes. *Try it today!* Sold at drug counters. Professional applications at beauty and barber shops.

After and between Fitch Shampoos Fitch's Ideal Hair Tonic is the ideal preparation to stimulate the hair roots and give new life, luster and beauty to your hair.

Fitch's Dandruff Remover Shampoo

THE F. W. FITCH CO., DES MOINES, IOWA . . . TORONTO, CAN.



YOU'RE RIGHT!
CORNS DO COME BACK BIGGER—UGLIER THAN EVER
unless removed Root* and all



● Paring at home makes corns come back bigger, uglier—more painful—than ever.

Play safe! Use the new Blue-Jay method. First the pain stops instantly, by removing the pressure, then the entire corn lifts out Root and All.

Blue-Jay is a tiny, medicated plaster. Held in place by Wet-Pruf adhesive. Get Blue-Jay today. 25¢ for a package of 6.

BLUE-JAY

BAUER & BLACK
SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

*A plug of dead cells root-like in form and position. If left may serve as focal point for renewed development.

"Try SITROUX TISSUES, girls!
They're soft as down,
but stronger"



... says lovely
GLENDA FARRELL
Warner Bros. Star

Stars of stage and screen . . . beautiful women everywhere prefer Sitroux Tissues! So delicately soft, their touch is like a caress—yet so much stronger, they *hold together*; won't "come apart" in the hand! That's why they're so ideal for cleansing the skin. Why not care for YOUR complexion the way Glenda Farrell does—with SITROUX tissues. Get a box and try them today!

IN THE BLUE-
AND-GOLD BOX
10¢ AND 20¢
SIZES

AT YOUR FAVORITE 5 and 10¢ STORE

GUARD AGAINST



LINES AROUND YOUR EYES



WITH Maybelline Special EYE CREAM



Aids in counteracting dry condition of skin around the eyes which causes wrinkles, crows-feet, etc. Smooths, softens and refines texture of skin. A rich cream containing the precious vitamin "D".

The first and worst signs of age or fatigue show their traces more definitely and quickly in the tender area around the eyes. Eye wrinkles, lined eyelids, crows-feet, puffiness and circles are apt to make their appearance early in this region. These tender and sensitive skin tissues lose their natural oils much more quickly than any other facial area.

Maybelline Eye Cream, unlike ordinary facial creams, is especially designed for the care and preservation of the youthful appearance of the skin around the eyes. The fine, rich, blended oils contained in this cream are highly beneficial to this area, and there is the added benefit of "sunshine" element in wonderful vitamin "D". Start giving your eyes this youthifying treatment today with Maybelline Eye Cream!

Introductory sizes obtainable at 10c stores.

ANY PHOTO ENLARGED

Size 8x10 inches or smaller if desired. Same price for full length or bust form, groups, landscapes, pet animals, etc., or enlargements of any part of group picture. Safe return of original photo guaranteed.

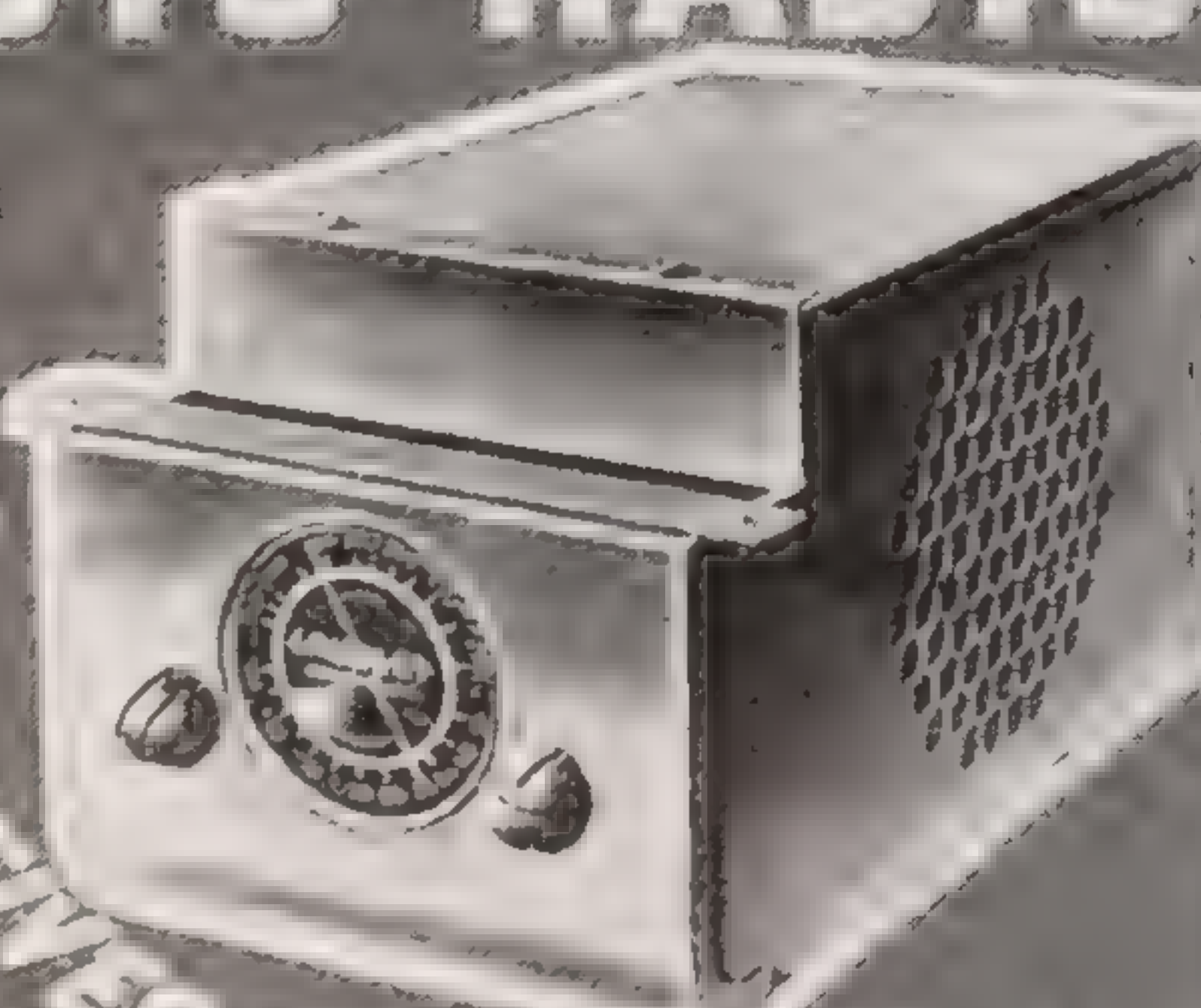
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THE CROSBY FIVE TUBE RADIO \$19.99

YOU'RE THERE WITH A CROSBY

on the recruiting sergeant's desk, pointing out headlines announcing his enlistment, crowds at the station and O'Keefe smiling all over the back platform.

"I can't go home after that, Sergeant," remarked O'Keefe. "You'd better take me." And the sergeant did.

Mustered out of the service without reaching France, Walter turned his attention to a theatre that could be shown a few things, that is, by a bright young man.

"I wrote a play," he said, between mouthfuls of the fish, which looked pretty good, "that was considered in the John Golden play contest. But the contest didn't work out, so I sent a funny telegram to Tex Guinan and she signed me up, on the strength of it, to sing and talk to her 'suckers' in Florida. Then I worked with Ben Hecht and J. P. McEvoy," (That must have been an unholy trio!) "in promoting Key Largo. I spent six weeks swatting mosquitoes and listening to Hecht talk—and what a command of the President's English he has!

"Then I sold more real estate, or tried to, and eventually landed with Barney Gallant in Greenwich Village. I had fun there for three years—because I could do anything I wanted to and generally did. Then I wrote a musical show called... Or, shall we forget it?"

The eerie call of Hollywood sang in his ears and he and Bobby Dolan, the young orchestra leader from Barney's, hit for the Golden West. This serves as another authentic example of the O'Keefe pride being a thing perched far above a lust for money. Because, you see, he decided that Warner Brothers had underpaid him the first year, and so, when the second came along, and an imposing man in pince nez tried to renew his contract, he just laughed. He did do several pictures and even played in one (*The Sophomore*), for which he wrote a smash tune called *Little By Little*—you may have heard the Frères Lombardo do it.

"I was having lunch at the Roosevelt, one day, with Kenyon Nicholson, the writer," he said, toying with an immense plate of French-fried potatoes, "and he said to me: 'Walter, in this man's town, you've got to make \$1000 a week, or you just don't count.' That impressed me—it really did! Right away I could see the logic of it. However, at the moment, I had practically just finished telling the man with the pince nez that I wouldn't renew, and so I didn't quite see what I should do to make that \$1000 weekly.

"At any rate, I dressed up and went out to a party, where someone said you could meet someone who knew someone who had an 'in.' I'd only been there a little while when Bobby called up and said that the William Morris agency wanted to see me right away. I borrowed a Packard from one of the guests and hopped off to their office. There was a parking place next door and I drove in.

"Quarter now, Buddy," the attendant said.

"I mumbled things and drove out and down eight blocks before I could find a place to park. In the office I signed a contract for seven weeks, at \$750 a week—but I hadn't had a quarter to park a car with!"

He refused to admit or deny that a wise-crack credited to him had been included in

that \$750-act—someone mentions a nightclub habitué who had diamonds set in his teeth and O'Keefe says: "Aw, nothing but a flash in the pan!"

The tour over, he found himself back in New York. First thing he did was to dig up *The Man On The Flying Trapeze*, refurbish it and make a national best-seller of it. This catapulted him with ease into the *Third Little Show*, alongside Beatrice Lillie and Ernest Truex. He was now in the \$1000-a-week class.

Since then the air waves have been full of the gentleman. *Camels*, *Luckies*, *Nestlés*, *Sealtest* and hundreds of guest jobs with big shows, big enough to make his income tax an occasion for copious tears.

"You'd love my wife! She was Roberta Robinson of the *Band Wagon*," he said.

"Oh, you mean the mother of Michael?"

"Yes," he was suspicious, "but how did you know my boy's name? Remind me to tell you about him sometime. He's one reason why we go up to Maine so much. My wife's folks have three hundred acres, up near Bar Harbor, away from noise and traffic and—telephones.

"Matter of fact, if you want to phone, you have to go a mile to the fish hatchery, and then all the natives listen in, because it's one of those party lines, you know, twenty or thirty people. I once sent a wire to my mother-in-law, asking her to meet us. She was out when the man from the fish hatchery sent over the message, but three shopkeepers told her, so we were met at the train."

This gave the man O'Keefe an idea for a joke. He sent a night-letter to his wife's folks, from New York. It went something like this:

"Walter has just signed new contract for big money stop has given me a sixteen-passenger Sikorsky amphibian and we are flying up to the lake arriving Saturday stop bringing Eddie Cantor, Wallace Beery, Gary Cooper, Clark Gable and possibly Marlene Dietrich so have spare rooms stop don't tell anyone. Love."

And he signed his wife's name to it.

Can you imagine what happened? Sure—every farmer for miles around was there—cars lined the small roads two deep and no one dared say anything because it was supposed to be a secret. Only the local paper, to be ready, printed an early edition with a stock picture which showed Cantor and O'Keefe shaking hands, probably in Hollywood. He still has the clipping and Maine still has an unsolved major mystery.

"I worked in Maine, back in 1925," he says, "played a split-week in Lewiston and Bangor. That was the time the papers were full of cartoons of the late President Coolidge on his electric horse. I thought that, maybe, they'd heard something about it up there. At any rate, I composed a song about my electric horse that never acted up and I had a fake one made, to look like Mr. Coolidge's.

"On the opening day, at Lewiston, I mounted the horse and sang my song. No one laughed, so I quit the song and gave the pre-arranged signal for the stage-hands to start hauling me back into the wings. Unfortunately they had put casters on the bottom of the thing, so, instead of going straight back, I swerved and landed in the footlights trough! They did laugh at that, but I didn't—I was just getting over an attack of infantile paralysis."

He changed his act immediately and got a slick notice in the local daily, whereupon he bought fifty copies to take back to the hotel. A man stopped him in the street and bought one. He says he knows how he can earn his living, if . . .

"You don't look very sick, right at the moment," I said, eyeing the empty dishes around him.

"No, thank heaven! I got over the paralysis all right. I was laid up eleven months with it, but I didn't mind, once I knew it was going to work out all right. I had a swell time catching up with writing that had piled up on me. I know now that I want to stop acting at forty and write, because," he leaned close and whispered, "writing begins at forty!"

He wants to tavel, too. Michael, he says, needs travel to broaden him, even as it broadened his daddy. Besides, he and Mrs. O'Keefe like nothing better. Travel and a home of their own, either in Maine or Connecticut. They rented an estate in Connecticut, the last year or so, but found that a lack of trees made a serious difference in the climate. Therefore he will not build until he is sure of the terrain, even if it means living there a year in a pup tent.

"I've heard you were able to read," I said, prodding his sense of humor.

"Got my *a-b-c's* down fine, but get all mixed up beyond that. Seriously, Esther Forbes' new book has been making me burn the midnight oil—it really has! Have you read it? It's called *Paradise* and it has stuff in it that you'd like to write down and learn, in the hope that you could say it sometime for your own. I've read and re-read John Gunther's *Inside Europe*, and all Kenneth Roberts' stuff fascinates me. Do you like him? He lives up there in Maine, y'know."

I told him that I did, that I had even compared notes—by mail—with Roberts, on the inability of the average English author to write an American as he really talks.

He went on, adding to the literate trend of the conversation: "I once made a little money through one of Roberts' books. He wrote-up the Abernaki tribe of Indians and I was so taken with the name that I used it in one of the shows. After rehearsal, that morning, I was having lunch with Ted Husing, when he said: 'Walter, there's a nag named Abernaki running at Belmont today.' Now I never gamble, but this seemed foolish to pass up, so I slapped five dollars on the horse. It won, and I collected \$300! Who says reading doesn't pay?"

A waiter gathered up the few dishes I had attended to, the many surrounding Mr. O'Keefe, and we rose to go.

"This may interest you," he said. "My little boy, name's Michael, is a little city slicker and knows practically nothing about the country. Well, sir, the other Sunday, we got into the car and drove out of town looking for chickens—because he never had seen one! Last time he was in Maine he wasn't old enough really to take in animals, but now he's out to learn. We have a date next Sunday to go looking for a cow."

If anyone knows of a good pig that doesn't mind two people invading its privacy, kindly notify W. O'Keefe or M. O'Keefe and say Bill sent them.

Draw me!



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Copy this girl and send us your drawing — perhaps you'll win a **COMPLETE FEDERAL COURSE FREE!** This contest is for amateurs, so if you like to draw do not hesitate to enter.

Prizes for Five Best Drawings — FIVE COMPLETE ART COURSES FREE, including drawing outfits. (Value of each course, \$215.00.)

FREE! Each contestant whose drawing shows sufficient merit will receive a grading and advice as to whether he or she has, in our estimation, artistic talent worth developing.

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RULES

This contest open only to amateurs, 16 years old or more. Professional commercial artists and students of Federal Schools are not eligible. 1. Make drawing of girl 8 inches high, on paper 9 inches high. Draw only the girl, no lettering. 2. Use only pencil or pen. 3. We return no drawings. 4. Print your name, address, age, occupation on back of drawing. 5. All drawings must be received by August 31st, 1937. Prizes will be awarded for drawings best in proportion and neatness by Federal Schools Faculty.

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Sender's
Name
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When you try the new EY-TEB creamy Mascary, you, too, will know why we say it's perfect. Ey-Teb Mascary is always ready to use—because **no water is required!** It's safe, water-proof, tear-proof and positively will not smudge. Try Ey-Teb Mascary today—you'll find new magic in your eyes!

Three shades—Black,
Brown, Blue—
10 cents each
at 5 and 10 cent
stores everywhere

10¢

New
EY-TEB
MASCARY

by the Makers of Ey-Teb Artificial Eye-Lashes



Those perennial favorites, *Lum and Abner*, don't have time to go in for vacations, but they manage to have themselves a high old time anyway. Emerging from behind their false whiskers you see them here as able young sportsmen sunning themselves with their wives on the edge of Lum's swimming pool. *Left to right* are Chester "Lum" Lauck, Mrs. Lauck, Norris "Abner" Goff, and Mrs. Goff. When they're working they broadcast Monday through Friday at 7:30 P. M. *EDST* over the *NBC Blue Network*.

RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 9)

"She didn't rehearse the song that way this afternoon, but she just couldn't resist the temptation to let out when she knew I was back here and couldn't do anything about it!"

Kate had finished the song and stood beaming and smiling. "Look at her now," Ted began laughing harder than ever. "She's as happy as a kid that got into the cookie jar without being caught!"

By the way, it's three years since that amateur hour craze started and there still is not a single graduate of the amateur ranks who has amounted to anything in radio.

A press agent for one of radio drama's rising young ingénues, Nancy Kelly, recently compiled a story about the girl's advance to stardom, describing her as the seventeen-year-old prodigy of the air. In due time it appeared in various papers around the country and the press agent was pleased with a job well done.

He was pleased until clippings began arriving at the Kelly home. Then an angry call came from Nancy's mother. She and her husband had just celebrated their sixteenth wedding anniversary. The published error, setting her daughter's age at seventeen, had all their friends roaring with laughter.

Radio circles used to speculate about music with a part for the sound effects

man written right in the score. Without any great to-do about it, Andre Kostelanetz has been playing exactly that sort of music the past couple of years. Almost every week he has some sort of a novelty number, with the sound effects man taking part.

He made a trick arrangement of *Good Night, Ladies*, ending its final bar, "We're going to leave you now," with the slam of a door—a real door wheeled up to the microphone and slammed. For another tune he wanted a factory whistle, but to fit into the harmony it had to hit a *B* above high *C*. The sound man had no such whistle, so ten-cent stores were combed until one with the proper pitch and quality was found.

By filling six bottles with varying amounts of water, various pitches were achieved as musicians blew into them. Kosty managed to get a tune out of those for a Silly Symphony medley. There was a piece called *Church Mouse* on a Spree. To conclude that realistically, he had a real mouse trap snapped alongside the microphone.

He indulges an expensive fancy for queer musical instruments. One musician draws a salary for about three minutes' work a week. He is the *bongoes* player in *rhumbas*. The instrument is a Cuban *tom-tom*, open on the bottom, which must be warmed over an alcohol lamp before it

is used. Another musician puts on canvas gloves and plays a bed spring—actually a real bed spring—because Andre occasionally wants to use the heavy zoom a plucked bed spring gives off!

At the end of a recent Fred Allen broadcast, an old schoolmate walked up to Fred. They had not met for twenty-five years but Fred called him by name at once. The man was astonished.

"Why that's nothing at all," Fred drawled. "Some of these jokes I use are two hundred years old! What's a mere twenty-five years for a memory in this business?"

Lanny Ross' private life is so private hardly anyone knew when bitter tragedy descended upon him this spring. He has been boyishly excited all winter and spring about the prospect of his pretty young bride (they don't celebrate their second anniversary until fall) becoming a mother. The close friends, who shared the secret, shared his excitement. All the qualities that belong in a good father seem to be summed up in Lanny Ross.

The day of the great event arrived. It was a girl. But a few hours later, the tiny stranger was dead. Lanny dragged himself back to the work of rehearsing bright and gay songs for the program.

Almost overnight, Charles Martin has become one of the most prolific of radio playwrights. Singlehanded, each week he writes and directs two radio dramas for the Philip Morris programs; Thrill of the Week on the NBC network, Tuesdays, and Circumstantial Evidence on Columbia, Saturday evenings, all with their basis in some actual event.

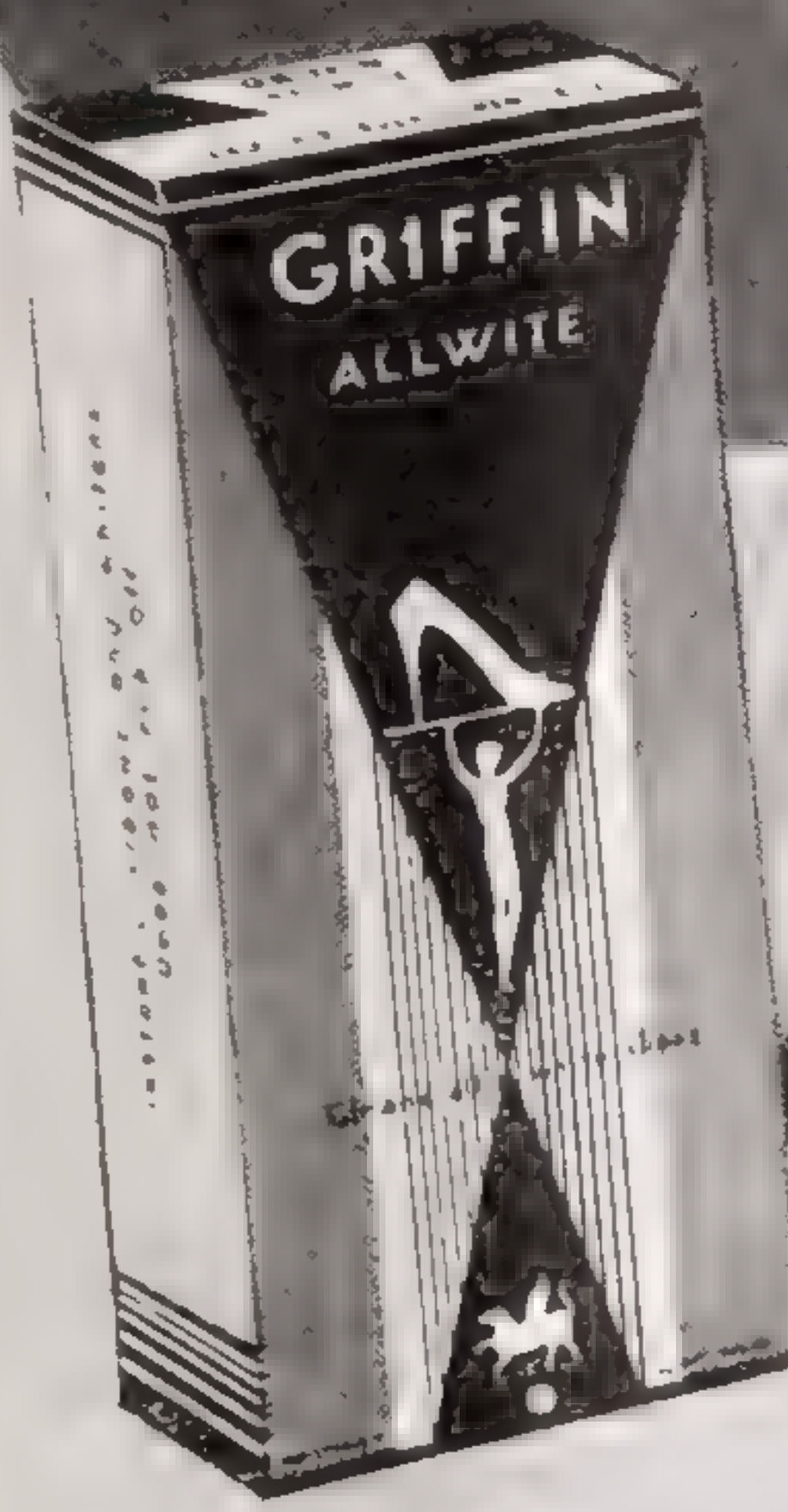
Success sort of jumped suddenly and unexpectedly right down Charles' throat. Phil Lord was engaged to do a three-minute thrill spot on a Philip Morris program, a couple of years ago, but other work quickly forced him to give it up. Martin seemed to be an industrious young writer, so he was given a crack at carrying Lord's thrill dramas. They caught on so well, the thrill was expanded to fifteen minutes instead of three and the Circumstantial Evidence series was started on WABC.

This sudden success story has left Charlie a little comical, though still likeable figure. Overwhelmed by the importance of all his tasks, young Martin rushes pell mell through life these days, bawling orders, barking into long distance telephones, furiously dictating—a dynamo of youthful uproar. He's intensely earnest about all his pandemonium—proud of its results, too, and rightly. Since his arrival on the scene, the program has made a substantial advance in popularity.

Right on schedule, the Rudy Vallee hour has come up with a new comedy protégé. This time it's Joe Laurie, a headliner in old vaudeville days but a misfit in radio since vaudeville disappeared. Joe's gentle, whimsical spirit of mirth caught on at once in the Vallee atmosphere and certainly must have set a lot of sponsors wondering why this ingratiating man had not been "discovered" before. It is hard to explain, too. Joe certainly has been clamoring loudly enough for a chance to be "discovered."

GRIFFIN ALLWITE

look!
whitens whiter
won't rub off



BOTTLE or TUBE 10¢
LARGER SIZES FOR ECONOMY



**for all
white
shoes**

DOLL BY LENCI



Floyd Gibbons, adventurer supreme, famous war correspondent, tireless headline hunter, is one of radio's most vivid personalities. Thus his program, *Your True Adventures*, broadcast over the CBS network, Thursdays, 10 p. m., EDST, features thrilling and unusual experiences.

MEN LOVE

The Inoffensive Close-up



use *Hush* and be Sure

It's a wise girl who uses HUSH to correct offensive Body Odors. Try it once and HUSH will be your best friend forever—for it instantly banishes perspiration odors, and will not harm fabrics. HUSH is wonderful for relieving hot, tired feet and overcoming that disagreeable "between toes" odor, too!

USE IT DAILY
4 Types
Cream Powder Liquid Stick



10¢ 25¢ 50¢ at your Favorite toilet goods counter
PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA

Lady Lillian

Introduces NEW BEAUTY

With the new smart creme polish in her introductory kit for only 10 cents. Revel in the glamour of the fashion-right shades of Rose, Rust and Tawny Red. Kit contains a bottle of nail polish, polish remover, nail white, manicure stick and cotton—all for 10 cents. Lady Lillian's Introductory Kit is on sale at 5 and 10 cent stores. Approved by Good Housekeeping.



In case your store cannot supply you, send this advertisement and 10 cents in stamps to Lady Lillian, Dept. M-4, 1140 Washington St., Boston, Mass. State the shade you prefer.

The shortage of new comedians is a favorite topic with the radio wailers. Nevertheless, Rudy and his sponsors manage to turn up a new one of first-rank stature, every five or six months. Just in the past couple of years, the program has graduated Bob Burns, Tom Howard and George Shelton, Frank Fay, Edgar Bergen—all starting from complete obscurity as far as radio was concerned.

An impressive list, isn't it? Perhaps the explanation lies in the fact that the Vallee hour is willing to give a newcomer a chance at a microphone, instead of merely bidding for the star someone else has developed. Incidentally, *Fibber McGee and Molly* are the only comedians who have come up in the past couple of years without making it via the Vallee route.

No program has a more interesting preparatory stage than *The March of Time*. After its broadcast Thursday night, work starts bright and early Friday morning on next week's program. All week long, news events are dramatized as fast as they occur and a committee of Time editors fiddles around with them, rewriting, touching up here and there. The program itself doesn't use more than a third of the things written for it. The rest are crowded out before the week is over, with new material popping up in the news every day.

Nearly all of it goes into rehearsal, however, and a couple of days is spent deciding what goes in and what goes out. Most of the decision is made by a committee sitting around a long table in an audition room, away from the studio. Nothing can be regarded as final until Thursday night. New headlines may appear in the last couple of hours before broadcast time, and more script is frantically dashed off and rushed into rehearsal.

The actors in the program have a lot to do besides rehearsing and broadcasting. They must see all the newsreels they can and practice imitating the voices that fall within their range. When obscure personalities suddenly become prominent, an actor must scurry around interviewing people who can tell what the newly famous person's voice is like. *March of Time's* producers have found that, somewhere around New York, someone who knows the new voice in the news nearly always can be discovered.

In its files, *March of Time* has hundreds of records of voices that might be expected to make headlines sooner or later. The records are taken mainly from radio broadcasts and newsreels.

Some of the network programs still consider a script worth only \$25 or \$50, even though it must entertain a million or more listeners. Gradually, however, more and more of the radio writers are joining the performers in the upper salary brackets.

For the coming season, Phil Baker will pay his two writers \$1,400 a week, under a contract with options which eventually will give the writers \$2,300 a week to divide. Jack Benny used to pay Harry Conn \$1,500 a week and he received the same salary this year in his weeks on the Al Jolson and Joe Penner programs.



USE MERCOLIZED WAX

This simple, all-in-one cleansing, softening, lubricating cream sloughs off the discolored, blemished surface skin in tiny, invisible particles. Your underskin is then revealed clear, smooth and beautiful. Bring out the hidden beauty of YOUR skin with Mercolized Wax.

Try Saxolite Astringent

A DELIGHTFULLY refreshing astringent lotion. Tingly, antiseptic, helpful. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel. Use this lotion daily.

Choose Phelactine Depilatory

For removing superfluous hair quickly. Easy to use. At drug and department stores everywhere.

KILL THE HAIR ROOT



Remove the hair permanently, safely, privately at home, following simple directions. The Mahler Method positively prevents the hair from growing again. The delightful relief will bring happiness, freedom of mind and greater success. Backed by 35 years of successful use all over the world. Send 6c in stamps TODAY for illustrated booklet, "How to Remove Superfluous Hair Forever."

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One dollar will include you, with your address and qualifications, in our classified Register keeping your name before all leading radio stations, advertising agencies and program builders throughout the nation. Send for free information or stop in for interview, without obligation.

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MY POOR FEET!



CRO-PAX FOOT AIDS AT ALL 5 AND 10c STORES

Why suffer, when relief costs only a dime. A tested and approved Cro-Pax Foot Aid for every foot ailment... Corns, Bunions, Callouses and Weak Arches. You will be amazed at Cro-Pax value and delighted with Cro-Pax quality. Over 35 million Cro-Pax foot aids sold every year.

CRO-PAX Corn Pads
6 WATERPROOF PADS WITH 10c
4 MEDICATED DISCS . . .

*Slightly higher in Canada



CRO-PAX PRODUCTS - CLEVELAND, OHIO



Happy Relief From Painful Backache

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

So far, comedy writers have been about the only ones to break into the big money class. The trend may spread into other branches of radio writing. Radio is constantly losing some of its most capable script men to the more remunerative movie and magazine fields. That is helping to force up radio salaries.

Color and personality usually are vital to a radio program but Lucky Strike's *Your Hit Parade* completely violates that rule. It is the most popular band program on the air and it deliberately plays down the name and individuality of its bandleaders. The leader is hardly mentioned, never allowed to stay on very long and, each one must play according to the same simple formula—straight-forward melody with very little adornment.

Yet, through all its years on the air, *Your Hit Parade's* radio rating has out-ranked such famous and popular bandsmen as Guy Lombardo, Hal Kemp, Richard Himber, Wayne King, etc.

Radio's magazines and journalists are much more courteous about stars' infirmities than are the press agents of Hollywood. In all the years that Connie Boswell sang with her sisters in radio, it was an unwritten law that her crippled condition never be mentioned. Since her recent arrival in Hollywood as soloist, however, a couple of stories have appeared, based on the fact that she cannot walk. One was about a movie notable rescuing the poor crippled girl from a fire. Connie is extremely sensitive and hates it spoken of.

Jane Froman managed to overcome her

stammering during her singing for the microphone, but it was very apparent in her conversation. That was another unmentioned topic in radio. When she made her first picture—bing! Out of Hollywood came a deluge of press releases about the steps being taken to cure Jane altogether of stammering.

Nazimova, the great Russian tragedienne, came to Radio City for a guest star appearance in a melodramatic playlet. As rehearsal began, Ed Gardner, the program director, carefully explained the outline.

"Let's play the first part of it softly," he said, "gradually building up until in this last scene you really go to town."

In her heavy Russian accent, Nazimova asked wonderingly: "Go veah?"

W. C. Fields' sudden and solid success in radio has led to a strong possibility that the old comedian might become a radio fixture, broadcasting about forty weeks a year and cutting his movie work down to one or two pictures at most. For the past year, Fields has been a very sick man and at his age complete recovery takes a long time. He likes radio with its rehearsals and four or five days of leisure every week.

Not all comedians get that much time to loaf, because some of them work on their own scripts. Writers supply all of Fields' material, the comedian himself offering only an occasional suggestion for changes during rehearsal.

Fields remarks on the polite atmosphere that prevails around a radio rehearsal. In

the theatre or in pictures, rehearsals almost invariably are very brusque.

Dell Sharbutt, CBS announcer, still reigns supreme as radio's table tennis king. George Hicks, NBC announcer, is the only threat to his throne.

Jimmy Melton commands a good price for radio, but just the other week or so he fell down completely as a tenor for a smoking-room quartet. It was on a train and a trio of jolly gentlemen were hunting a tenor to complete their quartet. Unceremoniously they asked Jim: "You sing tenor, don't you?"

"A little," he admitted, pleased that someone apparently had recognized him.

Without further ado, the trio bundled Jim off to their compartment, completely unaware of what a tenor prize they really had. Jim had a concert next day and didn't want to tire his voice singing all night. He was afraid to explain that difficulty, because then the jolly gentlemen might have become really insistent.

They struck a chord to try their new find and Jim joined in with a completely sour note. They tried a couple of more and Jim still was sour.

Finally one of them contemptuously said: "What gave you the idea you could sing tenor? Get out of here."

Jim walked back to his own place in the train, consoling himself with the thought: "Maybe the Revelers would let me sing tenor with them, if I wanted to get into a quartet somewhere!" —ARTHUR MASON.



ARE YOU ASHAMED OF YOUR SKINNY BODY?
—READ THIS



JUST THINK, HELEN, ONLY A FEW WEEKS MORE AND WE'LL BE OFF ON OUR BERMUDA CRUISE! AREN'T YOU THRILLED THAT DICK'S COMING ALONG, TOO?

OH, ANN! I'M SORRY I'M GOING—DICK'S NEVER SEEN ME IN A BATHING SUIT AND I'M SO SKINNY!



NOW DON'T YOU WORRY, HELEN—JUST START TAKING IRONIZED YEAST RIGHT AWAY—IT BUILT ME UP IN NO TIME

A FEW WEEKS LATER



HELEN! YOU'VE BEEN HOLDING OUT ON ME—I NEVER KNEW YOU HAD SUCH A GORGEOUS FIGURE

THANKS TO IRONIZED YEAST

THOUSANDS GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS.—QUICK WITH NEW IRONIZED YEAST TABLETS

WHY be ashamed to be seen because of a skinny, scrawny figure? Thousands of girls have put on 10 to 25 pounds of solid flesh in a few weeks—with these amazing little Ironized Yeast tablets.

No matter how thin and rundown you may be, you may easily gain normal, attractive curves this quick way—also naturally clear skin, new pep, and all the new friends and good times these bring.

Why they build up so quick

Doctors now say thousands of people are thin and rundown only because they don't get enough yeast vitamins (Vitamin B) and iron in their daily food.

Now, by a new process, the vitamins from the special rich yeast used in making English ale, world-renowned for its medicinal properties, are concentrated to 7 times their strength in ordinary yeast. This 7-power concentrate is combined with 3 kinds of iron (organic, inorganic and hemoglobin iron). Pasteurized English ale yeast and other valuable tonic ingredients are added. Finally, for your protection

and benefit, every batch of Ironized Yeast is tested and retested biologically, to insure full vitamin strength.

Make this money-back test

Get Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. If with the very first package you don't begin to eat better and get more benefit from your food—if you don't feel better, with more strength and pep—if you are not convinced that Ironized Yeast will give you the pounds you need—your money promptly refunded. So start today.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out seal on box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 39, Atlanta, Ga.

WARNING: Beware of cheap substitutes. Be sure you get genuine Ironized Yeast.

Lucky Baby!

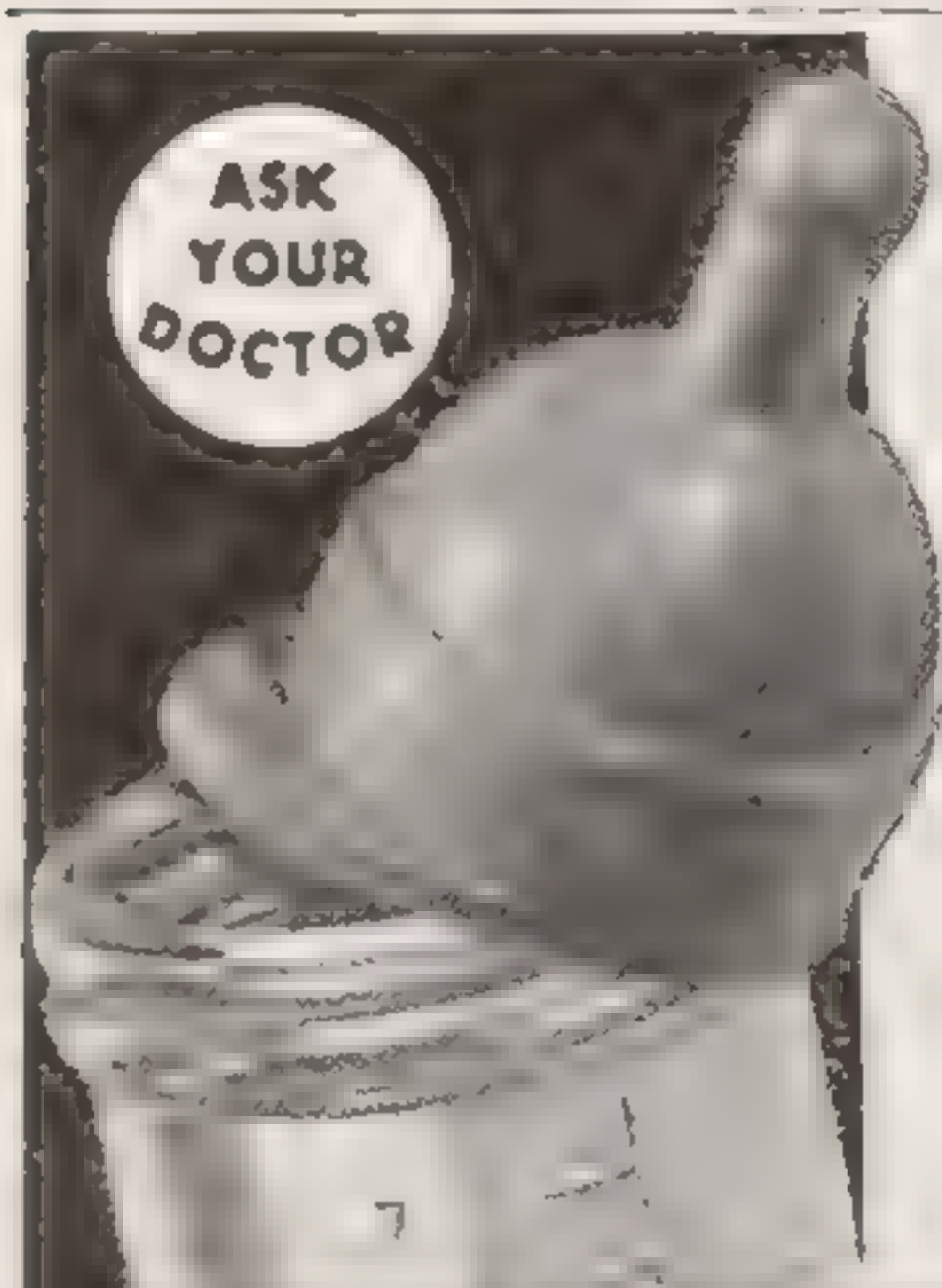
THERE'S OLIVE OIL IN HIS POWDER!



MOTHER, the added smiles from your baby will prove to you the extra comfort, the extra freedom from chafing, that he gets when you use Z.B.T. Olive Oil Baby Powder. The olive oil gives Z.B.T. added smoothness, enables it to cling longer, makes it more effective against skin irritations. Free from zinc stearate, Z.B.T. is approved by leading hospitals, by Good Housekeeping Bureau and by your baby.

For FREE SAMPLE

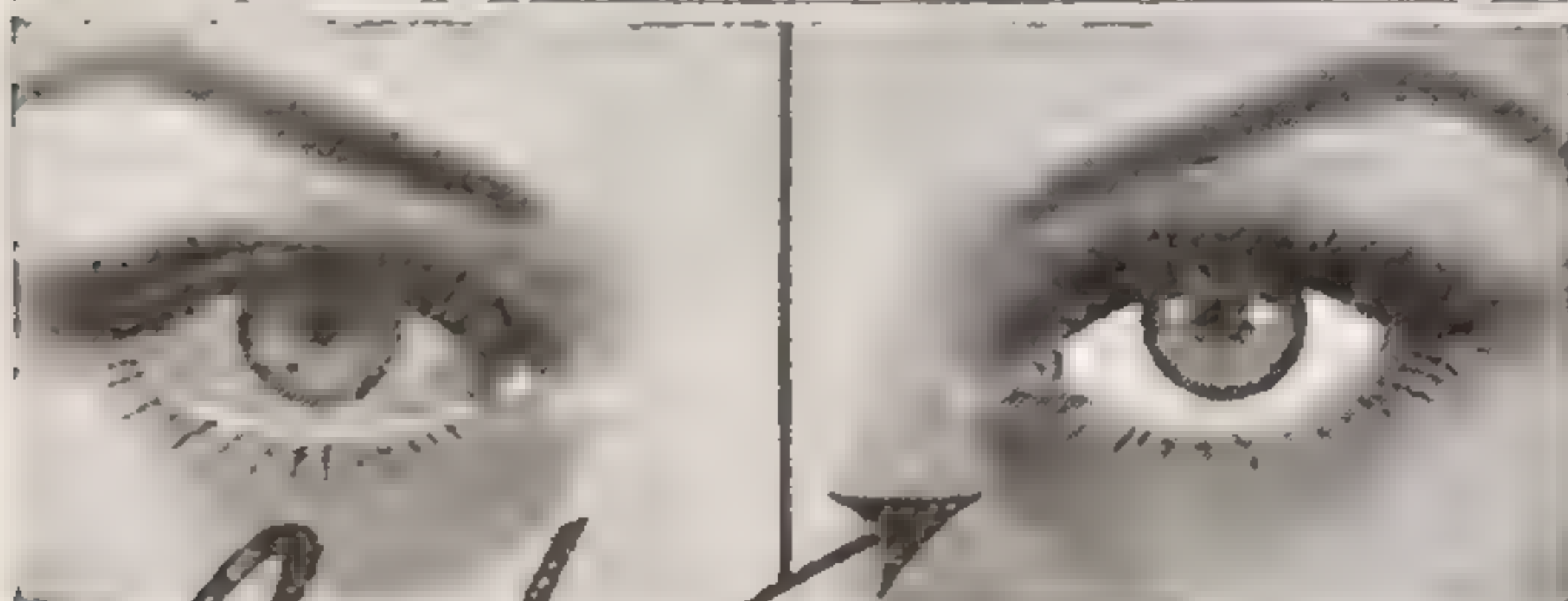
send postcard to Z. B.T., Dept. K-6,
80 Varick Street, New York City.



BABY COMING?

See your doctor regularly. Ask him about breast-shaped Hygeia Nipples and wide mouth Hygeia Bottles. New valve inside nipple helps prevent collapse. Tab keeps nipple germ-free. Smooth, rounded inner surface and wide mouth make cleaning bottle easy.

SAFEST
BECAUSE EASIEST TO CLEAN



Look You can clear eyes in a few seconds

Simply put a drop or two of this amazing new Eye-Dew in each eye. Tired, heavy, smarting eyes feel gloriously refreshed almost instantly. In a few seconds, whites start to clear up and prominent red veins fade away. Eye-Dew makes eyes look larger—sparkling—more alluring. Whenever your eyes feel tired, or look dull and red-veined, as the result of late hours, excessive smoking or exposure, use Eye-Dew. Its action is quick and safe. Tested and approved by famous clinical laboratory and Good Housekeeping Bureau. Eye-Dew comes with handy eye-dropper bottle top. Get Eye-Dew today at drug and department store counters.

IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION—

(Continued from page 17)

That is precisely what I did. I sailed in the fall of 1924 to fill the first saxophone chair with the Savoy Havana Band, which comprised eight other men, all Englishmen. We played for dancing in the evening and at tea time every other afternoon, and besides this made phonograph records in studios which advised, by sign: "Gentlemen, you may not smoke."

I also gave saxophone lessons to some thirty pupils, worked very hard at everything, made a few friends and saved enough money to make it unnecessary for me to take every engagement offered me on my return to Yale.

I returned in the spring of 1925, with many happy memories. Had I stayed for two months longer, it would have been my good fortune to have instructed the then Prince of Wales, as the company, for which I taught and sold saxophones, had furnished his instructors with ukuleles and drums and the Prince had notified them that he wished an instructor on the saxophone upon his return from Africa.

I also accompanied (on the saxophone) Beatrice Lillie and Gertrude Lawrence on their first record. We all were tremendously thrilled about it. After the recording at the Victor plant, some twenty-six miles out of London, it was necessary for me to get back to London quickly to play the evening session at the Savoy. Hearing me ask one of the musicians for a lift, Miss Lillie offered to take me in her car. I accepted, only to discover, after the recording, that several of the executives of the company—inasmuch as this was their first recording and a gala occasion—had decided to present Miss Lillie with flowers and to ride back with her in the car. We were embarrassed when we reached it to discover that there was scant room for us all. However, I was more than happy to sit up front with the chauffeur, holding a tremendous armful of flowers. When we reached the subway station in London, I hopped off and reached the Savoy just in time.

Miss Lillie and I have had many laughs about it since. When she played New Haven, in the fall of 1926, in *Oh, Please!* I stopped backstage and was tickled that she remembered me. By the way, Miss Lillie lives in the same apartment house as do I and Miss Gladys Swarthout. Whenever Miss Lillie and I are introduced, she invariably says: "Oh yes, we live in the same building but nothing ever happens!"

While in London, in 1925, I returned to my room one day to find that it had been burglarized. I have never recovered the stolen articles. During my first few months in London, the Prince of Wales spoke at a luncheon I attended. After the luncheon, I found, near his seat, an envelope bearing his crest and the speech which he had delivered, torn into four parts. I picked it up, intending to keep it as a souvenir, only to have it stolen!



Whatever you do in the long, shining days of summer... keep your hair always neat and flattering. How? Take a tip from Hollywood's smartest stars... use Hollywood Rapid Dry Curlers. Keep an emergency supply. Roll your hair for a little while on them... and frame your face in new loveliness. Then you'll know why "the Curlers used by the Stars" are so popular, not only in Hollywood, where they are made, but throughout America and 52 foreign countries.

Insist on Hollywood Curlers!

3. FOR 10c— AT 5c AND 10c STORES— NOTION COUNTERS



Charles Kullmann sings with Jessica Dragonette over CBS.



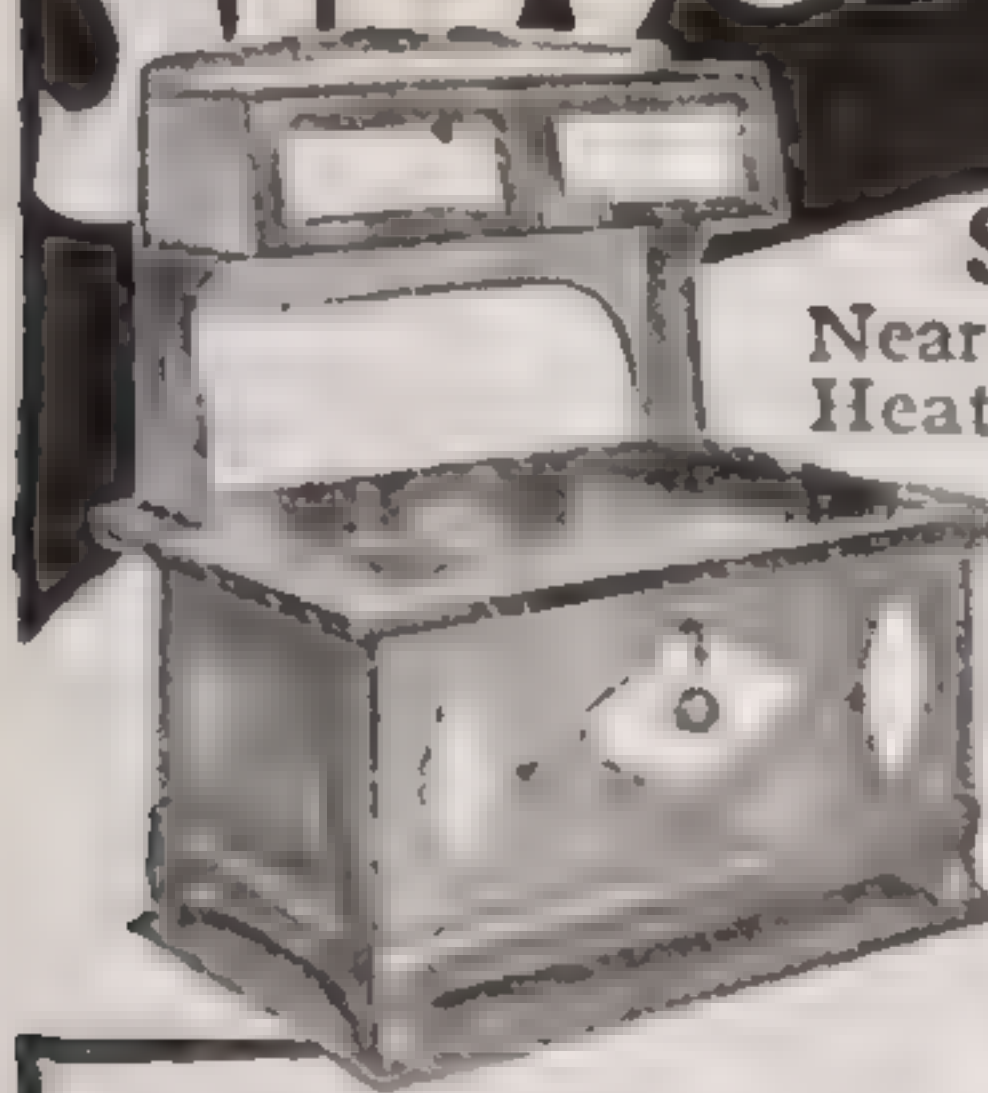
WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE...

Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

Laxatives are only makeshifts. A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25c.

Stoves AT FACTORY PRICES!



SALE CATALOG—FREE

Nearly 200 Styles and Sizes of Heaters, Ranges, Furnaces at FACTORY PRICES. Easy Terms—*as little as 12¢ a day*. Write today for this FREE CATALOG. New styles, new features, new colors. 30 days free trial—24-hour shipments. The Kalamazoo Stove & Furnace Company, 405 Rochester Avenue, Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Over 1,200,000 Satisfied Users
37 Years in Business
Write for FREE Catalog

A Kalamazoo Direct to You

HAIR KILLED FOREVER



KILLED PERMANENTLY

From face or body, with maximum speed, without harm to skin, by following simple directions. This electrolysis device is guaranteed to remove hair permanently or money refunded. Your home electric current not needed. Price \$1.95 complete. Postpaid or C. O. D. CANFIELD ELECTROLYSIS CO., 8-H, 2675 Broadway, N.Y.C.

Rheumatism

Relieve Pain In Few Minutes

To relieve the torturing pain of Neuritis, Rheumatism, Neuralgia or Lumbago in few minutes, get **NURITO**, the Doctor's formula. No opiates, no narcotics. Does the work quickly—must relieve worst pain to your satisfaction in few minutes or money back at Druggist's. Don't suffer. Get trustworthy **NURITO** today on this guarantee.

WARTS REMOVED WITH CASTOR OIL PREPARATION

Say goodbye to ugly warts. A new liquid **NOXACORN** gets rid of them in few days. Also dries up pesky corns and calluses. Contains 6 ingredients including pure castor oil, "corn-aspirin", iodine. Absolutely safe. Approved by Good Housekeeping. Easy directions in package. 35¢ bottle at druggists, also at some 10¢ stores. Money back if it fails to remove any wart or corn.

NOXACORN

SHEET MUSIC

Amazing musical values. Hundreds of favorite songs in full size sheet music. Colored title pages, words, music, piano acc., ukulele and Guitar chords, including a special Hawaiian guitar solo. Over 100 piano solos. Ask for **CALUMET MUSIC**. At most 5 and 10¢ Stores.

CALUMET MUSIC CO. 201 E. 26th ST. CHICAGO, ILL.

STOP Itching TORTURE This Quick Way

For quick relief from the itching of eczema, blotches, pimples, athlete's foot, scales, rashes and other externally caused skin eruptions, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**. Original formula of Doctor Dennis. Greaseless and stainless. Soothes the irritation and quickly stops the most intense itching. A 35¢ trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or your money back. Ask for **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**.



Two radio favorites, Phil Harris and George Burns, talk over old times, at the Coconut Grove.

So here I was, after some thirteen years, about to revisit London and booked to stay, as a guest, at the Savoy where I once had worked. I cannot deny that I was thrilled, knowing that now honors, courtesies and attentions probably would be showered upon me. I knew, too, that I was going to have little or no leisure, appearing as I was at two different theatres some six miles apart, with two shows at each theatre—from the theatre to *Ciro's*, the swank membership supper club—appearing at the Savoy itself for Carroll Gibbons, an American pianist with whom I had sailed in the fall of 1924—an appearance at the Berkeley Hotel for the maître d' hôtel, one Mr. Ferrara, who had been exceedingly kind to me when I was a saxophonist in London. So—with shopping for ties, socks, shirts, bathrobes and what not, an interview with Henry Hall, England's foremost leader of BBC-broadcasts, a half-hour variety show which I was to stage for the BBC (British Broadcasting Company) and last, but not least, our two Royal Gelatin broadcasts to America—I was fairly busy!

Some of his friends will be pleased to know that my first boss and associate of *Heigh-Ho* days, Bert Lown, accompanied me as friend, secretary and general buffer.

Several weeks before sailing I had been asked to participate in a broadcast to London, on the *Savoy Memories Hour*, which included all the bandsmen in England who played at the Savoy in its many years of musical history. Accordingly, at 3:30 in the afternoon, from an NBC studio here in New York, I made several little speeches, played a saxophone solo and sang a medley of songs, all of which reached London at 8:30 in the evening, a time when London listeners are estimated at eight millions, and my part of the broadcast, which I since have heard on records, was as clear in its reception as though I had broadcast in London itself. So my coming, which I have mentioned in this broadcast, was well known to English radio listeners.

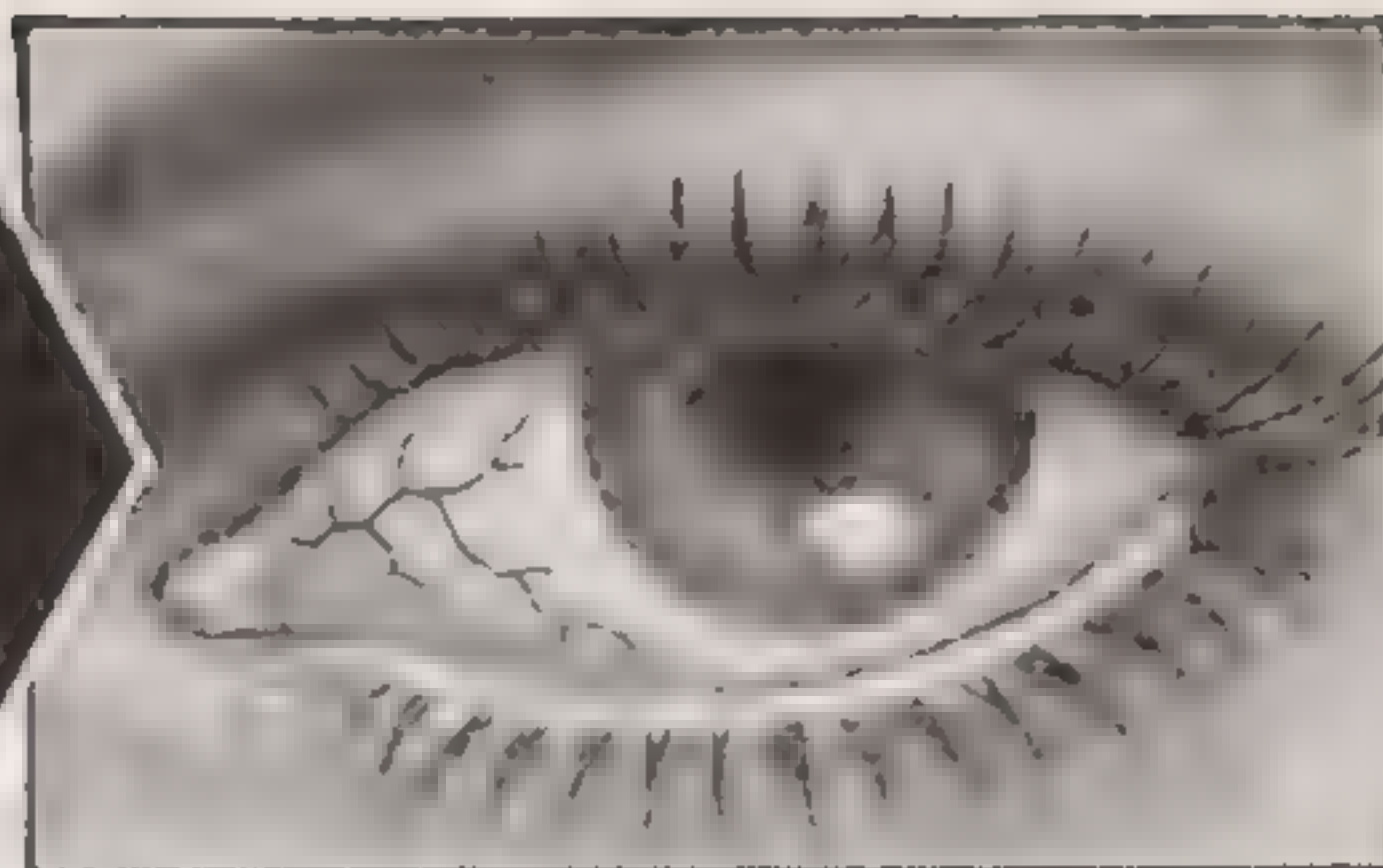
All of the orchestra leaders of London were invited by an old friend and saxophonist, Ben Davis, whom I have entertained here, to a lovely midnight snack party in my honor. Jessie Matthews was kind enough to give a tea, so that I could meet the Press—an occasion as interesting as my hostess was charming.

So, before I knew it, it was time to punch the time clock at the Holborn Empire and the Finsbury Park Empire theatres and my professional activities were under way. Jack Hylton had cabled me, while we were en route on the *Ile de France*, asking me to make a guest appearance at the Paladium Theatre, where he nightly stages his show, *Swing Is In The Air*. He also had asked me to be his guest at a Rugby game of a Saturday afternoon, preceding my appearance with him at the Paladium. I accepted both.

The Rugby game (with 80,000 spectators—the last game of the year) was most interesting. It is fast, clean, spectacular and requires great skill on the part of the players. The ball is rarely, if ever, touched by hand, being kept in motion by the players' feet. What they do with their feet is almost uncanny.

(Continued on page 94)

RED DULL



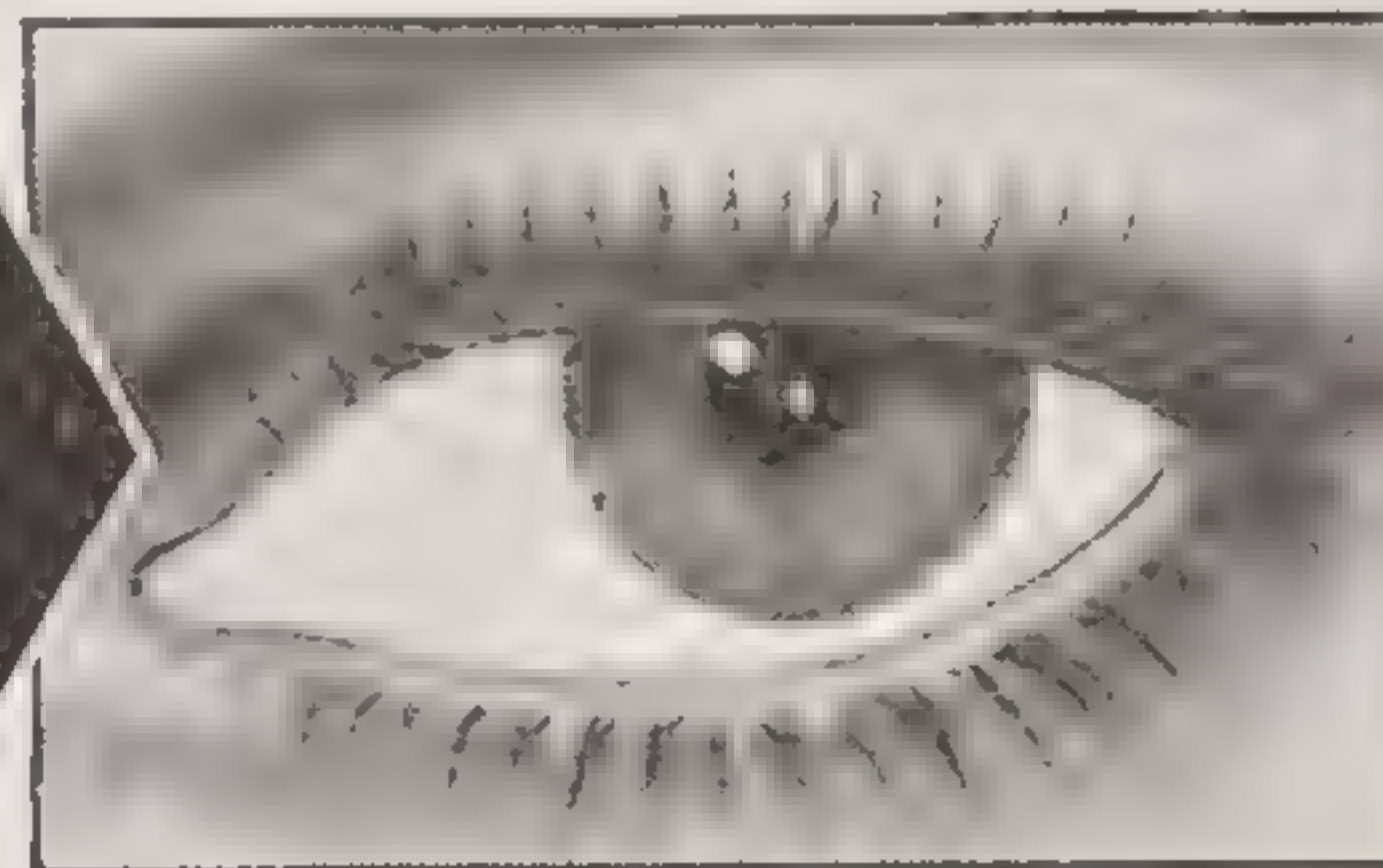
● Horrors! Your eyes are red—the veins are so prominent! It often happens after late hours, too much reading, exposure, etc. What shall you do? Your eye beauty is ruined...

FEW DROPS



● Quick! A drop of *Eye-Gene* goes into each eye. It's a new kind of lotion... perfected by two prominent eye specialists. It contains a special ingredient not found in any other lotion...

EYES CLEAR

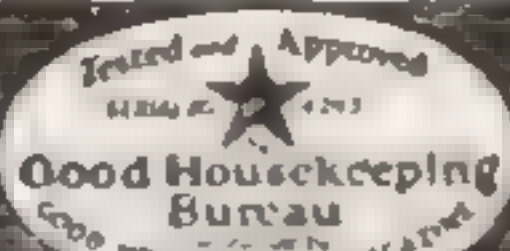


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NEW Clear WAVE-SET

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(Canadian Factory: Toronto, Ont.)

IRON MEN

(Continued from page 43)

many microphones as Gehrig has pitchers and, like Lou, has managed to maintain an impressive batting average.

His one absence was due to his intense love of football. Munn sat through the Army-Navy game in Philadelphia, on December 1st, 1934, in a blinding rainstorm. For a month, Frank fought off the cold which resulted, but finally had to take to the covers in January for two weeks.

Being a man of logical reasoning, Munn doesn't even consider that a break to his chain, inasmuch as the sponsors paid him for the four performances he missed, as well as paying Frank Parker, who substituted for him.

When you consider the rapidity with which radio performers pop on and off the air, these days, the suddenness with which they burst into prominence and then fade into oblivion, Munn's achievement really is phenomenal. With the exception of the lapse already noted, Munn has been on the air for fifty-two weeks a year for a twelve-and-a-half-year period. He was on one program alone, the *Palmolive Hour*, for a period of four years and three months, a total of 221 consecutive weeks.

There is an amazing resemblance between the baseball durability of Gehrig and the radio longevity of Munn, who at present is on the *Waltz Time* program, with Mary Eastman and Abe Lyman's Orchestra, the *Sweetest Love Songs Ever Sung*, also with Lyman's Orchestra, and the *American Album of Familiar Music*, with Jean Dickenson. The similarity of their performances consists of the fact that neither of the *Iron Men* has any desire to attempt to be what he isn't.

Near the fag end of the 1934 season, I was on a Western trip with the *Yankees* and chanced to be chatting with Gehrig. We both knew that it was Babe Ruth's last year with the *Yankees* and I asked Lou if he thought that Ruth's passing would make any difference, so far as his status with the *Yankees* was concerned.

"I don't see why it should," answered Gehrig honestly. "I know that everybody says that the Babe has more color striking out than I have hitting a home run. And I guess that's so. When Babe goes, I'll be sorry to see him go, but you can bet I'm not going to bid for his color. I'm going to do my job the best I can, as I always have, and let it go at that. Colonel Ruppert is paying me to play first base and I'm not going to try to fill any void left by the passing of the Big Guy. In the first place, I couldn't and in the second place, it wouldn't suit me."

So it is with Munn. For years he has stuck to one type of song, the type he sings best. His sponsors have tried time and again to lure him into singing an operatic aria, but only once did he weaken in his resolve. That was on the *Philco* program and it took nine weeks of persuading before Frank yielded. His operatic aria was well received, but Munn didn't kid himself into repeating the performance.

"I love grand opera, and I listen to it at every available opportunity," explained Munn, "but I know my limitations. I'm

strictly a ballad singer and I want no part of grand opera.

"Grand opera is only for a few and I'm not one of that select company. It takes a really great singer to do justice both to himself and to grand opera. It also has broken down some really fine voices, because they attempted something to which they were not suited."

Another similarity between the *Iron Man* of baseball and the *Iron Man* of radio is the unvarying routine pursued by both Gehrig and Munn. Munn follows a set system on the day of his broadcast. He reports to the *NBC* studios at Radio City for his afternoon rehearsal, then takes in a movie at a nearby neighborhood house, has a light snack and is back at the studio that evening for his broadcast.

Gehrig's routine, for 154 days of the baseball season, is simple and unvaried. He arises at about eight, so as to eat at eight-thirty, the idea being that his usually heavy breakfast will have a chance to be digested before the ball game. If there is a single game that day, Lou partakes of a light lunch before leaving for the park, where he usually arrives at noon. If there happens to be a double-header that day, Lou arrives at the park an hour earlier than usual, skips lunch and contents himself with a sandwich and a bottle of pop between games.

Neither Munn nor Gehrig has any illusions about his endurance record, any more than they have delusions of grandeur about their talents. Lou recently declared he would like to play 2,500 consecutive games (the best previous record was 1,306), but he admits that he'll snap his endurance string the first time he has any intimation that it is affecting his work. On the other hand, Munn, too, admits that he can't go on forever.

"A singer is good for only a certain number of years," declared Frank. "It doesn't matter how much or how little he sings in that period, either. After a certain age, a singer starts to lose his stuff, just as an athlete will."

"There are, of course, notable exceptions, such as the late Mme. Ernestine Schumann-Heink, who still was a great singer at eighty-five. But there aren't many Schumann-Heinks in the game. Compare some other singers of today with phonograph records you may have of them, which were made ten or fifteen years ago, and notice the difference. It won't sound like the same voice."

To drag the Munn-Gehrig resemblance in by the heels once more, let it be said that each has a genuine love for the game which he is in. And that is the real answer to their remarkable endurance records. Just as Gehrig never shows up at Yankee Stadium complaining that he doesn't feel ready for his daily chores, neither can anyone recall Munn reporting to the studio and saying: "I'm in bad voice tonight."

Oddly enough, Munn can't read a note of music. He is entirely self-educated as far as his art goes. Frank admits that this is a handicap when it comes to learning new songs, but points out that, on the other

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Any woman or girl of ordinary intelligence, beautiful or plain, can learn from "Fascinating Womanhood" how to be and remain attractive to men. It tells you how to develop the power that is in you. Learn the principles of Charm that men cannot resist. Most cases of social failure and spinsterhood are due to lack of understanding man's psychology. Married or single you cannot afford to be without this secret knowledge. Send only 10c for the booklet, "Secrets of Fascinating Womanhood," an interesting outline of the secrets revealed in "Fascinating Womanhood." Mailed in plain wrapper. PSYCHOLOGY PRESS, Dept. 29-J, St. Louis, Mo.

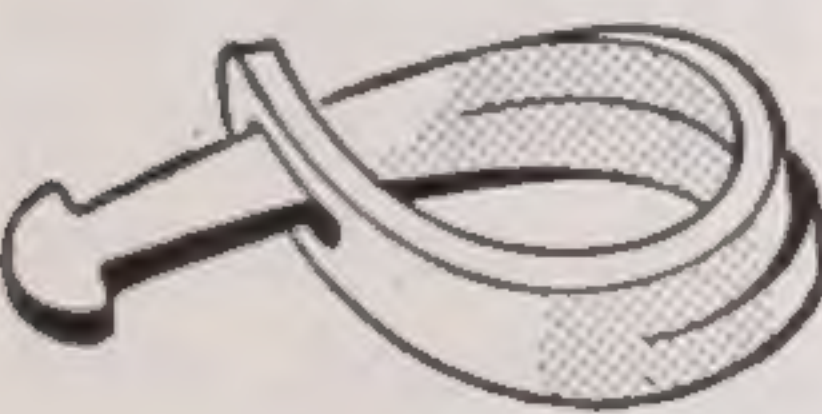
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Radio's Iron Man—Frank Munn

hand, it takes the curse of artificiality or stilted singing from his work.

How long is Munn going to remain on the air? How long is Gehrig going to stay at first base for the Yankees? How far are these Iron Men going to go before they grow rusty? Gehrig already has set a goal of 2,500 consecutive games, but says that he hopes to make it without impairing his health. Munn himself says he will call it a career, once he feels that he can't do a good job, once he feels that he is hurting either himself or his reputation by singing.

"Most of what I have made in radio, I have been fortunate enough to keep," declared Munn. "Therefore, I hope that I will be able to step down gracefully when I start to slip, instead of having to hang on desperately for financial reasons.

"I said before that I wasn't in the habit of kidding myself, and I don't think that I am. Naturally, I want to stay in radio as long as I can. My work doesn't tire me and I don't feel that I need a rest. There is no strain, either mental or vocal, attached to my radio performances. At the same time, I don't wish to stay on the air after I can no longer please my listeners. I hope I have the good sense to call it quits before people are able to say: 'Poor Munn! He's not the singer he used to be!'"

When Munn does step down from the air, which his thousands of listeners hope will not be until the distant future, just as the Yankee fans hope to see Gehrig still at first base in 1945, the tenor will have few recordings of his own voice on hand to play. At present, Munn owns no more than a half-dozen of his own records, although he has made many more.

Asked why he hadn't maintained a complete library of his recordings, Munn grinned goodnaturedly and explained: "It's this way—when I'm through, I'm through. I certainly don't intend to sit at home by the fireside in carpet slippers and listen to a phonograph inform me that I once had a pretty fair voice. Instead, I'd sooner flick the dial on the radio and listen to somebody sing who can sing."

From which you may gather the idea that, in addition to being an Iron Man, Frank Munn is pretty much of a man, anyway you take him. And, you're right—he is. Like Gehrig, he has dedicated his career to frankness and built it on the foundation that the easiest and the most dangerous person to kid is yourself.

Have The Appearance Of FLAWLESS SKIN This Summer!



BLEMISHES! So easy to make them vanish from sight! Simply do this: 1. Apply new amazing "HIDE-IT." 2. Let dry. 3. Add powder and usual make-up. Gives skin clear-looking beauty in seconds! Conceals pimples, freckles, birthmarks, scars, discolorations. Go swimming or sunning, "HIDE-IT" won't streak or easily rub off. Stick or Cream, \$1 at Department and leading Drug Stores, 10c at Ten Cent Stores.

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The feet are easily infected, so take no chances. Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, the medically safe, sure treatment. Ends pain in ONE minute; stops shoe friction and pressure; prevents corns, sore toes and blisters; make new shoes fit with ease. The soothing medication in these dainty, softly cushioned pads is quickly healing.

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Sizes for Corns, Callouses, Bunions, Soft Corns between toes. Also made with THICK soft felt for cases requiring more protection. Be sure and ask for Dr. Scholl's THICK Zino-pads.

Don't accept a substitute. Cost but a trifle. Sold everywhere.



CALLOUSES



BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

IT'S MY HUMBLE OPINION—

(Continued from page 91)

Seated behind me was a rabid enthusiast whose exclamations struck me as unique—so I jotted down a few of them for you. Where we would say; "Nice work!" he would shout: "Nicely! Nicely!" Also, liking the work of one Dugal, he would vocally pat him on the back with: "Now then, Dugal!" and when a player named O'Gorman made a nice play, he would yell: "Typical O'Gorman clearance, that!" And when he felt that the other team was about to lose, he shouted: "Bring on the whites!" By "whites" I presume he meant lilies.

On our way out to the cup finals at the tremendous Wembley Stadium, we drove through streets lined with thousands of people watching for the King, who was to be present at the game. I couldn't help but humorously compare this scene with one that I had observed in Boston on Patriot's Day, April 19th. I was appearing there in a ballroom and, on this particular day, was riding with the governors of several New England states, to a place where we were to address a large Massachusetts crowd. As we rode along, we saw an individual attired in Colonial costume, topped off with a wig and mounted on a horse, surrounded by a posse of mounted policemen—all riding like mad. It was the famous Ride of Paul Revere which is yearly reenacted with riders dashing over the very same course Paul took, back in 1776. Those Boston streets, likewise, were lined with people. The same expectant air was apparent in both the Boston and English street audiences, but the Boston scene was a reenactment of a deed which would be a prelude to the freeing of a people from a King, whereas the English street spectators were looking for the descendant of that very same King.

Our theatre appearances were a happy triumph. Using only my pianist, Eliot Daniel, a Harvard boy (through no fault of his own), and with occasional assistance on the part of the pit orchestra (typically vaudevillian in style and tonal ability), the shows were a pleasant experience for me, though it necessitated a mad dashing back and forth to and from the theatres, from seven o'clock in the evening until 10:45, and then on to Ciro's for my stint until two in the morning. Yet it gave me an insight into English audiences, their psychology, their likes and dislikes.

I once read, in an American column, that Charles Laughton had paid a nice tribute to my diction, but I had discounted it until, during the course of our English broadcast rehearsal, he told me that he and his wife had come, quietly and inconspicuously, to one of our shows at the Holborn Empire and that, while he had particularly liked my interpretation of *Boots And Saddles*, he had been even more impressed by the fact that I used no gestures, and, in a most unorthodox and unshowmanly fashion, had failed, indeed, to use any of the usual artifices which singers employ to hold the attention of the audience. I felt that I had received perhaps

the greatest compliment I would ever receive from anyone whose opinion was really worth something. It is such compliments as this one, coming as it did from one whose sincerity is above question, that revives one's faith in one's self. Yes, there are times when the number of uncomplimentary letters do make me wonder whether I have any right to continue to attempt to sing on and try to entertain people. So such a compliment as this cannot help but make me feel encouraged to continue to try to please at least some of my audiences.

Of course I visited the places I had known when I lived in London, and renewed old acquaintanceships. I found London comparatively unchanged, except for the hectic activity and the tall stands erected for the Coronation. London was more crowded than ever with visitors from all the Empire.

The autograph fiends were as numerous and as insistent as here in America, except for the fact that nearly each one volunteered a courteous "'kew" (English for "thank you"). But for this, I might have imagined it was the stage door of the New York Paramount Theatre.

To pause a moment in our travelogue and explain—for the benefit of those readers who have asked—the reason for the mention of Judge Bushel in last month's writing. I had assumed that most of my readers knew that my legal representative is Hyman Bushel, former New York City magistrate. "Hymie," as we know him, pretends to be sensitive about his gray hair and age, when actually, I think, he realizes that he is no spring chicken. He is constantly making allusions to the supposed fact that I am as old as he (which is hardly the case), and constantly insinuating that I look older. I, of course, seize every opportunity to heckle him on the subject and so I knew that when I referred to myself as "Old Man Vallee," it would provide the good Judge with considerable amusement.

I must mention two humorous incidents which annoyed Mr. Bushel no end. Coming out of the Brass Rail (a New York eating place), the coat-check girl helped Mr. Bushel on with his coat first, saying (and mind, I didn't put her up to it): "Age before youth!" The Judge swears that he never will go there again!

Then, several years ago when I was working at the Hollywood Restaurant, I gave a Sunday evening birthday party for the Judge there, and a young lady, slightly tipsy, having heard my announcement that it was his birthday, walked, not too steadily, to his table and volunteered to drink a toast to him. With the best of intentions, she made the following remark: "I only hope that I live to be as old as you!" Was his face red!

Before closing I would like to tell you about a bit of BBC intelligence.

With my contract to do the sustaining

broadcast in London, I received the following slip, which indicates the thoroughness of the English.

"ARTISTS' MATERIAL

Variety Department

Artists are reminded that they must not mention during their broadcast performance:

The name of any production in which they are appearing

The theatre in which they are performing or the Management to which they are under contract

Any such reference or acknowledgment will be made by the BBC announcer, when necessary.

Artists are asked to keep their broadcast material free from any mention of the following subjects:

Proprietary articles and Business Names

Religion (including Spiritualism)

Scriptural quotations

Public personalities

Marital infidelity

Effeminacy in men

Immorality of any kind.

Physical infirmities and deformities (including blindness, dumbness, stammering, loss of limbs, cross-eyes, etc.)

Painful or fatal diseases (including cancer, consumption, mental deficiency, etc.)

Unnecessary emphasis on drunkenness

Reference to Negroes as "Niggers" and Chinese as "Chinks"

The above instructions are issued with a view to assisting artists in the choice and composition of their material and to prevent the inconvenience of last-minute alterations.

No change must be made in a program after it has been passed at the final rehearsal. (This was in red ink—R.V.)

Personal messages must not be transmitted through the microphone.

VARIETY DIRECTOR

The British Broadcasting Corporation"

With all their efficiency and development, neither NBC or CBS has ever mailed us, as an artist, a concise form of what must be avoided in our material. I think the slip is extremely interesting.

About the Coronation—you have seen it in your news reels and know almost as much about it as I do. The parade was glorious from start to finish. In spite of the crowds which waited on the curbstones, all already in a gay holiday mood, with automobile tops up and people sitting on them, as returning heroes do, and the main line of parade barricaded in such a way to re-route the crowds from the center of London, it was something long to be remembered.

I'll tell you more about the British Broadcasting Corporation, its make-up and its effect on the English people, next month—See you then!



Rosie Rieffenach, premier bareback rider of Ringling Bros. Circus, enjoys her Beech-Nut Gum.

Frederic Stanley

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*Mrs. Barclay Warburton Jr.
Plays an exciting game
of tennis*



TENNIS—Mrs. Warburton plays a man's game of tennis—hard-driving, strategic. Her appearance draws a gallery, whether she is playing at Palm Beach or in Southampton. As for smoking, "All I want to smoke," says Mrs. Warburton, "is Camels. Camels are so mild, they never get on my nerves!"



WHAT TO WEAR—Mrs. Warburton (*foreground above*) looks charmingly cool in white shark-skin, after a hard game of tennis. The pleated shorts, knee-top length—the new longer type—are preferred by this unerring stylist. "It's like a woman to enjoy costlier things. So, naturally, I smoke costlier tobaccos," says Mrs. Warburton. "Smoking Camels perks up my energy...gives me the grandest lift!"



TEA—Mrs. Barclay Warburton, Jr. entertains frequently at "Sandblown," her Southampton place, and at "Saracen Farm," the family estate near Philadelphia. "An appetizing dish," she remarks, "has a fuller flavor when a Camel keeps it company. There's no denying—smoking Camels at mealtime helps digestion!" As you smoke Camels, the flow of digestive fluids is increased. *Alkaline* digestive fluids that mean so much to mealtime enjoyment!

Other women prominent in society who also prefer Camel's mild, delicate flavor

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New York • MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE 2nd, *Boston* • MRS.
ANTHONY J. DREXEL 3rd, *Philadelphia* • MRS. OGDEN HAMMOND, JR.,
New York • MRS. JASPER MORGAN, *New York* • MRS. NICHOLAS G.
PENNIMAN III, *Baltimore* • MRS. JOHN W. ROCKEFELLER, JR.,
New York • MRS. RUFUS PAINE SPALDING III, *Pasadena*
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